April 18, 1988

THE NEW YORKER

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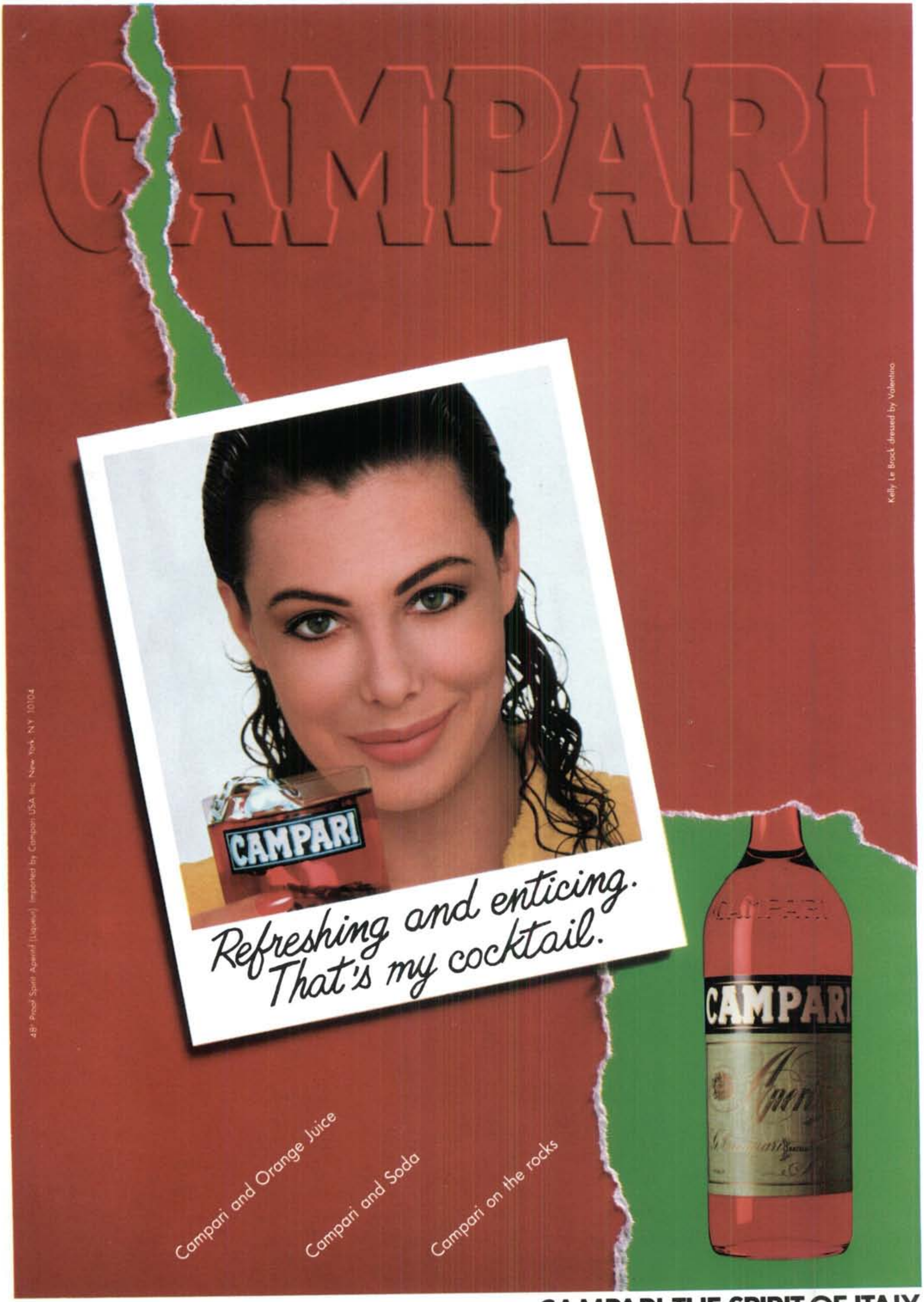
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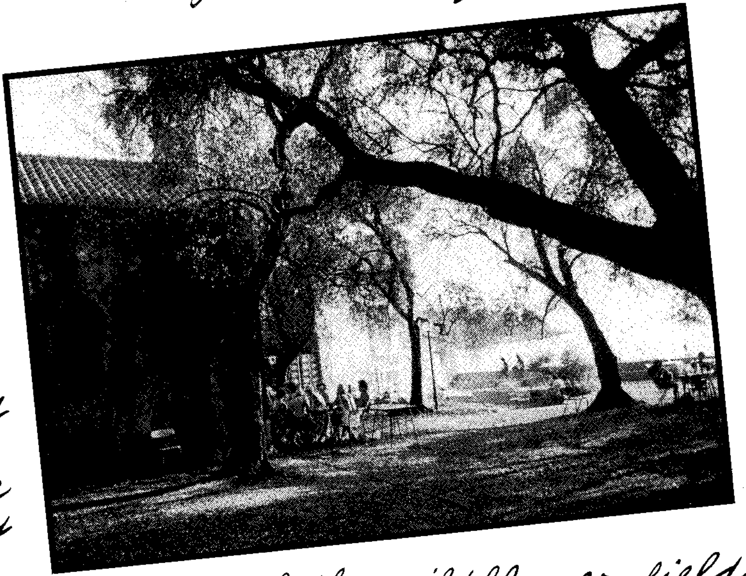

Two weeks ago (or was it six decades?) it took us to gemutlich Zagreb, where storks roost on tall chimneys. We sipped sweet, inky coffee and traded rounds of slivovitz, burning with essence of plums, with some local artists and came away only a few dollars poorer.

In the Julian alps, we tramped through the wildflower fields we could see from our snug, crisp-sheeted room. It was only $25. for the night. For a little more than twice that we could have stayed in its palatial counterpart, cushiony with damask sofas and Persian carpets.

On up the coast that could have been the Riviera of Hemingway, Fitzgerald or Cole Porter, we hired a cruiser for the day ($35.) and found a whole island we could have rented for the night.

Back at our hotel, we dined on a mountain of prawns with a delicious local wine that wouldn't be found anywhere else. The check didn't come to $30, including the moonlight.

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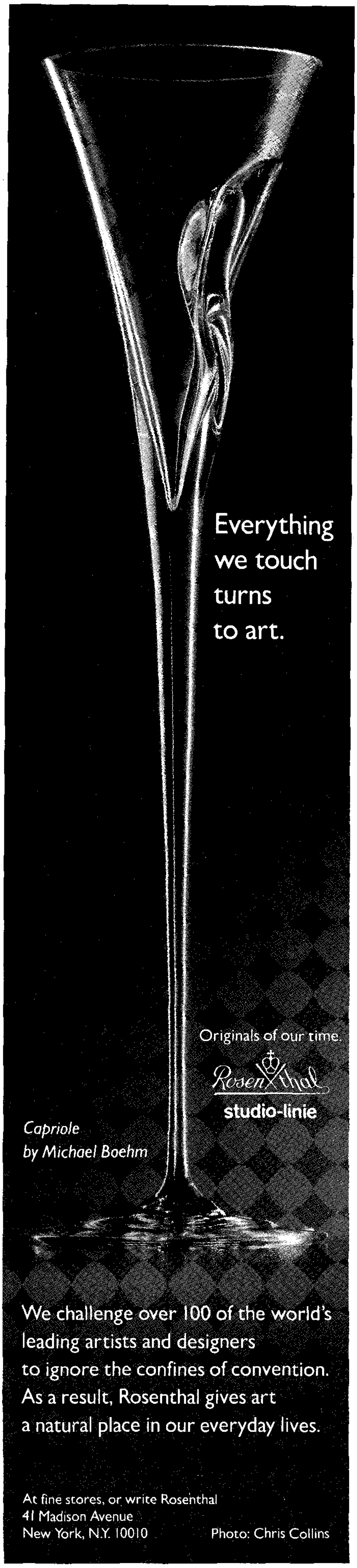
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anything Goes—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, April 17, at 7:30.)

Boys' Life—Directed by W. H. Macy, Howard Korder's engrossing new play is an eminently quotable postmodern comedy of manners that makes an intelligent contribution to the dialogue on the battle between the sexes. (3/28/88) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Boys Next Door—The "boys" are three retarded men and a schizophrenic who, under professional supervision, share an apartment. Tom Griffin's good play, though inevitably touching, is also often very funny, and never sentimental. It is well acted by Christine Estabrook, Josh Mostel, and William Jay, among others. (2/22/88) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Burn This—Lanford Wilson's play can be considered an occasion for an astonishing performance by John Malkovich, as a foul-mouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. The supporting actors—Joan Allen, Jonathan Hogan, and Lou Liberatore—are also good. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. Starting Monday, April 18, Paul Perri replaces Mr. Malkovich, and Lisa Emery replaces Miss Allen. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cabaret—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb (directed by Harold Prince) has a gloriously muted Joel Grey re-creating his role as the Emcee and a sterling performance by Alyson Reed, who plays Sally Bowles as she was always meant to be played. (11/2/87) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—**BORDERLINES,** a double bill of short plays by John Bishop, is the fourth of this season's productions. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 1.)

Doctor Faustus—The Shaliko Company's version of Christopher Marlowe's 1588 play. Opens Tuesday, April 12. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Tuesday through Sunday, April 12-17, at 7:30. Closes Sunday, May 1.)

Double Image Theatre—Presenting **A WHITE ROSE OF MEMPHIS,** by David J. Hill. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 1. For reservations, call 758-9435.)

Equity Library Theatre—Shakespeare's **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING** will be the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, April 14, and will run through Sunday, May 1. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

CORT
THEATRE
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Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune—Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh are remarkable, under the direction of Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Gospel at Colonus—A revival of Lee Breuer and Bob Telson's adaptation of "Oedipus at Colonus." We'd be lying if we said that the show has much to do with Sophocles' play, but it is a roof-raising celebration of black music and culture. (4/4/88) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Gus and Al—A new play by Albert Innaurato. Opens Wednesday, April 13, and will run through Sunday, April 24. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays, except April 12, through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

Into the Woods—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny —sometimes both. The superb cast is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Joe Turner's Come and Gone—August Wilson's powerful and stirring play, the third in his series about the black experience in America in the twentieth century, is set in a boarding house in Pittsburgh in 1911. Its principal story is of a man who was captured and enslaved by the white plantation owner Joe Turner and who has been searching for his lost wife ever since he was set free. Delroy Lindo gives a strong performance in the role, sharing the honors with Ed Hall, who, as a benign healer, is the presiding spirit of the show. With Mel Winkler, L. Scott Caldwell, and Angela Bassett, among other good actors. Lloyd Richards was the excellent director. (4/11/88) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.)

Mail—A musical with a score by Michael Rupert and a book and lyrics by Jerry Colker. Directed by Andrew Cadiff. Previews through Wednesday, April 13. Opens officially on Thursday, April 14. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

M. Butterfly—David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play is based on an actual case: in 1964, a French diplomat took as his mistress a star of the Beijing Opera, and some twenty years later—when they were both charged with being spies —discovered that "she" was a he. John Lithgow, in the leading role, gives an exceptional performance, and so does B. D. Wong as his lover; Lori Tan Chinn, George N. Martin, and Rose Gregorio give them sound support. (4/11/88) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Mr. Universe—A play by Jim Grimsley. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand Street. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The No-Frills Revue—An unpretentious, jokey little show conceived and directed by Martin Charnin. Most of the lively songs—words and music—were written by Mr. Charnin, and the two funniest sketches were contributed by Thomas Meehan. (2/22/88) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oba Oba—A Brazilian musical revue, with a company of fifty singers, dancers, and musicians. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Oil City Symphony—Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny, very musical musical. Mr. Hardwick and Miss Monk, by the way, are alumni of "Pump Boys and Dinettes" of blessed memory. (1/18/88) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Phantom of the Opera—The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun —if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible, including the overhyped performances by Michael Crawford and Sarah Brightman in the leading roles. Patty Cohenour substitutes for Miss Brightman at the Thursday evening and Saturday matinée performances. (2/8/88) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Rashomon—A revival of the 1959 play by Fay and Michael Kanin based on stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. The cast includes James Saito, Kiya Ann Joyce, and Norris M. Shimabuku. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 24.)

The Road to Mecca—A play written and directed by Athol Fugard, with Yvonne Bryceland, Amy Irving, and Mr. Fugard. Opens Tuesday, April 12. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sarafina!—This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. It is a show about a show that is put on by a brave group of high-school students in Soweto, and that dramatizes the events in their lives. The events are bleak, but the spirits are blazing and the acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (11/9/87) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Señora Carrar's Rifles—A revival of Bertolt Brecht's 1937 play, with Miriam Colón in the title role. Directed by Alejandro Quintana. Performances in English Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; in Spanish on Satur-

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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

days and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes Sunday, May 1.)

A Shayna Maidel—A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson and is enhanced by two extraordinary performances: one from Gordana Rashovich as a concentration-camp survivor and the other from Paul Sparer as the father who failed to get her and her mother out of Poland. The year 1946 is perfectly evoked by William Barclay's setting. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (11/30/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Equity Fights AIDS Fund Monday evening, April 11.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—Blythe Danner, as Blanche Du Bois, is not at her best in this Tennessee Williams revival. The production, directed by Nikos Psacharopoulos, features Aidan Quinn as a preppie and petulant Stanley Kowalski. Starting Tuesday, April 19, Pamela Payton replaces Miss Danner, and Kim Coates replaces Mr. Quinn. (3/28/88) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tamara—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 307-7171. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

A Walk in the Woods—Lee Blessing's absorbing play is set near Geneva and consists entirely of the conversations, over a year or so, of an American and a Soviet diplomat who have gone there to negotiate an arms treaty. No agreement is reached, but a friendship grows and deepens. Under the direction of Des McAnuff, Sam Waterston and Robert Prosky give distinguished performances. (3/14/88) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

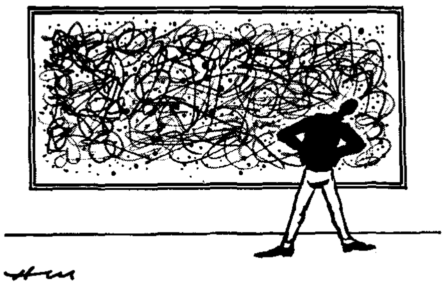
Wenceslas Square—This play by the late Larry Shue, about an American professor and one of his students in Prague in 1974, is insubstantial but, under the direction of Jerry Zaks, always fascinating, whether funny or sad. Four fine actors appear as the many characters, Czech and American. (3/14/88) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 17.)

York Theatre Company—A revival of **LOST IN THE STARS**, the Maxwell Anderson–Kurt Weill musical based on Alan Paton's novel "Cry, the Beloved Country." (York, 2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Friday and Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 17.)

Long Runs—**BROADWAY BOUND:** In the third of his trilogy of autobiographical plays, Neil Simon takes us from Brooklyn to Manhattan, from ignominy to the promise of fame. Directed by Gene Saks. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery and costumes by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,640 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FENCES:** Billy Dee Williams has the lead in August Wilson's powerful play. Lloyd Richards directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A fifty-year-old British musical starring Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Gary Morris and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Equity Fights AIDS Fund Monday evening, April 18.) . . . **PSYCHO BEACH PARTY:** A romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-eighteenth edition. (Madison Square Garden. For information about show times and tickets, call 563-8300. Through Sunday, May 1.)



Barnard-Columbia Greek Drama Group—Presenting scenes from "The Clouds" of Aristophanes. In ancient Greek, with English narration. (Minor Latham Playhouse, Columbia University, Broadway at 119th St. Thursday through Saturday, April 14-16, at 8. For reservations, call 280-6854.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. Closes Sunday, May 1.)

Liliane Montevecchi on the Boulevard—A one-woman show. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Nightly, except Tuesday, at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 5. Closes Sunday, April 17.)

Ten Percent Revue—A musical revue by Tom Wilson Weinberg about gay life. Preview Tuesday, April 12. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 13, at 7. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Without You I'm Nothing—Sandra Bernhard in a one-woman show. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 5:30 and 9. Closes Sunday, May 1.)

DANCE

American Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of an eight-week engagement that will run through Saturday, June 11—Monday, April 18, at 8: "Raymonda Grand Pas Classique" (a new production), "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Ballet Imperial" (company première). . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 19, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Pillar of Fire," and "Symphonie Concertante." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 20, at 7: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto" (company première) and "Gaîté Parisienne." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-3030.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Tuesday evening, April 12: "Roses," "Ab Ovo Usque ad Mala (From Soup to Nuts)," and "Counterswarm" (première). . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 13: "Equinox," "Lost, Found, and Lost," "Homeward" (première), and "Le Sacre du Printemps (The Rehearsal)." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 14: "A Musical Offering," "Last Look," and "Counterswarm." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 15: "Roses," "Ab Ovo Usque ad Mala (From Soup to Nuts)," and "Counterswarm." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 16: "Esplanade," "Runes," and "Brandenburgs." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 17: "Cloven Kingdom," "Rhapsody on a Theme," "House of Cards," and "Syzygy." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 17: "Kith and Kin," "Nightshade," and "Mercuric Tidings." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 19: "Arden Court," "Last Look," and "A Musical Offering." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 20: "Roses," "Ab Ovo Usque ad Mala (From Soup to Nuts)," and "Counterswarm." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays, except April 12, through Saturdays at 8; Sundays at 7:30; and Tuesday, April 12, at 7. Matinées at 3. Through Sunday, May 1.)

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, April 12, at 7; Saturday, April 16, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, April 17, at 2: "Consort Lessons," "Les Noces," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, April 13-15, at 8: "Schubert Dances," "Genesis," "In Paradisum," and "Alliances." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

Jennifer Muller/The Works—A two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, April 24—Tuesday, April 12, at 7:30: "Occasional Encounters" (première), "The Enigma," and "City" (première). . . . ¶ Thursday, April 14, at 8, and Sunday, April 17, at 7:30: "Interrupted River," "Occasional Encounters," and "Speeds." . . . ¶ Friday, April 15, and Tuesday, April 19, at 8, and Sunday, April 17, at

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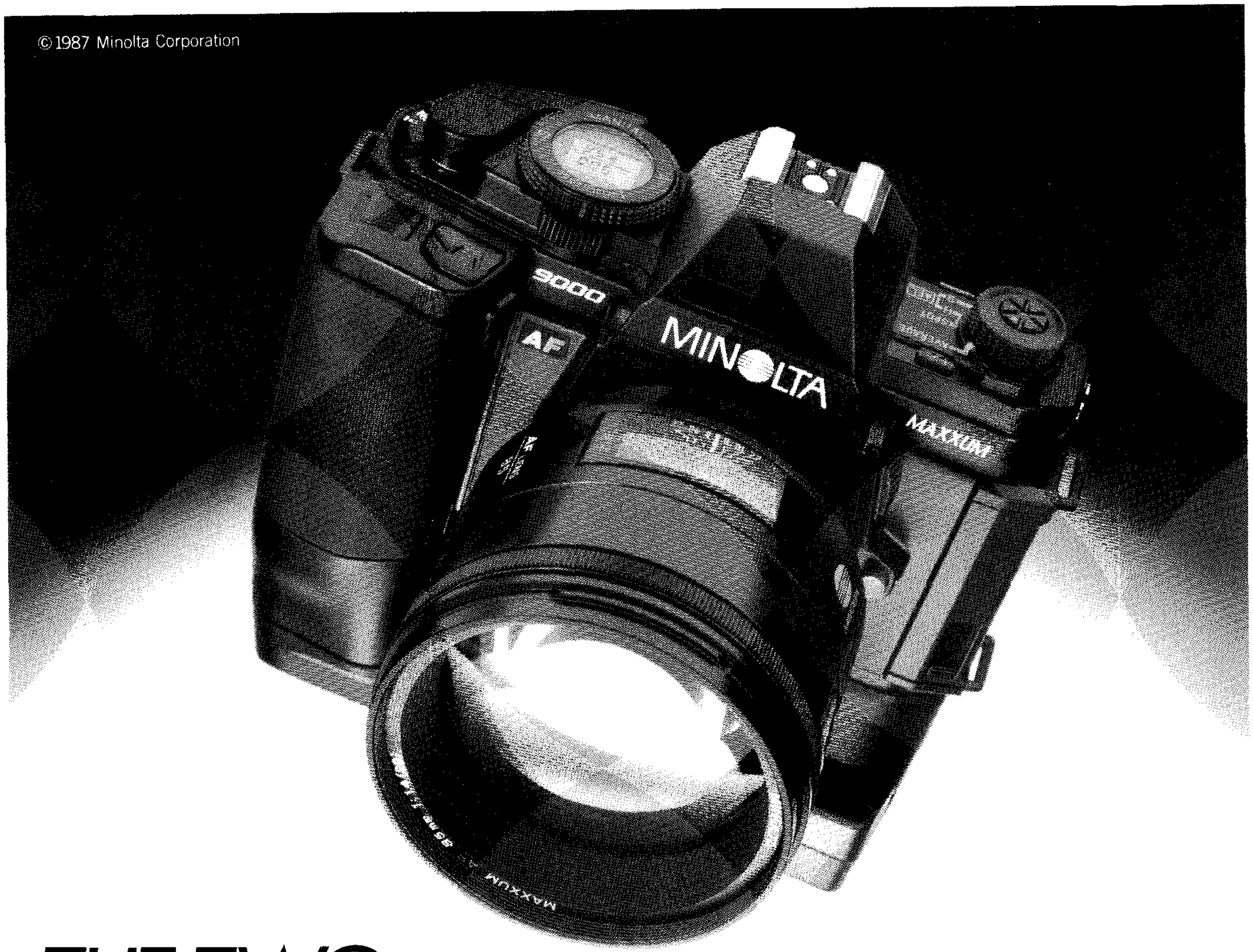

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

DANCE—Cont'd

2: "Couches," "Hide and Seek" (première), and "City." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16, and Wednesday, April 20, at 8: "Fields," "The Enigma," and "Into the Life." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Final performances of the engagement—Friday, April 15, at 8, and Sunday, April 17, at 3: "Troy Game," "Concerto in F," and "Banda." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 8: "Forces of Rhythm," "Concerto Barocco," "Saffron Knot," and "Dougla." (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 690-4100.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**steve ross,** a singer-pianist whose interests run from Eddie Cantor to Kander & Ebb, will be in the woody nook known as the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. Bassist **jay leonhart's** trio has the floor Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty. **jonathan schwartz** sings here Tuesdays and Wednesdays at nine and Thursdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A bemirrored jazz club with a spectacular piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and with bright clusters of musicians on the dais. The singing **hendricks** clan, led by father **jon,** trades sets with vocalist **marlena shaw** and her trio Tuesday through Sunday, April 12-17. On Tuesday, April 19, drummer **max roach** brings in his double quartet. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock, folk, jazz, comedy, and combinations thereof in a blue-pillared room that seats four hundred. Tuesday, April 12, John Stewart and the folk-singing team of Brewer and Shipley; Friday, April 15, **leon redbone;** Sunday, April 17, British folksinger-guitarist **john renbourn's** band Ship of Fools and the Battlefield Band; and Wednesday, April 20, Special EFX, a jazz-rock band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good pianists (who play the concert grand that Paul Desmond bequeathed to the proprietor) and bassists. **tommy flanagan** and **george mraz** work together through Saturday, April 16. Starting Monday, April 18, **steve kuhn** and **buster williams** swing into action. Aloisio Aguiar's trio sits in on Sundays. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. On Mondays, **hamiet bluiett,** the bearded baritone voice of the World Saxophone Quartet, directs his Telepathic Big Band. New Orleans-born pianist **henry butler** leads a quartet that includes tenor saxophonist **clifford jordan** Friday through Sunday, April 15-17. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to fave rave of *tout le monde* **bobby short** and his assistants, bassist **beverly peer** and drummer **robbie scott.** Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **barbara carroll** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Drums, 333 E. 60th St. (308-2333)—A recent addition to clubland. It's elaborately furnished, in swank-disco style; it even has sofas to nap on between sets. Thursday, April 14, the Toasters, a local ska group; Friday, April 15, **blue rodeo,** a country-tinged, guitar-led pop-rock band from Toronto, and Drivin' n' Cryin', a rock trio from Atlanta; and Sunday, April 17, the **wailers.** *Doors open at nine-thirty.*

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Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A red-velvet-and-mirror-walled lair for jazz people. Trumpeter **randy brecker,** a graduate of Art Blakey's Jazz Messenger academy, and his band will be around Tuesday through Sunday, April 12-17. On Tuesday, April 19, big-band singer **anita o'day** begins a six-night stint. Mondays remain in the hands of guitarist **les paul.** Music from eight. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—A cathedral-size bar and restaurant. Pianists practice their art in a little grove of palms a half mile or so from the bar. Bring your binoculars. The schedule: Tuesday and Wednesday, April 12-13, **bill mays;** Thursday through Saturday, April 14-16, **andy laverne** (with vibist **joe locke**); and Tuesday and Wednesday, April 19-20, Chuck Fowler. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). **dick hyman,** who has Jelly Roll Morton and James P. Johnson and a library of pop songs at his fingertips, performs Monday, April 18. The rest of the lineup: Monday, April 11, pianist-composer Andy Tuck; Tuesday, April 12, pianist Virg Dzurinko; Wednesday, April 13, the Tad Shull trio; Thursday, April 14, guitarist **john pizzarelli's** trio; Friday, April 15, **richard rodney bennett;** Saturday, April 16, singer-owner Judy Barnett's band; Tuesday, April 19, pianist **carol britto;** and Wednesday, April 20, singer Carol Fredette and her trio. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Jan Wallman's, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A room fit for a singer, an accompanist or two, and a party of forty-eight. The singers: Lauree Berger (with pianist and harpist **corky hale**) Tuesday through Thursday, April 12-14; Steven Davis Friday, April 15; **judy kreston** (with pianist **david lahm**) Saturday, April 16; and **barbara lea** (with pianist **wes mc afee**) Tuesday, April 19. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **john hicks** and **walter booker** collaborate Tuesday through Saturday, April 12-16. **fred hersch,** a slender, bearded, light-fingered poet of a pianist, and **michael formanek** team up starting Tuesday, April 19. New Orleans whiz-kid **harry connick, jr.,** is on duty every Sunday and Monday. Music from about nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music and performing space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the post-ness of postmodernism. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin, whose views on such things as cover charges are enlightened. Tuesday, April 12, at ten, the **billy bang** quartet, and at eleven a trio of drummers: **rashied ali, andrew cyrille,** and Louis Moholo; Thursday, April 14, alto saxophonist **julius hemphill** and cellist **abdul wadud** at ten, and at eleven the William Parker group; Friday, April 15, West German saxophonist Peter Brötzmann and guitarist **sonny sharrock,** plus **jemeel moondoc's** orchestra; Saturday, April 16, bassist Peter Kowald's trio and tenor saxophonist Dewey Redman's quartet; Monday, April 18, percussionist **karl berger's** group; Tuesday, April 19, guitarist-singer Peter Blegvad; and Wednesday, April 20, guitarist **jean-paul bourelly.** Music after nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size iguana on the roof; Texans like the reminders of home; and musicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. This week we're talking the blues: **buddy guy** and **junior wells** on Monday and Tuesday, April 11-12; Bobby Radcliff on Wednesday, April 13; **james cotton** and **frankie lee** on Saturday, April 16; and **pinetop perkins** and **ronnie earl** on Sunday, April 17. The Greg Trooper band, local rockabilly purveyors, will be present on Thursday, April 14, and **lil queenie & the percolators,** a fine rock-and-soul group from New Orleans, will be here on Friday, April 15. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and their high-heeled foxes. **julie wilson,** who's always in motion and whose emotions are always visible, is singing Jules Styne compositions at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

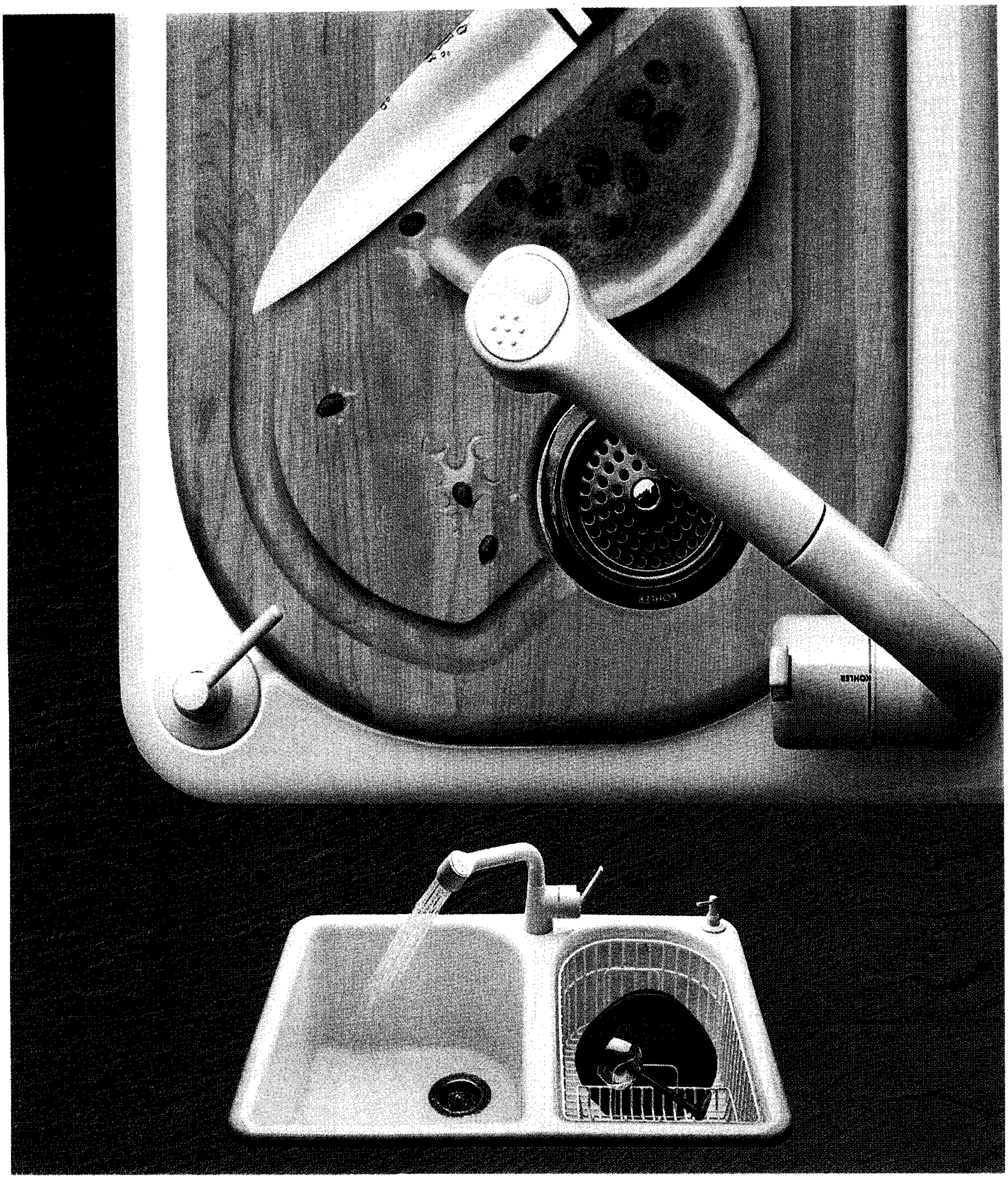
Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Jazz and jazz-enriched music (jazz-rock, Latin jazz, jazz-funk) to eat and drink by. Friday and Saturday, April 15-16, **robben ford,** a guitarist who moves in fusion circles, brings in a band. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African pop bands, reggae people, zydeco outfits, and salsa ensembles all pass through this former luncheonette. Tuesday through Thursday, April 12-14, the **bhundu boys,** a Zimbabwean pop band; Friday, April 15, **loremil machado & the sarava bahia band;** Saturday, April 16, **mikata;** and Tuesday through Thursday, April 19-21, **salif keïta,** a singer from Mali. Music from eight Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled *boîte,* crowded with jazz fans from Japan, France, Germany, Denmark, Greenwich Village, and other countries. Pianist **abdullah ibrahim** and his band, **ekaya,** play nightly, except Mondays, which are reserved for **eliane elias's** trio. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple, no-frills blues and rock club attached to an Irish pub. The **surreal mc coys,** a local country band, call this place home on Mondays. The rest of the schedule: Wednesdays, April 13 and 20, the Ned Sublette band; Thursday, April 14, the Dots, Binky Philips, and Beema Duma; Friday, April 15, the Astorians, the Bureaucrats, and the Riffkings; Saturday, April 16, Who's Your Daddy; and Sunday, April 17, Lucky 7 and Love Beats Blind. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A bi-level operation. In the downstairs room, **nell carter,** the effervescent singer and star of Broadway's "Ain't Misbehavin'" and TV's "Gimme a Break," will be performing jazz, rock, gospel, and show tunes Friday and Saturday, April 15-16, at eight and eleven; Sunday, April 17, at four and seven-thirty; and Tuesday and Wednesday, April 19-20, at eight and eleven. She will be here through



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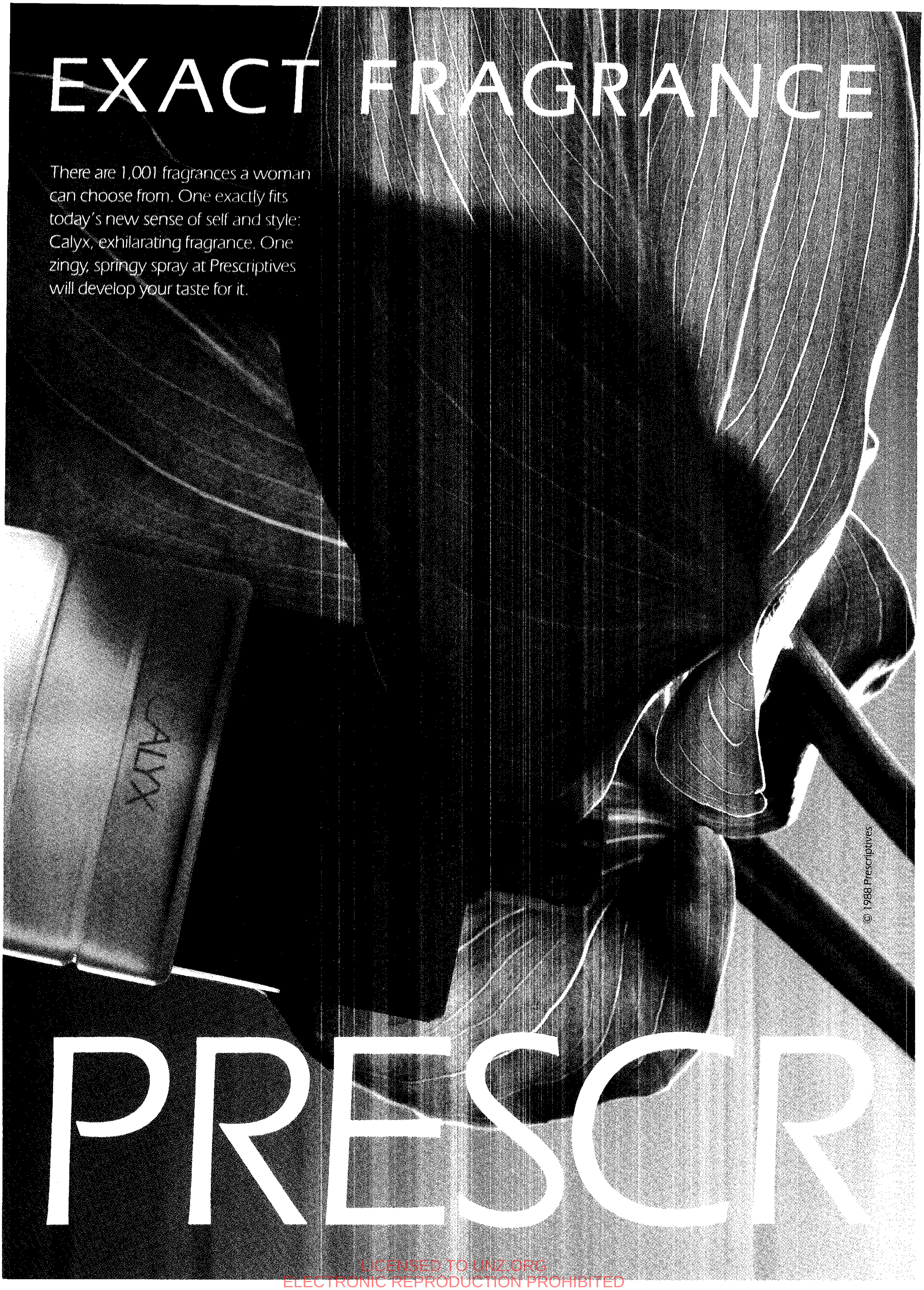

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

Sunday, April 24. Mondays are set aside for salsa bands; music gets started about nine-thirty. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, pianist **JACK WILSON** and bassist Nat Reeves supply the music nightly except Mondays. On Tuesdays, they trade sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from ten. The piano is in **PATTI BOWN'S** eccentric and entertaining hands from six to ten Fridays through Sundays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment has been described by Max Gordon, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Pianist **CEDAR WALTON'S** quartet prevails Tuesday through Sunday, April 12-17. On Tuesday, April 19, **GEORGE COLEMAN,** a Memphis-born, blues-leaning tenor saxophonist and the composer of (among other numbers on local themes) a slow blues called "Mayor Koch," moves in with his quartet. Mondays are reserved for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. **ARTHUR PRYSOCK,** a deep-as-the-river-runs pop and blues crooner, sings with a band led by his saxophonist brother **RED PRYSOCK** Thursday through Sunday, April 14-17. Mondays are comedy nights, and Tuesdays are the property of trumpeter-cornettist **ED POLCER** and a Dixieland group. Music from about nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious, lightly forested bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** provide piano-bass duets through Saturday, April 16. **RUBY BRAFF,** a stem-winder of a cornettist who makes you lean forward when he descends into the secret chamber that is his lowest register and sit up when he rises to a rare high note, works with guitarist **HOWARD ALDEN** and bassist **JACK LESBERG** *starting Monday, April 18.* Sundays are claimed by guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

WAYNE HORVITZ—The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Wednesday through Saturday, April 13-16, at 8:30.

TRIBUTE TO STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI—With Yo-Yo Ma, the Juilliard String Quartet, Maureen McGovern, and others. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Thursday, April 14, at 8.)

"HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ"—A tribute to Louis Armstrong and Fats Waller, with Arvell Shaw, Joe Muranyi, Benny Powell, Haywood Henry, and others. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 998-4949. Thursday, April 14, at 8.)

SONNY ROLLINS—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, April 15, at 8.

GRASSROOTS GOSPEL AND JUBILEE SINGING—With the No Name Gospel Singers, the Heavenly Tones, the Faithful Harmonizers, the Gospel Christian Singers, the Golden Jubilees, and Charlie Storey & the All-Stars. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Friday, April 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 206-1050.)

THE WINANS—Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 749-5838. Friday, April 15, at 8. . . . ¶ Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Saturday, April 16, at 8.

KEN ZUCKERMAN—With Swapan Chaudhuri. (Washington Square Church. Saturday, April 16, at 8.)

HAROLD MABERN TRIO—Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660. Saturday, April 16, at 9 and 10:30.

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MIRIAM MAKEBA—With Hugh Masekela and the cast of "Sarafina!" (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Monday, April 18, at 8.)

MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS—Alternative Museum, 17 White St. 966-4444. Wednesday, April 20, at 8.

THE ALARM—Beacon Theatre. Wednesday, April 20, at 8.

ROULETTE—Thursday, April 14: Peter Kowald. . . . ¶ Friday, April 15: Peter Blegvad. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16: Jim Staley. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 17: Gerry Hemingway. (228 West Broadway. Evenings at 9. For information about tickets, call 219-8242.)

BENEFIT PERFORMANCE—Garrison Keillor and Butch Thompson. (Church of the Holy Apostles, 296 Ninth Ave., at 28th St. Sunday, April 17 at 7. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

JOSEF ALBERS (1888-1976)—Nine paintings from his "Homage to the Square" series. Through April 30. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. A retrospective of the artist's work is at the Guggenheim Museum.)

ANTHONY GREEN AND MARY COZENS-WALKER—Autobiographical paintings and drawings by Mr. Green, including portraits of himself and Ms. Cozens-Walker (they are husband and wife), who is exhibiting sculptures in mixed mediums. Through April 30. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

MICHAEL HEIZER—Imposing sculptural works in modified concrete and wood. Through April 21. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

RICHARD HICKAM—Abstract paintings, many of them vaguely figurative. Through April 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

SANDRA MACKINTOSH—Slender black wood sculptures representing birds. Through May 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

DIMITRY MERINOFF (1896-1971)—Five works in mixed mediums. Through April 29. (Uddoh, 233 E. 84th St. Open until 7.)

REEVE SCHLEY / LUCY MITCHELL—Watercolors. / Collages, many combining stamps and leaves. Through April 23. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

PHILIP SMITH—Large white paintings whose motifs have been scratched into the medium with a screwdriver. Through May 7. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

JOAN SNYDER—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, April 16. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

THEODOROS STAMOS—New paintings from this veteran Abstract Expressionist. Through April 23. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

NADA NADEŽDA VITOROVIĆ—Paintings derived from Yugoslavian fairy tales. Through May 7. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

CHARLES WELLS—Angels carved in wood, and other sculptures. Through Saturday, April 16. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JOSEPH WOLINS—W.P.A.-sponsored paintings. Through April 28. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

FOLK ART FAKES AND FORGERIES—This show, presented by the Museum of American Folk Art, zeroes in on counterfeit folk art by displaying it with the real thing. Boxes, paintings, rugs, weathervanes, and furniture. Through April 30. (Hirschl & Adler Folk, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK,** 20 E. 67th St.: A selection of nineteenth-century American paintings, including works by Arthur B. Davies, Asher B. Durand, and Louis Eilshemius. Through April 30. (Closes at 4 on Saturdays.) . . . **LA BOETIE,** 9 E. 82nd St.: Works by vanguard European and American women artists, architects, and designers who worked between 1900 and 1940—Popova, Modersohn-Becker, Delaunay, Krasner, Gray, and others. Through May 31.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

RICHARD BALLARD—Pastoral paintings inspired by the artist's summer visits to central France. Through April 30. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ New landscape drawings. Through May 7. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St.)

KENT BELLOWS—Photo-Realist pencil-on-paper portraits. Through April 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

MATTIE BERHANG—Hanging sculptures incorporating found objects. Through May 7. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

MARTIN CHIRINO—Forged-steel sculptures. Through April 30. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ROBERT COURTRIGHT—Terra-cotta works: stelae with shallow carvings, and pigmented masks. Through Saturday, April 16. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ELIZABETH DE CUEVAS / ROBERTO CORTAZAR—Fourteen sculptures. / Paintings. Through Saturday, April 16. (Kerr, 37 W. 57th St.)

JOSEPH DRAPELL—Acrylic gels in abstract patterns on large canvases. Through April 23. (Shippee, 41 E. 57th St.)

JEAN DUBUFFET (1901-85)—Sculptures in the "Hourloupe" series, and paintings. Through April 30. (James Goodman, now at 41 E. 57th St.)

GONZALO FONSECA—Sculptures. Through April 30. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

CHUCK FORSMAN—New realist paintings on Masonite, set in sculptured frames. Through April 23. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER / JULES OLITSKI—Folding screens made of cast bronze and color intaglios. Through April 23. / Stain paintings in prismatic colors, dating from the sixties. Through April 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

JANE FREILICHER—New paintings of Long Island landscapes, New York cityscapes, and still-lifes. Through April 27. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

LEON GOLDIN—Abstract paintings, not as strictly geometric as some of his past work. Through Thursday, April 14. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ROBERT GREENE / ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE—Landscape paintings. / Dye-transfer prints of still-lifes and figures. Through April 23. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

VALERIE JAUDON—Large-scale geometric paintings. Through April 23. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

BILL JENSEN—Recent paintings. Through May 7. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

ALEX KATZ—Landscapes and cityscapes painted with the darker colors of his palette. Through April 23. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Cityscapes by Mr. Katz are

ART—Cont'd

also on view at Audiello, 142 Greene St. Through April 30.

Herbert Katzman—Paintings and drawings. Through May 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Edward Kienholz and Nancy Reddin Kienholz—A joint exhibit of constructions using found objects and other materials to make ersatz TV sets and radios. Through May 14. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jim Lawrence / Sam Messer—Loosely painted figurative sculptures that aim for the grotesque. / Abstract drawings and prints. Through April 27. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Marin (1870-1953)—Paintings from the thirties by this early modernist. Through April 23. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Jan Matulka (1890-1972)—Landscapes and still-lifes from the twenties and thirties. Through May 4. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—Paintings of spring, summer, winter, and fall. Through Saturday, April 16. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Barnett Newman (1905-70)—A loan show of thirteen paintings. Through May 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Donald Shambroom—Paintings. Through April 23. (ACA, 41 E. 57th St.)

Kimber Smith (1922-81)—Abstract paintings. Through May 7. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St.)

Donald Sultan—Recent drawings. Through April 30. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Exhibitions of the artist's work are also at the Museum of Modern Art and the Brooklyn Museum.)

John Van Alstine—Sculptures. Through April 30. (Haime, now at 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **deutsch,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings of American towns and cities by American artists working in the first half of this century, among them Ralston Crawford, Alice Neel, and Charles Burchfield. Through April 27. . . . **frumkin-adams,** 50 W. 57th St.: Three-dimensional painted works, one of them a sort of dog-table (more dog than table, though), carved out of cherry and jelutong, by Roy De Forest. Through April 30. . . . **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: Wiener Werkstätte lamps, glasses, illustrations, and other items (by Hoffmann, Moser, and others) shown next to paintings and drawings by the Austrian Expressionists (Kokoschka, Schiele, etc.) they inspired. Through May 27. . . . **marian goodman,** 24 W. 57th St.: Works by Bernd and Hilla Becher, Ed Ruscha, Lawrence Weiner, and others. Through May 7. (Open Mondays.) . . . **grand central art galleries,** 24 W. 57th St.: American Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings, including works by Childe Hassam, George Inness, Theresa Bernstein, and Gladys Rockmore Davis. Through May 14. (Open Mondays.) . . . **holly solomon,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Artists who camouflage their references—Nam June Paik superimposes Chinese calligraphy over video images; Richard Phillips reduces furniture to two-dimensional leather-and-metal constructions. Also, works by Kim MacConnel and Andy Warhol. Through April 23. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Hanno Ahrens—Wood-and-plaster sculptures. Through May 7. (Sharpe, 152 Wooster St.)

William Anastasi—The artist wore a blindfold or simply averted his eyes when he made these large-scale paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, April 16. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Richard Anuszkiewicz—A retrospective of wood constructions and paintings. Through Saturday, April 16. (Green, 152 Wooster St.)

Frances Barth—Abstract paintings and works on paper. Through April 23. (Liguori, 93 Grand St.)

Gretchen Bender—Politically inspired assemblages that incorporate video, photographs, and computer graphics. Through April 23. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

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Jonathan Borofsky—Paintings. Through April 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Gregory Botts—Abstract paintings. Through May 7. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Paul Bowen—Wood constructions. Through Saturday, April 16. (Shainman, 560 Broadway.)

Hans Breder—Geometric paintings, drawings, and sculptures, and a video. Through April 27. (Schreiber-Cutler, 171 Spring St.)

Chryssa—Metal wall constructions, most of which incorporate neon lighting. Through Saturday, April 16. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Daria Dorosh—Paintings, including the "Roman Drawing Series," *for which the artist has altered black-and-white photographs* of Roman ruins and superimposed various patterns on them. Through April 23. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Lothar Fischer—Totemic metal sculptures; first one-man show in New York. Through May 7. (Haller, 415 West Broadway.)

Jack Forsell—Relief paintings that incorporate, among other things, found objects and ceramics. Through April 30. (Siegeltuch, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Gérard Garouste—Paintings inspired by Dante's "Divine Comedy." Through April 23. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Paul Giovanopoulos / Evelyn Ellwood—Paintings, each offering variations on a single subject; for instance, Mona Lisa appears as if painted by Botticelli, Lichtenstein, Dali, and others. / Paintings. Through April 30. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Juan Gonzalez / Michael Gregory—Surreal landscape paintings dating from 1975 to the present. / Oil-and-tar landscape paintings on horizontal canvases. Through May 11. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Hans Haacke—Three new works that comment on (a) art, (b) politics, and (c) business. Through April 30. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Susan Hall—Paintings. Through April 23. (Trabia-MacAfee, 54 Greene St.)

James Hennessey—New paintings of figures in surreal environments. Through May 5. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

Tom Holland—Wall reliefs and freestanding sculptures. Through April 23. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

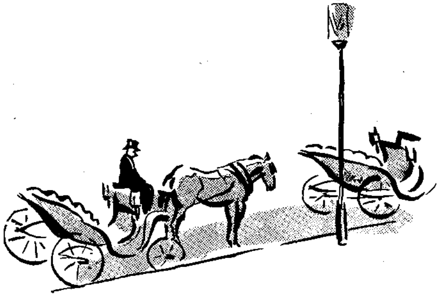
David Ireland—An installation. Through Saturday, April 16. (Brandt, 568 Broadway.)

Yvonne Jacquette—New paintings of Manhattan, including a series on Times Square, which the artist, in her customary urban plein-air approach, began sketching from a room in the Marriott Marquis, Broadway at Forty-fifth Street. Through May 11. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Christopher James—Watercolors and photographs that offer an irreverent perspective on the Vatican; one watercolor shows three nuns in brilliant-red habits. Through May 14. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Leonard Koscianski—Paintings of landscapes that are simultaneously threatening and idyllic. Through May 3. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Mark Kostabi—Paintings and figurative bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, April 16. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)



June Leaf—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, April 16. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Christopher Le Brun—Abstract paintings. Through May 7. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Niki Logis—A large painted-steel structure that viewers can sit in, stand on, or just lean against; smaller works are also included. Through April 23. (Allen, 560 Broadway.)

Clyde Lynds / Mary Shaffer—Stelae threaded with fibre optics. / Iron-and-glass maquettes. Through April 30. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Russell Maltz—Constructions of painted sheets of wood which resemble color-field paintings. Through May 7. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Louis (Cork) Marcheschi—Neon light sculptures, some of them kinetic. Through April 30. (Nerlino-McGear, 96 Greene St.)

Brice Marden—New abstract paintings. Through May 7. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Peter Nadin—Recent paintings and works on paper. Through April 30. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

Annette Oko / Sonia Delaunay (1885-1979)—Photo-Realist paintings. / Color lithographs. Through April 30. (Zarre, 379 West Broadway.)

Miklos Pogany—Abstract works on paper. Through April 30. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Richard Prince—New photographs by an artist who re-photographs newspaper and magazine pictures, plus paintings. Through April 30. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Edwin Ruda—New abstract paintings. Through April 30. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Wade Saunders—Sixty bronzes made to rock back and forth and hold water. Through April 23. (Brown, 560 Broadway.)

Anne Tabachnick—Recent paintings. Through April 30. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Ursula von Rydingsvärd—Large-scale sculptures carved in cedar. Through April 30. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

Stephen Whisler—Sculptures. Through Saturday, April 16. (Lang & O'Hara, 568 Broadway.)

Joan Witek—Abstract paintings characterized by a liberal use of white and irregular black markings. Through April 23. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Brian Wood—Recent drawings, photographs, and prints. Through April 30. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center,** 35 Wooster St.: A selection of sixty-nine drawings *that the curator has categorized as art that* copies art. Michelangelo, Dürer, Watteau, Cézanne, and Picasso are among the copiers. Through July 23. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **protetch,** 560 Broadway: Architects' drawings. Through Saturday, April 16.

OTHER GALLERIES

Polly Apfelbaum—Minimalist wood sculptures and drawings. Through April 24. (Loughelton, 19 Second Ave., at 1st St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Jene Highstein—Three six-to-seven-foot-tall elm-wood carvings, plus works on paper. Through April 30. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

Susan Hiller—Two installations, one of which is audiovisual. Through Sunday, April 17. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Christy Rupp—Sculptures, including "Deadline," which features a life-size cardboard-*and-steel dinosaur called a* Deconstructadon. Through April 24. (P.P.O.W, 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Julie Wachtel—New paintings. Through April 24. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Margaret Bourke-White (1904-71) / **Wu Yinxian**—A retrospective of works by the photojour-

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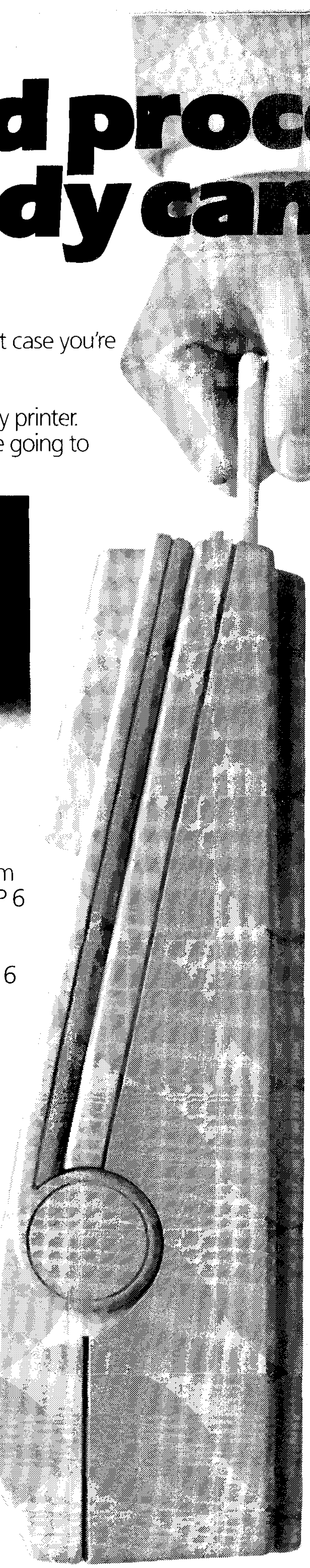

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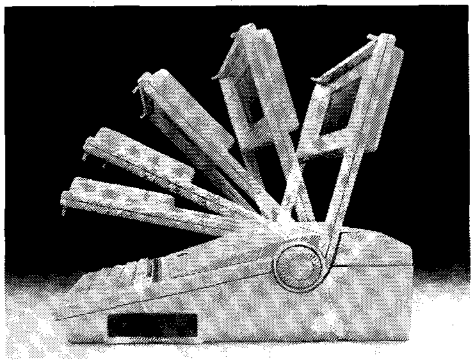

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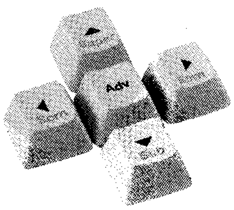

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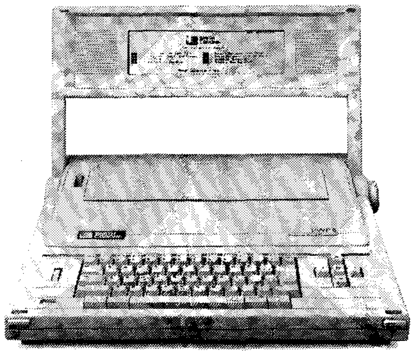

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART—Cont'd

nalist who did *Life's* first cover. / Photographs spanning the years from 1923 to 1986 which document the emergence of Communist China. Through May 1. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Brassaï (1899-1984)—Thirty-three photographs documenting Picasso and his environs from 1932 to 1944; the work is on loan from the Musée Picasso, in Paris. Through April 23. (French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

William Christenberry / Louis De Clerq (1836-1901)—New abstract photographs, plus sculptures and drawings. / Photographs of architectural monuments. Through April 23. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Barbara Ess—New photographs. Through April 23. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Lee Friedlander—A series of photographs depicting industrial workers. Through May 14. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Lucas Samaras—Photographs. Through April 30. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

James Welling—Polaroid photographs. Through Saturday, April 16. (Burgin, 270 Lafayette St.)

Group Show—Photographs and videotapes of the Middle East, South Africa, and Central America, taken on assignment by photojournalists from all over the world. Through May 14. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Among the fifty-one Dutch and Flemish paintings on loan from the Hermitage are Rembrandt's "Sacrifice of Isaac," Hals' "Young Man Holding a Glove," and van Dyck's "Family Portrait." Through June 5. . . . ¶ A show of Fragonard's paintings and drawings, which has travelled here from the Grand Palais, in Paris. Through May 8. Complementing this is the display of "The Progress of Love" at the Frick Collection (see below). (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of three reconstructed outdoor installations by Vito Acconci that are meant to be climbed through, sat on, whatever. One of them uses a half-dozen formerly abandoned cars. Through May 3. . . . ¶ Drawings by Paul Cézanne taken from five sketchbooks that are on loan from the Kunstmuseum, in Basel. Through June 5. . . . ¶ Large-scale prints of black lemons by Donald Sultan, who also has shows at the Brooklyn Museum and at Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Through May 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show that tracks collage and assemblage as explored by exponents of every ism from Cubism to Abstract Expressionism and beyond. The works are by Picasso, Duchamp, Ernst, Chamberlain, Rauschenberg, Nevelson, and Anne Ryan, among many others. Through May 22. . . . ¶ A large retrospective of Josef Albers' work includes paintings, objects, and photographs. Through May 29. A complementary show is at Gallery Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A Charles Sheeler retrospective offering paintings, drawings, and photographs. Through Sunday, April 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A survey of Donald Sultan's paintings and drawings dating from 1981 to 1987. Through June 13. Related shows are at the Museum of Modern Art and at Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

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American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of Tiffany dazzlers from the past century and a half, including the 128.54-carat Tiffany diamond and a 75-carat emerald brooch set with diamonds. Through June 5. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Arts and Crafts Movement in America (1875-1920) is represented in a display of about two hundred decorative-art objects, including stained glass, silver, books, furniture, jewelry, and textiles. Through June 26. . . . ¶ An exhibit of Swedish silver covering a three-hundred-and-fifty-year period. Through June 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—All fourteen canvases of Fragonard's "The Progress of Love" are on view (as usual), complementing the comprehensive show of the artist's work at the Metropolitan. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

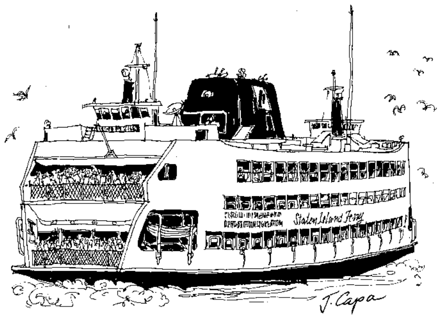
Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The Drake Manuscript consists of two hundred captioned watercolors of life in the West Indies, thought to be the work of someone on the voyages of Sir Francis Drake. The manuscript is on view along with transparencies of the individual pages. Through May 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Works by the painter-sculptor Arbit Blatas, whose subject is stars of the New York music and theatre worlds, past and present. Appearing in the show are Toscanini and Bernstein, Pavarotti and Sutherland. Also, paintings of scenes from the current "Cabaret," with Joel Grey. Starts Tuesday, April 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—This year's juried show has paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by artists from all over the United States. Among the prize-winners are Robert LaHotan, Lennart Anderson, and Marianna Pineda. Through May 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibit of paintings, oil studies, and drawings by Francis W. Edmonds, an early nineteenth-century American genre specialist. Through June 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—Paintings, sculptures, photographs, and other works by forty-two black artists who live or work in Harlem. Through Saturday, April 16. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)



MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Monday, April 11, at 8: "Lulu," with Catherine Malfitano, Tatiana Troyanos, Ronald Hamilton, and Franz Mazura; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 12, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Leona Mitchell, Fiorenza Cossotto, James McCracken, and Richard J. Clark; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 13, at 8: "Werther," with Frederica von Stade, Dawn Upshaw, Alfredo Kraus, and Richard Stilwell; Jean Fournet. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 14, at 8: "Così Fan Tutte," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Diana Montague, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Brian Schexnayder; Max Epstein. . . . ¶ Friday, April 15, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Leona Mitchell, Fiorenza Cossotto, James McCracken, and Leo Nucci; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 1:30: "Werther," with Frederica von Stade, Dawn Upshaw, Alfredo Kraus, and Richard Stilwell; Jean Fournet. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 8: "Lulu," with Catherine Malfitano, Tatiana Troyanos, Ronald Hamilton, and Franz Mazura; James Levine. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Amato Opera—Presenting "The Magic Flute." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, April 16, at 7:30, and Sunday, April 17, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Charles Dutoit conducting a Dutilleux-Ravel-Stravinsky program, with Jean-Philippe Collard, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, April 14, at 8; Friday, April 15, at 2; Saturday, April 16, at 8; and Tuesday, April 19, at 7:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting, with Peter Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 12, at 8.)

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra—In its first performance here. Simon Rattle conducting, with Alfred Brendel, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 13, at 8.)

European Community Youth Orchestra—Erich Leinsdorf conducting this orchestra's first performance here, with Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano; Nobuko Imai, viola; and members of the Harvard Glee Club. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 13, at 8.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Friday, April 15, at 8: Christopher Hogwood conducting a program that will feature the New York première of Hans Werner Henze's "I Sentimenti di C. P. E. Bach." With assisting artists. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 8: Kent Nagano conducting Messiaen's "Des Canyons aux Étoiles," in honor of the composer's eightieth birthday. With Yvonne Loriod, piano. (Florence Gould Hall, French Institute–Alliance Française, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6105.)

"Meet the Moderns"—Lukas Foss conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonic in a program that includes four premières. With Judith Kellock, soprano. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-718 636-4120.)

Monte Carlo Philharmonic Orchestra—Lawrence Foster conducting, with Katia and Marielle Labèque, duo piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 17, at 3.)

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Hugh Wolff conducting. With assisting artists. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 17, at 8.)

Manhattan Philharmonia—Sidney Harth conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Friday, April 15, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Conducted by Gerard Schwarz, with Shura Cherkassky, piano. The program will feature the première of Bright Sheng's "In Memoriam: 1966-1976," a piece about China's cultural revolution. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 16, at 8, and Sunday, April 17, at 3.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet conducting the original, unpublished version of Mahler's First Symphony. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Sunday, April 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Manhattan Philharmonic—A varied program that includes Peter Tiboris conducting Mozart's twenty-first piano concerto, played by Dimitris Sgouros. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, April 18, at 8.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducting, with the Taghkanic Chorale and Thomas Young, tenor. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, April 19, at 8.)

Mannes Chorus—Amy Kaiser and Richard Tang Yuk directing. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Thursday, April 14, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York Russian Chorus and Troika Balalaikas—Celebrating the thousandth anniversary of the Russian Orthodox Church. Gregory Salmon directs the first group, and Helen Fornazor directs the second. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Friday, April 15, at 8.)

Boys Choir of Harlem—Walter Turnbull directing. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Sunday, April 17, at 2.)

Musica Sacra Chorus and Orchestra—Richard Westenburg conducting, with Costanza Cuccaro, soprano; Mary Ann Hart, mezzo-soprano; Howard Bender, tenor; and Jan Opalach, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 20, at 7:30.)

Benefit Concert—Goran W. Nilson conducting the American Symphony Orchestra, with Eva Marton, soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Håkan Hagegård, baritone; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 16, at 7.)

RECITALS

Mannes Contemporary Ensemble—With the Mannes Percussion Ensemble. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 12-13, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Apple Hill Chamber Players—The New York première of Tison Street's "Dark Tangos;" Brahms' viola quintet, with Marcus Thompson. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, April 14, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—With Edmund Battersby, piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Thursday, April 14, at 8.)

Aurora—Baroque chamber music on original instruments. With assisting artists. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Thursday, April 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Waverly Consort—Playing music from Elizabethan England. With Edward Smith, virginal. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 14, and Saturday, April 16, at 8.)

Mannes Trio—In a Haydn-Martinů-Smetana program. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, April 15, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—With John Browning, piano, and artists of the society, in a Rachmaninoff-Mendelssohn-Schubert program. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 15, at 8; Saturday, April 16, at 3; and Sunday, April 17, at 5.)

Peter Orth—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Manhattan Vocal Ensemble—Singing music by South American composers. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. 580-0210. Saturday, April 16, at 8.)

Evelyn Simon—Soprano, with assisting artists. (St. John's in the Village, 218 W. 11th St., at Waverly Pl. 243-6192. Saturday, April 16, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—In an all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, April 16, at 8.)

New Sounds—Contemporary chamber music, with Peter Gordon, saxophone; the Manhattan Marimba Quartet; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, April 17, at 2.)

NAC-U.S.A.—Presenting a program that includes the première of Raoul Pleskow's "Songs on Texts by Oscar Wilde." (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, April 17, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

I Musici—Chamber music. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 17, at 3.)

Music for a While—On Sunday, April 17. At 4: Music and poetry from the time of Chaucer. . . . ¶ At 8: Music and poetry from the time of St. John of the Cross. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. For information about tickets, call 1-914 947-1520.)

New York New Music Ensemble—Presenting a program of music for the flute, with Jayn Rosenfeld as the soloist. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, April 17, at 7.)

Matt Haimovitz—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 17, at 8.)

Trevor Pinnock—Harpsichord, with assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 18, at 8.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano, in an all-Schubert program. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 18, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—With Hiroko Nakamura, piano, in a Haydn-Debussy-Dvořák program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, April 18, at 8.)

James Jeter—Bassoon. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Monday, April 18, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Adam Holzman and Linda Kobler—Classical guitarist and harpsichord. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday, April 19, at 8.)

American String Quartet—With Stephen Hough, piano, in a Mozart-Schoenberg-Dvořák program. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 19, at 8.)

Susan Gregory—Soprano, with Mack Miller, tenor. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Wednesday, April 20, at 7:30.)

Sherrill Milnes—Baritone. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 20, at 8.)

Benefit Concert—With Martha Bernard, soprano, and Christopher Cameron, tenor. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Sunday, April 17, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Shea Stadium 1-718 507-8499.)

Baseball—Mets at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Tuesday, April 12, and Thursday, April 14, at 1:35. . . . ¶ St. Louis, Friday, April 15, at 7:35; Saturday, April 16, at 1:20; and Sunday, April 17, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Monday through Wednesday, April 18-20, at 7:35.

Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Detroit Pistons, Monday, April 11, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Indiana Pacers, Wednesday, April 13, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Washington Bullets, Friday, April 15, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago Bulls, Tuesday, April 19, at 7:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Chicago Bulls, Friday, April 15, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Atlanta Hawks, Tuesday, April 19, at 7:30.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, May 9.

Running—The Trevira Ten-Mile Twosome will start at ten-thirty on Saturday, April 16, in Central Park near the Tavern on the Green, and finish back at the same place.

Trotting—At **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30. . . . **yonkers raceway:** Nightly at 8; through Tuesday, May 3.

ET ALIA

Prose and Poetry Readings—Nancy Marchand, John Rubinstein, and Linda Lavin reading from the short stories of Katherine Mansfield, Willa Cather, and Mary Jane Moffat. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, April 13, at 6:30.) . . . ¶ Allen Ginsberg reading from his own poetry. (Schermerhorn Hall, Columbia University, Room 501, Broadway and 116th St. Thursday, April 14, at 8:15. For information about tickets, call 280-2820.)

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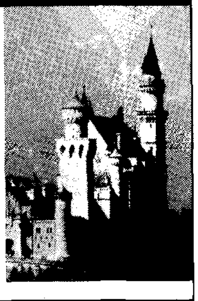


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A program of over twenty film and video documentaries.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Beetlejuice" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Seventh Sign" (directed by Carl Schultz), with Demi Moore, Michael Biehn, and Jürgen Prochnow.
Theatre 3: Through April 14: "Frantic" (†). From April 15: "Appointment with Death" (Michael Winner), with Peter Ustinov.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through April 14: "D.O.A." (†).
From April 15: "Colors" (Dennis Hopper), with Sean Penn and Robert Duvall.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).
Theatre 3: "A New Life" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Ann-Margret.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Beetlejuice" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through April 14: (Matinées only) "The Fox and the Hound" (1981), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Hope and Glory" (†).
From April 15: "Tokyo Pop" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Carrie Hamilton.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through April 14: "D.O.A." (†).
From April 15 (tentative): "Return to Snowy River, Part II" (Geoff Burrowes), with Tom Burlinson.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Wall Street" (†). No performances on Thursday, April 14.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through April 14: "Stand and Deliver" (†).
From April 15: "The Moderns" (Alan Rudolph), with Keith Carradine.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 2: "Beetlejuice" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 2: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through April 14: "Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†). From April 15: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through April 14: "Night Zoo" (Jean-Claude Lauzon; in French). From April 15: To be announced.

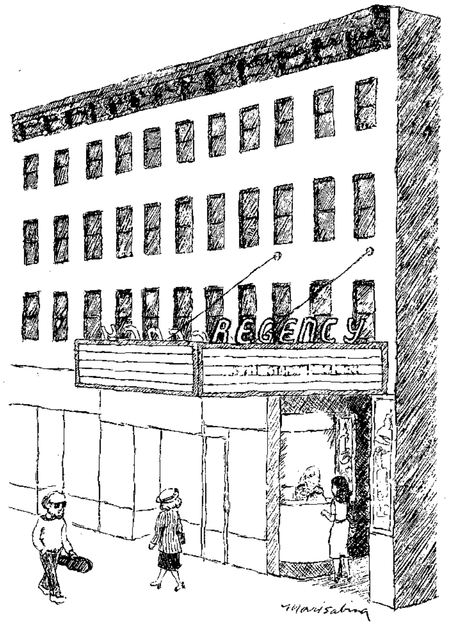
Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Seventh Sign" (Carl Schultz), with Demi Moore, Michael Biehn, and Jürgen Prochnow.
Theatre 2: Through April 14: "Masquerade" (†). From April 15: "Appointment with Death" (Michael Winner), with Peter Ustinov.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).
Theatre 2: "18 Again!" (Paul Flaherty), with George Burns.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through April 14: "Sorceress" (Suzanne Schiffman; in French).
From April 15: "Zelly and Me" (Tina Rathborne), with Isabella Rossellini.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"A New Life" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Ann-Margret.



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17	18	19	20			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Bright Lights, Big City" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 14: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal. From April 15 (tentative): "Colors" (Dennis Hopper), with Sean Penn and Robert Duvall.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through April 14: (Matinées only) "The Fox and the Hound" (1981), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Moonstruck" (†). From April 15: "Return to Snowy River, Part II" (Geoff Burrowes), with Tom Burlinson.
Theatre 2: Through April 14: "Bad Dreams" (Andrew Fleming), with Jennifer Rubin. From April 15: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through April 12: "From the Pole to the Equator" (1986; directed by Yervant Gianikian and Angela Ricci Lucchi). From April 13: "She Must Be Seeing Things" (Sheila McLaughlin), with Sheila Dabney.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through April 14: (Separate admissions) "Manon of the Spring" (Claude Berri; in French), with Yves Montand, Daniel Auteuil, and Emmanuelle Béart; and "Jean de Florette" (†). From April 15: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Hairspray" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bad Dreams" (Andrew Fleming), with Jennifer Rubin.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).
Theatre 2: "Stand and Deliver" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Bright Lights, Big City" (†).
Theatre 2: "Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).
Theatre 3: "Stars and Bars" (Pat O'Connor), with Daniel Day Lewis.
Theatre 4: "Hope and Glory" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 2: "Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 3: Through April 14: (Matinées only) "The Fox and the Hound" (1981), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†). From April 15 (tentative): "Return to Snowy River, Part II" (Geoff Burrowes), with Tom Burlinson.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"18 Again!" (Paul Flaherty), with George Burns.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through April 14: "D.O.A." (†).
From April 15: "Appointment with Death" (Michael Winner), with Peter Ustinov.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
Through April 14: "The Dead" (†).
From April 15 (tentative): "Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Bellman and True" (Richard Loncraine), with Bernard Hill.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"The Two Lives of Mattia Pascal" (Mario Monicelli; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Consuming Passions" (Giles Foster), with Vanessa Redgrave and Jonathan Pryce.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through April 14: "Broadcast News" (†).
From April 15 (tentative): "Stand and Deliver" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through April 14: "A New Life" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Ann-Margret.
From April 15: "The Manchurian Candidate" (1962; John Frankenheimer), with Frank Sinatra and Laurence Harvey.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Subway to the Stars" (Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).
Theatre 2: "The Pointsman" (Jos Stelling; in Dutch and French).
Theatre 3: "My Life as a Dog" (Lasse Hallström; in Swedish), with Anton Glanzelius.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Playing Away" (Horace Ové).
Theatre 2: "Babette's Feast" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Fatal Attraction" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dominick and Eugene" (Robert M. Young), with Tom Hulce and Ray Liotta.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Bright Lights, Big City" (†).
Theatre 2: "Masquerade" (†).
Theatre 3: "Stand and Deliver" (†).
Theatre 4: Through April 14: "The Seventh Sign" (Carl Schultz), with Demi Moore, Michael Biehn, and Jürgen Prochnow. From April 15 (tentative): "Colors" (Dennis Hopper), with Sean Penn and Robert Duvall.
Theatre 5: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 6: "Beetlejuice" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick.

Theatre 2: Through April 14: (Matinées only) "The Fox and the Hound" (1981), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Hairspray" (†). From April 15: To be announced.

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)

Through April 14: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).

From April 15: "Return to Snowy River, Part II" (Geoff Burrowes), with Tom Burlinson.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Bad Dreams" (Andrew Fleming), with Jennifer Rubin.

Theatre 2: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Beetlejuice" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Seventh Sign" (directed by Carl Schultz), with Demi Moore, Michael Biehn, and Jürgen Prochnow.

Theatre 3: "School Daze" (Spike Lee).

Theatre 4: "The Seventh Sign."

Theatre 5: "Bad Dreams" (Andrew Fleming), with Jennifer Rubin.

Theatre 6: Through April 14: (Matinées only) "The Invisible Kid" (Avery Crounse); and (evenings only) "Police Academy 5: Assignment Miami Beach" (Alan Myerson). From April 15: "Retribution" (Guy Magar).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"18 Again!" (Paul Flaherty), with George Burns.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through April 14: "Masquerade" (†). From April 15: "Bright Lights, Big City" (†).

Theatre 3: Through April 14: "Johnny Be Good" (Bud Smith), with Anthony Michael Hall and Robert Downey, Jr. From April 15: "Masquerade" (†).

Theatre 4: Through April 14: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†). From April 15: "Return to Snowy River, Part II" (Geoff Burrowes), with Tom Burlinson.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

Through April 14: "Bright Lights, Big City" (†).

From April 15: "Colors" (Dennis Hopper), with Sean Penn and Robert Duvall.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal.

Theatre 2: "Stand and Deliver" (†).

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"Off Limits" (Christopher Crowe), with Willem Dafoe and Gregory Hines.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

April 11: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (1942; directed by Michael Curtiz), with James Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston; and "Summer Holiday" (1948; Rouben Mamoulian), with Mickey Rooney, Walter Huston, and Gloria De Haven.

April 12-13: "Across the Pacific" (1942; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet; and "In This Our Life" (1942; John Huston), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan.

April 14-16: "Moulin Rouge" (1953; John Huston), with José Ferrer, Colette Marchand, and Zsa Zsa Gabor; and "Moby Dick" (1956; John Huston), with Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart, and Orson Welles.

April 17-18: "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975; John Huston), with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer; and "The Red Badge of Courage" (1951; John Huston), with Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin.

April 19-20: "American Madness" (1932; Frank Capra), with Walter Huston; and "Gabriel Over the White House" (1933; Gregory La Cava), with Walter Huston, Karen Morley, and Franchot Tone.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 12: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser.

April 13-14: "Rendez-vous" (1985; André Téchiné; in French), with Juliette Binoche, Lambert Wilson, and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "First Name: Carmen" (1984; Jean-Luc Godard; in French).

April 15-16: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino; and "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.

April 17: "Pather Panchali" (†); "Aparajito" (1957; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali); and "The World of Apu" (1959; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali).

April 18-19: "Someone to Watch Over Me" (1987; Ridley Scott), with Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers, and Lorraine Bracco; and "Slamdance" (1987; Wayne Wang), with Tom Hulce and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio.

From April 20: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "Nights of Cabiria" (†).

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

April 11: "Two Seconds" (1932; Mervyn LeRoy), with Edward G. Robinson and Preston Foster; "This Day and Age" (1933; Cecil B. De Mille), with Charles Bickford, Judith Allen, and Richard Cromwell; and "The Man Who Came Back" (1931; Raoul Walsh), with Janet Gaynor.

April 12: "Taxi" (1932; Roy Del Ruth), with James Cagney and Loretta Young; "Lawyer Man" (1932; William Dieterle), with William Powell, Joan Blondell, and Helen Vinson; and "Common Clay" (1930; Victor Fleming), with Constance Bennett.

April 13: "Wild Boys of the Road" (1933; William Wellman), with Frankie Darro and Rochelle Hudson; and "Heroes for Sale" (1933; William Wellman), with Richard Barthelmess.

April 14: "Hello Sister" (1933; Erich von Stroheim), with James Dunn and ZaSu Pitts; and "The Bowery" (1933; Raoul Walsh), with Wallace Beery, George Raft, and Jackie Cooper.

April 15-16: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1932 †) and "The Mask of Fu Manchu" (†).

April 17: "Shanghai Express" (1932; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, and Warner Oland; "Mandalay" (1934; Michael Curtiz), with Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, Warner Oland, and Lyle Talbot; and "Safe in Hell" (1931; William Wellman), with Dorothy Mackaill.

April 18: "Downstairs" (1932; Monta Bell), with John Gilbert, Paul Lukas, Virginia Bruce, and Hedda Hopper; "Virtue" (1932; Eddie Buzzell), with Carole Lombard and Pat O'Brien; and "The Trial of Vivienne Ware" (1932; William K. Howard), with Joan Bennett.

April 19: "Employees' Entrance" (1933; Roy Del Ruth), with Warren William; and "Skyscraper Souls" (1932; Edgar Selwyn), with Warren William.

April 20: "Gold Diggers of 1933" (†); and "Wonder Bar" (1934; Lloyd Bacon), with Al Jolson.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

April 11: "Operation Mad Ball" (1957; Richard Quine), with Jack Lemmon, Ernie Kovacs, Kathryn Grant, and Arthur O'Connell; and "It Happened to Jane" (1959; Richard Quine), with Doris Day, Jack Lemmon, and Ernie Kovacs.

April 12: "O Lucky Man!" (1973; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell; and "Britannia Hospital" (1983; Lindsay Anderson), with Leonard Rossiter and Graham Crowden.

April 13: "Mademoiselle Fifi" (1945; Robert Wise), with Simone Simon and John Emery; and "Youth Runs Wild" (1944; Mark Robson), with Bonita Granville and Kent Smith.

April 14: "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers; and "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.

April 15-16: "True Stories" (1986; David Byrne), with John Goodman, Swoosie Kurtz, and Spalding Gray; and "Swimming to

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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Cambodia" (1987; Jonathan Demme), with Spalding Gray.

April 17: "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini; and "The Hawks and the Sparrows" (1967; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Totò.

April 18: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "That Man from Rio" (1964; Philippe de Broca; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais.

April 19: "Suspicion" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine; and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond.

April 20: "Out of the Past" (†); and "The Big Steal" (1949; Donald Siegel), with Robert Mitchum, Jane Greer, and William Bendix.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 11: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde and Ingrid Thulin; and "The Innocent" (1976; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill.

April 12: "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond; and "Joy of Living" (1938; Tay Garnett), with Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

April 13: "Cat People" (1942; Jacques Tourneur), with Simone Simon, Kent Smith, and Tom Conway; and "The Curse of the Cat People" (1944; Gunther Von Fritsch and Robert Wise), with Kent Smith, Ann Carter, and Simone Simon.

April 14: "Masculine Feminine" (†); and "A Married Woman" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Macha Meril.

April 15-16: "Notorious" (†); and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

April 17: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Miracle in Milan" (1951; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Francesco Golissano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica.

April 18: "Blackmail" (1929; Alfred Hitchcock), with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, and Sara Allgood; and "Sabotage" ("The Woman Alone;" 1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with Sylvia Sidney and Oscar Homolka.

April 19: "King Solomon's Mines" (1937; Robert Stevenson), with Paul Robeson, Cedric Hardwicke, and Roland Young; and "Trader Horn" (1931; W. S. Van Dyke), with Edwina Booth and Harry Carey.

April 20: "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962; Richard Brook), with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, Ed Begley, and Rip Torn; and "Summer and Smoke" (1961; Peter Glenville), with Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey, Rita Moreno, and Una Merkel.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: April 11 at 2:30: "The Lovers" (1959; directed by Louis Malle; in French, with English subtitles), with Jeanne Moreau. . . . ¶ April 11 at 6: "Vive le Tour!" (1962; Louis Malle) and "Humain, Trop Humain" (1972; Louis Malle), both documentaries. . . . ¶ April 12 at 2:30: "The Thief of Paris" (1967; Louis Malle; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean-Paul Belmondo, Geneviève Bujold, and Marie Dubois. . . . ¶ April 12 at 6:30: "Les Keufs" (1987; Josiane Balasko; in French, with English subtitles), with Balasko, Isaach de Bankolé, and Jean-Pierre Léaud. . . . ¶ April 12 at 9: "Saxo" (1988; Ariel Zeitoun; in French, with English subtitles), with Gérard Lanvin, Akosua Busia, and Richard Brooks. . . . ¶ April 14 at 2:30: "The Fire Within" (1964; Louis Malle; in French, with English subtitles), with Maurice Ronet. . . . ¶ April 14 at 6:30: "Saxo." . . . ¶ April 14 at 9: "En Toute Innocence" (1988; Alain Jessua; in French, with English subtitles), with Michel Serrault, Nathalie Baye, and Suzanne Flon. . . . ¶ April 15 at 2:30: "Black Moon" (1975; Louis Malle), with Cathryn Harrison, Thérèse Giehse, and Joe Dallesandro. . . . ¶ April 15 at 6:30: "En Toute Innocence." . . . ¶ April 15 at 9: "Les Keufs." . . . ¶ April 16 at 2: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971; Louis Malle; in French, with English subtitles), with Léa Massari, Benoit Ferreux, and Daniel Gélin. . . . ¶ April 16 at 6: "Agent Trouble" (1987; Jean-Pierre Mocky; in French, with English subtitles), with Catherine Deneuve, Richard Bohringer, Dominique Lavanant, and Pierre Arditi. . . . ¶ April 16 at 8:30: "Les Innocents" (1988; André Téchiné; in French, with English subtitles), with Sandrine Bonnaire, Simon de la Brosse, Abdel Kechiche, and Jean-Claude Brialy. . . . ¶ April 17 at 2: "The Thief of Paris." . . . ¶ April 17 at 6: "Les Innocents." . . . ¶ April 17 at 8:30: "Agent Trouble." . . . ¶ April 18 at 2:30: "Lacombe, Lucien" (1974; Louis Malle; in French, with English subtitles), with Pierre Blaise. . . . ¶ April 18 at 6:30: "Poussière d'Ange" (1987; Édouard Niermans; in French, with English subtitles), with Bernard Giraudeau, Fanny Bastien, and Fanny Cottençon. . . . ¶ April 19 at 2:30: "Calcutta" (1969; Louis Malle), a documentary. . . . ¶ April 19 at 6:30: "Jane B. par Agnès V." (1987; Agnès Varda; in French, with English subtitles), with Jane Birkin, Philippe Léotard, Farid Chopel, and Alain Souchon. . . . ¶ April 19 at 9: "Kung Fu Master" (1987; Agnès Varda; in French, with English subtitles), with Jane Birkin and Charlotte Gainsbourg.

THEATRE 2: April 12 at 6: "Phantom India, Parts 1 and 2" (1969; Louis Malle), a documentary. . . . ¶ April 14 at 6: "Phantom India, Parts 3 and 4." . . . ¶ April 15 at 6: "Phantom India, Parts 5, 6, and 7." . . . ¶ April 16 at 5: "Phantom India, Parts 1 and 2." . . . ¶ April 17 at 5: "Phantom India, Parts 3 and 4." . . . ¶ April 18 at 6: "Phantom India, Parts 5, 6, and 7." . . . ¶ April 19 at 6: "A Very Private Affair" (1962; Louis Malle), with Brigitte Bardot and Marcello Mastroianni; and "The Silent World" (1956; Jacques-Yves Cousteau and Louis Malle), a documentary.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—A program of comedy films. April 15 at 6:30 and 8:30: "The Crazy Family" (1984; Sogo Ishii; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hitoshi Ueki.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"WNET Thirteen: 25 Years on the Air," over a hundred hours of news, public affairs, documentary, music, dance, theatre, nature, science, and children's programming. The second section, featuring music, dance, and theatre, is on view through April 23. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Collective for Living Cinema, 41 White St. (925-2111)—April 11 at 8: "The Lady Without Camelias" (1953; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Lucia Bosè. . . . ¶ April 12 at 8: "The Baron of Arizona" (1950; Sam Fuller), with Vincent Price. . . . ¶ April 13 at 8: A program of four avant-garde films. . . . ¶ April 14 at 8: "Ali: Fear Eats the Soul" (1974; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 15 at 8: A program of films by Jeff Preiss. . . . ¶ April 16-20 at 8: "The Houses Are Full of Smoke" (1987; Allan Francovich), a three-hour documentary.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Au Revoir les Enfants (Goodbye, Children)—It's set in Occupied France in 1944, when the writer-director Louis Malle was an eleven-year-old at a Catholic boys' boarding school near Fontainebleau that sheltered several Jewish boys. The Gestapo learned they were there, and sent the ones they found to Auschwitz, and the headmaster to a work camp. One of the Jewish boys was in Malle's class, but Malle didn't get to know him well and didn't realize that he was Jewish. For the dramatic purposes of the movie, he has conceived a close friendship between his alter ego, the fair-haired Julien Quentin (Gaspard Manesse), and the dark boy who is using the false name Jean Bonnet (Raphaël Fejtö). But nothing comes into clear focus—not the boys' attitudes, not even the images. The film (especially the first half) seems padded, formal, discreet. It's like watching a faded French classic. And there's something unseemly about the way Jean is used as an aesthetic object—spiritual, sensitive, exotic. With Francine Racette as Julien's mother and François Négret as the informer. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/22/88.) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema I; through April 14. . . . ¶ Festival; starting April 15, tentative.)

Babette's Feast—In a village on Denmark's gray, blustery Jutland peninsula, sometime in the eighteen-eighties, Babette (Stéphane Audran), the French servant of a pair of elderly unmarried sisters (Birgitte Federspiel and Bodil Kjer), prepares a special dinner for her employers and their guests—a lavish, one-time-only orgy of haute cuisine served to a group of devout Lutherans who are used to receiving the Lord's bounty in the form of grim little slabs of boiled fish. Adapting one of Isak Dinesen's "Anecdotes of Destiny," Gabriel Axel, the writer-director, tells this simple tale simply. He establishes a lulling, bedtime-story tone right from the start, perhaps too successfully: our eyelids begin to seem very heavy after twenty minutes or so. Dinesen's tiny ironies and rather smug narrative mastery are all we have to sustain us through long stretches of this movie, until the feast gets under way. The food looks great, and our senses are briefly jerked to life again—but we may get a little tired of watching the pious villagers trying to repress their delight in what they're eating and *we're* not. The whole thing turns out to be about the consolations of art, and the union of "righteousness and bliss." The film is more righteous than blissful: a more austere celebration of the pleasures of the senses would be difficult to imagine. Also with Jarl Kulle, Jean-Philippe Lafort, Hanne Stensgard, Vibeke Hastrup, Gudmar Wivesson, and, in a cameo, Bibi Andersson. Nicely shot by Henning Kristiansen. In Danish and French.—T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

Beetlejuice—With Alec Baldwin, Geena Davis, and Michael Keaton; directed by Tim Burton. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 34th St. East, Manhattan Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Bright Lights, Big City—With Michael J. Fox, directed by James Bridges. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Orpheum, Quad Cinema, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; through April 14. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting April 15.)

Broadcast News—With William Hurt, Albert Brooks, and Holly Hunter; directed by James L. Brooks. (1/11/88) (Cinema 3; through April 14.)

The Dead—With Anjelica Huston and Donal McCann, directed by John Huston. (12/14/87) (Festival; through April 14.)

D.O.A.—This glossy thriller—a remake of Rudolph Maté's 1950 film noir, which was itself based on a 1931 German movie directed by Robert Siodmak—has a great narrative hook, and style to burn, but it's less fun than it should be. Dexter Cornell (Dennis Quaid), an English professor and blocked novelist, discovers that someone has slipped him a dose of fatal, slow-acting poison: he has twenty-four

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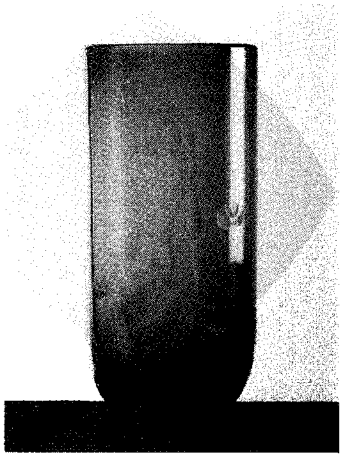

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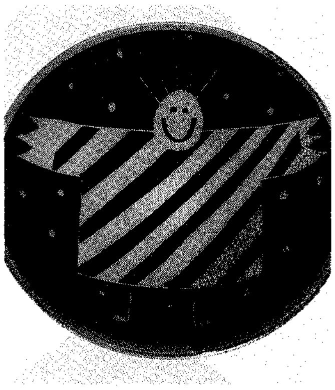

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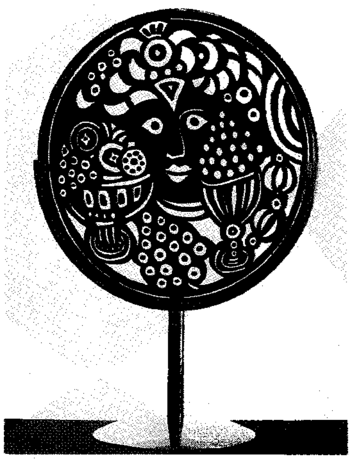

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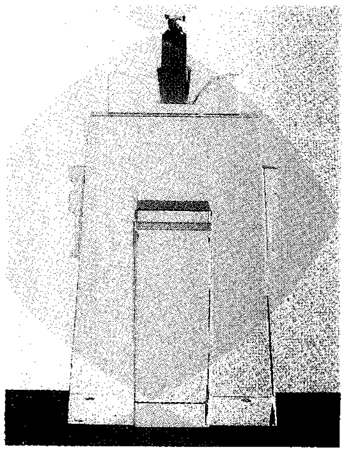

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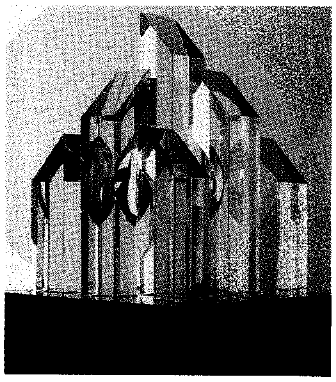

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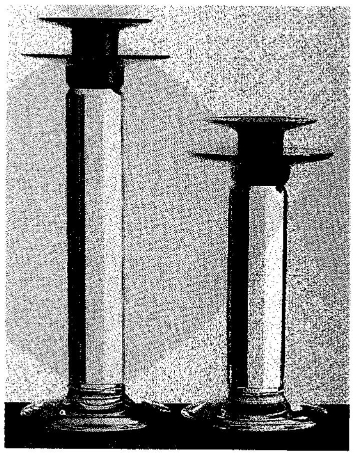

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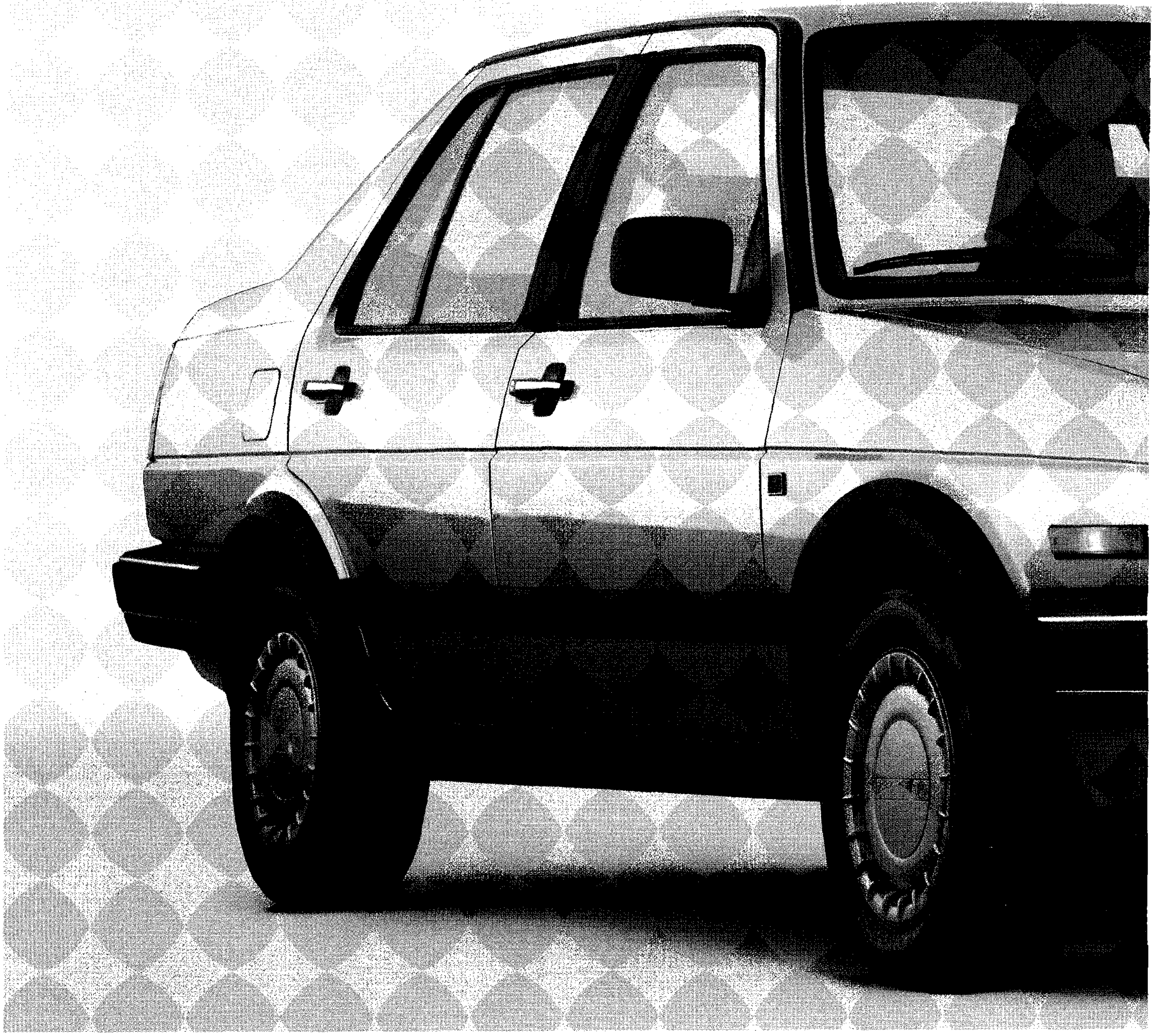

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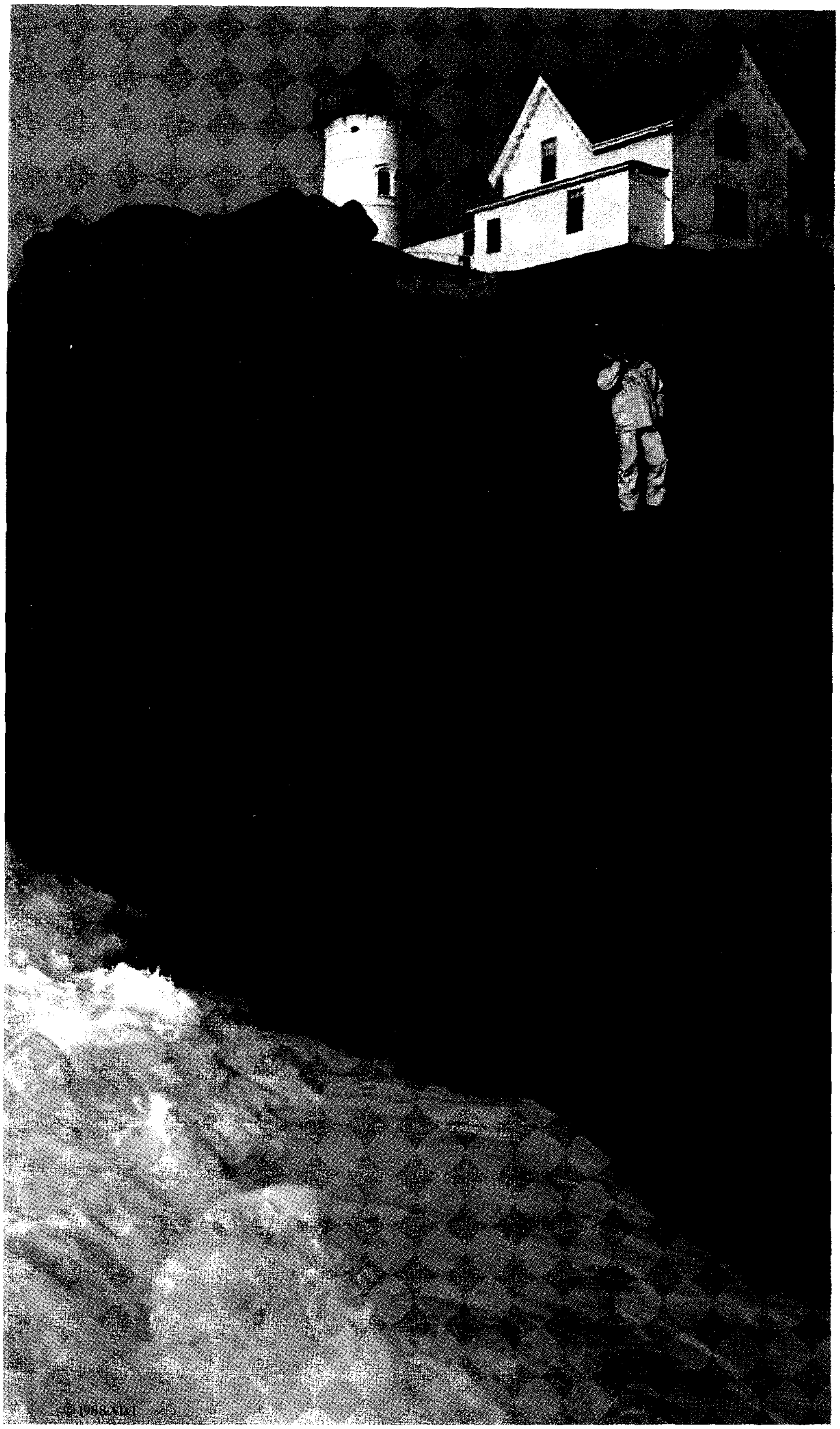
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

hours to live, and uses them in a feverish search for the identity of his killer. The directors, Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel, have worked together as animators, music-video makers, and directors of the original British TV film and series featuring Max Headroom. (They had nothing to do with the idiotic American incarnations of the character.) In their first feature they show plenty of visual imagination, an irreverent sense of play with noir conventions, and—unusual for music-video-trained filmmakers—a sure touch with the actors. (They're aided by Michael Miller's inventive editing and the sleek cinematography of Yuri Neyman.) Unfortunately, Charles Edward Pogue's script is a poisonously bad one: the movie will be cruising along for a few minutes on the directors' flair, then abruptly collapse, doubled over with a painful spasm of inane dialogue. By the end of the picture, our pleasure has pretty much expired. Also with Meg Ryan, Daniel Stern, Jane Kaczmarek, and Charlotte Rampling.—T.R. (Gramercy, Sutton, and Ziegfeld; through April 14.)

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (1932)—Fredric March goes in for hilarious makeup that includes a change in the shape of his skull and an alarming number of huge teeth, and his rampaging Hyde is so exuberantly athletic he seems to be modelled on Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. The director, Rouben Mamoulian, rather overdoes the pseudoscience at the beginning, but at some levels this story seems to work in every version, and this one, set in a starched mid-Victorian environment, suggests the lust that has to come out—and the attraction of the gutter. With Miriam Hopkins, shiny-eyed with sexual mischief, as the trollop, and Rose Hobart. (Film Forum 2; April 15-16.)

Fatal Attraction—A primer on the bad things that can happen if a man cheats on his wife. There's sometimes a fine line between sexiness and craziness, and the hero (Michael Douglas), a Manhattan corporate lawyer—a settled married man—isn't hip enough to catch the danger signals when he lets a woman book editor (Glenn Close) talk him into going with her to her loft. Once this woman begins behaving as if she had a right to a share in the lawyer's life, she becomes the dreaded lunatic of horror movies. But with a difference: she parrots the aggressively angry, self-righteous statements that have become commonplaces of feminist fiction, and they're so inappropriate to the circumstances that they're the proof she's loco. They're also the director Adrian Lyne's and the screenwriter James Dearden's hostile version of feminism. Basically, this is a gross-out slasher movie in a glossy format, and it enforces conventional morality (in the era of AIDS) by piling fear on paranoiac fear. With Anne Archer as the beautiful homebody wife, Ellen Hamilton Latzen as the bright little daughter, and Stuart Pankin as the clowning pal. Tip-top editing by Michael Kahn and Peter E. Berger. (10/19/87) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Frantic—With Harrison Ford, directed by Roman Polanski. (3/21/88) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through April 14.)

Gold Diggers of 1933—A funny, good-natured backstage musical, and a Depression period piece as well. It sums up what is meant by the phrase "pure thirties." Ginger Rogers wears a costume made of big coins and sings "We're in the Money" in pig Latin, and sixty electrically wired chorus girls, singing "In the shadows let me come and sing to you" while waltzing and playing violins, merge to form one great big neon fiddle. Mervyn LeRoy directed and the plot is something about Dick Powell as a blue-blood songwriter trying to raise money for a show he has written. The cast is a *Who's Who* of Warners types: the prim, awesomely untalented Ruby Keeler, and Joan Blondell, Warren William, Aline MacMahon, Ned Sparks, Guy Kibbee, Sterling Holloway, and Ferdinand Gottschalk. (Film Forum 2; April 20.)

Good Morning, Vietnam—It sounded like a first-rate idea: Robin Williams doing his manic free-association comedy as a disk jockey, Adrian Cronauer, on Armed Forces Radio in Saigon in 1965. But the picture makes the character out to be a vulnerable, compassionate, respectful-of-the-Vietnamese wonderful guy, and the director, Barry Levinson, has a numbing sense of rhythm. Williams' riffs are chopped short, and the film keeps cutting to soldiers breaking up over his spiel before it's out of his mouth. There is an Adrian Cronauer, and the movie is very loosely based on his exploits, but the way the story line (from the script by Mitch Markowitz) has been directed it's a clumsier version of the plots of fifties musicals. (1/11/88) (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Embassy; through April 14. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through April 14, evenings only.)

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Hairspray—The writer-director John Waters treats the message movie as a genre to be parodied, just like the teenpic. Combining the two, he comes up with a pop dadaist musical comedy, set in Baltimore in 1962. Waters loves narrative, and he has half a dozen plots crisscrossing each other. In the middle are the spherical Mrs. Edna Turnblad (played by the male actor Divine) and her baby-blimp daughter, Tracy (Ricki Lake); they wear matching mother-and-daughter outfits. Tracy, who's the newest teen-age dancer on "The Corny Collins Show," discovers that black kids aren't allowed to take part and she becomes a leader in the fight for integration. Meanwhile, Divine watches over Tracy and preens like a mother hen. There's a what-the-hell quality to Divine's acting which the film needs; it would be too close to a real teenpic without it. When Divine's Edna Turnblad is onscreen in the sleeveless dresses she's partial to, the movie has something like the lunacy of a W. C. Fields in drag. With Ruth Brown, Debbie Harry, Sonny Bono, Jerry Stiller, Shawn Thompson, Ric Ocasek, Pia Zadora, Jo Ann Havrilla, and Waters himself as a sicko psychiatrist. (3/7/88) (Waverly. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through April 14, evenings only.)

Hope and Glory—A great comedy about the blitz. In this autobiographical film, the writer-director John Boorman has had the inspiration to desentimentalize wartime England and show us the Second World War the way he saw it as an eight-year-old—as a party that kept going day after day, night after night. Boorman lets his characters say the previously unsayable. Bored with crouching indoors during the nightly raids by the Luftwaffe, the dimply blond fifteen-year-old Dawn (Sammi Davis), the eldest of the three Rohan children, runs outside, watches the firefighters at work on a blazing house, and dances in the Rohans' postage-stamp-size front garden. "It's lovely!" she calls out. The large cast includes Sebastian Rice Edwards as the eight-year-old Bill, Geraldine Muir as his little sister, Sarah Miles as his mother, David Hayman as his father, Ian Bannen as his grandfather, and Susan Wooldridge, Derrick O'Connor, and Jean-Marc Barr as the Canadian jokester. (10/5/87) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through April 14, evenings only.)

Jean de Florette—With Yves Montand, Gérard Depardieu, Elisabeth Depardieu, and Daniel Auteuil; directed by Claude Berri. In French. (7/13/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema; through April 14.)

The Last Emperor—Bernardo Bertolucci tells the story of Pu Yi, who was not quite three when, in 1908, he was set on the Dragon Throne in Peking's Forbidden City and became the titular ruler of a third of the people on earth. After being deposed and then enthroned again in Japanese-occupied Manchuria, he was in Soviet custody for five years, and then spent ten years being "reëducated" in a Chinese war-criminals prison. The movie doesn't have the juicy absurdity that seems to pour right out of the historical story. And it suppresses the drama. But it has pictorial grace and a dull fascination. Bertolucci presents Pu Yi (John Lone) as a man without will or backbone who lives his life as spectacle—who watches his life go by. And so we're given a historical pageant without a protagonist. There's an idea here, but it's a dippy idea—it results in a passive movie. With Joan Chen and Peter O'Toole. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; the film shows the palaces and courtyards of the two-hundred-and-fifty-acre Forbidden City. 2 hours and 46 minutes. (11/30/87) (8th St. Playhouse, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

Masculine Feminine (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's graceful, intuitive examination of the courtship rites of "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola." The boy, a pop revolutionary (Jean-Pierre Léaud), is full of doubts and questions. The girl (Chantal Goya) is a singer with a thin, reedy little voice; her face is haunting just because it's so empty. The film—a combination of jounalistic sketches, love lyrics, and satire—is about the differing attitudes of the sexes toward love and war in an atmosphere of total and easy disbelief. Godard captures the awkwardnesses that reveal—the pauses, the pretensions, the mannerisms. He gets at the differences in the way girls are with each other and with boys, and boys with each other and with girls. Not just what they do, but how they smile and look away. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 14.)

The Mask of Fu Manchu (1932)—Fortunately, Boris Karloff doesn't seem to take his Oriental accoutrements too seriously. As the sinister Dr. Fu Manchu's daughter, Myrna Loy isn't as archly bemused as Karloff, but she's fun to see in her slinky getup. A tolerable, campy entertainment, with Karen Morley, Lewis Stone, and Jean Hersholt. Charles Brabin and Charles Vidor directed. (Film Forum 2; April 15-16.)

Masquerade—A tranquil, sophisticated thriller set in the Hamptons. The orphan heroine (Meg Tilly) belongs to the old rich; her money—about two hundred million dollars—has a patina. The men who circle around her are Rob Lowe as a hired-hand yachting captain, John Glover as the last of her mother's many husbands, and Doug Savant as a new police officer. Thin as the picture is, it has an odd, subterranean pull. Murders take place, but the narrative just keeps unfolding effortlessly, and you're drawn along, wanting to understand the pattern of deceit. Bob Swaim directed, from a crafty and even-toned script by Dick Wolf; the cinematography, by David Watkin, gives the life of the rich a luxuriance—makes it palpably desirable. (3/21/88) (Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Gemini; through April 14.)

The Milagro Beanfield War—The opening makes us expect the worst: as day breaks on a tiny town in the middle of a pretty desert landscape, a spry, sombreroed oldster dances "joyously" in silhouette, playing the movie's theme music on a squeeze-box. The elements that make this montage so excruciating—the mindless pictorialism, the sentimentality, the draggy tempo of the editing—persist throughout Robert Redford's film of John Nichols' novel (adapted by the author and David Ward). The story is about a conflict over water rights in New Mexico between the struggling Mexican-American community and a bunch of powerful developers who are buying up land in the desert. Redford treats the material as an occasion for Capra-like populist comedy, and the feel-good, triumph-of-the-little-guy stuff overwhelms the jokes—the same thing often happened to Capra, who knew how to direct comedy, so it's not a surprise that it also happens to Redford, who doesn't. But he's assembled a lively, talented

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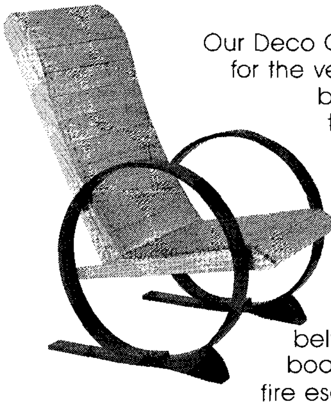
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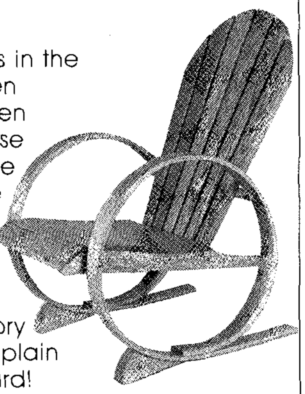
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IN BRIEF–Cont'd

cast here, and their little bits of business keep the movie watchable. John Heard, Rubén Blades, Julie Carmen, James Gammon, Daniel Stern, and M. Emmet Walsh all seem to be having a good time, and Redford's direction is best when it simply relaxes and lets their vitality carry the movie. Also with Chick Vennera, Sonia Braga, Richard Bradford, Carlos Riquelme, and Christopher Walken. Dave Grusin's Latinoid score is dreadful. —T.R. (Beekman, Art Greenwich Twin, and Regency.)

Moonstruck—A rose-tinted black comedy, with its own special lushness. Cher is devastatingly funny and sinuous and beautiful as a widowed bookkeeper who lives with her Italian-American family in a big old brownstone in Brooklyn. When the bookkeeper and her fiancé's brother, a baker (Nicolas Cage), start lusting for one another, a fairy-tale full moon lights up the movie. And when you see that the whole cast of family members are involved in libidinal confusions the opera-buffa structure can make you feel close to deliriously happy. Cage is a wonderful romantic clown: he can look stupefied while he smolders. And the director, Norman Jewison, working from John Patrick Shanley's script, stylizes the ethnic performances given by the husky-voiced Olympia Dukakis, the great, leering Julie Bovasso, Vincent Gardenia, Danny Aiello, John Mahoney, and Anita Gillette. The picture is slender, but it's an original: its mockery is a giddy homage to our desire for grand passion. (1/25/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Manhattan Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ 86th Street East Twin; through April 14, evenings only.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—Possibly Federico Fellini's finest film, and a work in which Giulietta Masina earns the praise she received for "La Strada." The structure is a series of episodes in the life of Cabiria (Masina), a shabby, aging, dreamy little Roman streetwalker—a girl whose hard, knowing air is no protection against her fundamental gullibility, which, we finally see, is her humanity and her saving grace. Though the film seems free and almost unplanned, each apparent irrelevance falls into place. (It was the basis for the Broadway musical—and the movie musical—"Sweet Charity.") With Amedeo Nazzari and François Périer. In Italian. (Cinema Village; starting April 20.)

Notorious (1946)—Alfred Hitchcock's amatory thriller stars Ingrid Bergman as the daughter of a Nazi, a shady lady who trades secrets and all sorts of things with American agent Cary Grant. The suspense is terrific: Will suspicious, passive Grant succeed in making Bergman seduce him, or will he take over? The honor of the American male is saved by a hairbreadth, but Bergman is literally ravishing in what is probably her sexiest performance. With Claude Rains and Louis Calhern. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 15-16.)

Out of the Past (1947)—A thin but well-shot suspense melodrama, kept from collapsing by the suggestiveness and intensity that the director, Jacques Tourneur, pours on. It's empty trash, but you do keep watching it. Kirk Douglas, a gangster, hires Robert Mitchum to find Jane Greer, who has run away from him. Predictably, she gets Mitchum (at his most somnolent-sexy droopy-eyed) in her clutches, and there are several killings before matters are resolved. (Thalia SoHo; April 20.)

Pather Panchali (1954)—(Variously translated as "Song of the Road," "The Lament of the Path," etc.) This first film by the masterly Satyajit Ray is a quiet reverie about the life of an impoverished Brahman family in a Bengali village. Beautiful, sometimes funny, and full of love, it brought a new vision of India to the screen. Though the central characters are the boy Apu (who is born near the beginning) and his mother and father and sister, the character who makes the strongest impression on you may be the ancient, parasitic, storytelling relative, played by the eighty-year-old Chunibala. Ray continued the story of Apu in "Aparajito" and "The World of Apu," and the three films became known as the Apu Trilogy. In Bengali. (Cinema Village; April 17.)

Sammy and Rosie Get Laid—With Ayub Khan Din, Frances Barber, and Shashi Kapoor; directed by Stephen Frears. (11/16/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Stand and Deliver—Strictly speaking, this educational-inspiration story about a wizardly math teacher in a poor East L.A. high school isn't much of a movie: it's clumsily directed (by Ramon Menendez) and predictably virtuous (it's an American Playhouse production). Yet it's fairly enjoyable—painless, at least. The screenplay, by Menendez and Tom Musca, is based on the true story of Jaime Escalante (Edward James Olmos), who arrived at dispirited Garfield High, which was on the brink of losing its accreditation, and managed to get his students excited about learning his subject—an entire class of these disadvantaged kids (eighteen of them) eventually took and passed the advanced-placement exam in calculus. In the interest of uplift and script construction, the movie fudges a few points: we only see Escalante with his A.P. students, as if this were the only class he taught, and it's implied that he has worked his pedagogic miracle within a year or two of coming to Garfield, when in fact he'd been teaching there for several years before his students' triumph on the calculus test. But Menendez keeps the action focussed and relatively unsentimental: the out-of-classroom crises that usually dominate this kind of story (cf. "To Sir, with Love") are held to a minimum, and are disposed of briskly. And Olmos, who's best known as the supercool Lt. Castillo on "Miami Vice," does a spectacular turn. With thinning hair and a wardrobe of those grotesque shirts that scream "math teacher" to the world, he plays Escalante as a benign psycho, an impassioned nerd whose humor and energy are plausibly inspiring. Also with Lou Diamond Phillips, Rosana de Soto, and Andy Garcia.—T.R. (Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and National Twin. . . . ¶ Plaza; through April 14. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting April 15, tentative.)

The Unbearable Lightness of Being—Directed by Philip Kaufman, this adaptation of Milan Kundera's novel is touching in sophisticated ways that you don't expect from an American director. A prankish sex comedy, it treats modern political events with a delicate—yet almost sly—sense of tragedy. It's the way the variations of jealousy and erotic attraction are played out by the three principal actors—an Englishman (Daniel Day-Lewis), a Swedish woman (Lena Olin), and a Frenchwoman (Juliette Binoche), all playing Czechs—that gives the movie its wonderfully unresolved texture. The story begins in Prague in 1968, during the period of freedom of expression and artistic flowering known as "socialism with a human face." Day-Lewis's Tomas is a hedonist, a womanizer, and an eminent young brain surgeon; Olin's Sabina, a painter who is his longtime sex partner, and Binoche's Tereza, whom he marries, represent the two poles of his life—lightness and weight. Kaufman has an exuberant temperament, and the spirit of the film is younger and looser than that of the book; a short two hours and fifty-three minutes, the picture has a whirling beauty. (2/8/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews New York Twin. . . . ¶ Columbia Cinema; through April 14.)

Wall Street—Oliver Stone makes films in the overwrought pulp style of directors like Samuel Fuller and Robert Aldrich. Everything has the hysterically urgent tone of a war movie, and the actors scream their lines as if they were struggling to be heard above the din of artillery fire. Applying his combat-zone sensibility to the financial community, Stone produces some good, weird comedy in the movie's manic first hour, as the young stockbroker hero (Charlie Sheen) claws his way to success by providing inside information to a ruthless corporate raider (Michael Douglas). As the picture goes on, though, the disparity between Stone's complex subject and his melodramatic style becomes less and less entertaining. Repeating the worst idea in "Platoon," he turns the movie into a contest for the young hero's soul, a battle between his decent union-man father (Martin Sheen) and the greedy, reptilian Douglas, and we begin to wonder if Charlie Sheen's soul is really worth all this fuss. (At one point, he steps out onto his balcony and muses aloud, "Who am I?," and the audience has to think a minute: Tom Cruise? Judd Nelson?) Also with Daryl Hannah (cruelly directed), Hal Holbrook, and Terence Stamp.—T.R. (Gotham Cinema. No performances on Thursday, April 14.)

CUSTOMER INFORMATION FROM GENERAL MOTORS

HOW TO CARE FOR THE NEW BASE COAT/CLEAR COAT FINISH ON YOUR CAR.

TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS.

Base coat/clear coat painting is a better way to paint cars. Instead of the old single layer of lacquer or enamel color coat, General Motors now uses two layers of paint on most of our models. The base layer contains the pigment or color, and the top layer is a clear coat of acrylic polymer to bring out the brilliance of the color and give a glossy, mirror-like finish.

The principle is like that of a mirror: the clear coat functions like the glass.

With single coat finishes, the color is exposed to the atmosphere, so sun, water, wind and dirt can cause deterioration. With base coat/clear coat paint, the color is not exposed to the atmosphere, so the desirable characteristics of the finish last longer.

Base coat/clear coat finishes require less maintenance, but they, like all paints, are susceptible to abrasives, which will scratch the finish or give it a hazy appearance, reducing both its gloss and imaging (mirror-like) qualities.

Wash any base coat/clear coat finish with gentle, non-abrasive cleaners, rinsing away all loose dirt with plenty of water before sponging on the soapy solution.

Rinse the cloth or sponge or change it frequently to avoid scratching the finish with dirt or grit. If you use a commercial tar or bug remover, read the instructions carefully, then try it out on an inconspicuous area first.

If you use a commercial car wash, look for one that uses a soft scrub system. A few car wash systems employ harsh brushes, which may scratch the clear coat finish.

Base coat/clear coat paint need not be polished as often as a lacquer or enamel to remove the grime and effects of weathering. When you do polish it (once or twice a year), use a mild cleaning wax, not an abrasive. Polish gently, by hand.

Avoid mechanical polishing or sanding of the surface.

Don't use a scrub brush on the paint or on the wheels, if they're aluminum mag wheels with clear coat paint on them.

You can help maintain the finish on your car by parking and driving wisely. Try not to park under trees, where bird droppings or sap, which contain compounds that can injure the finish, may fall onto your car. Try to park upwind from industrial areas. If you get cement dust or fly ash on your car from any fire or smokestack, rinse it off immediately.

When you drive, go easy on the gas pedal to keep stones from flying up and chipping the paint during quick starts. When traveling on dirt or gravel roads, put some extra distance between you and the car ahead to avoid running into stones thrown into the air by that car's tires.

If you get a scratch or chip in the finish, and it's a deep one, you should probably seek expert repair advice on how to keep it looking good and to avoid exposing bare metal to the elements. If the scratch is small, auto supply stores and GM dealers offer two-step touch-up paints to repair the underlying color coat and the clear coat finish.

General Motors has made this better finish standard for all colors on most models of cars and trucks. Consult your owner's manual or ask your dealer whether your car has base coat/clear coat paint.

If you have this new finish, try a little tenderness, and your car will look better for a long, long time.

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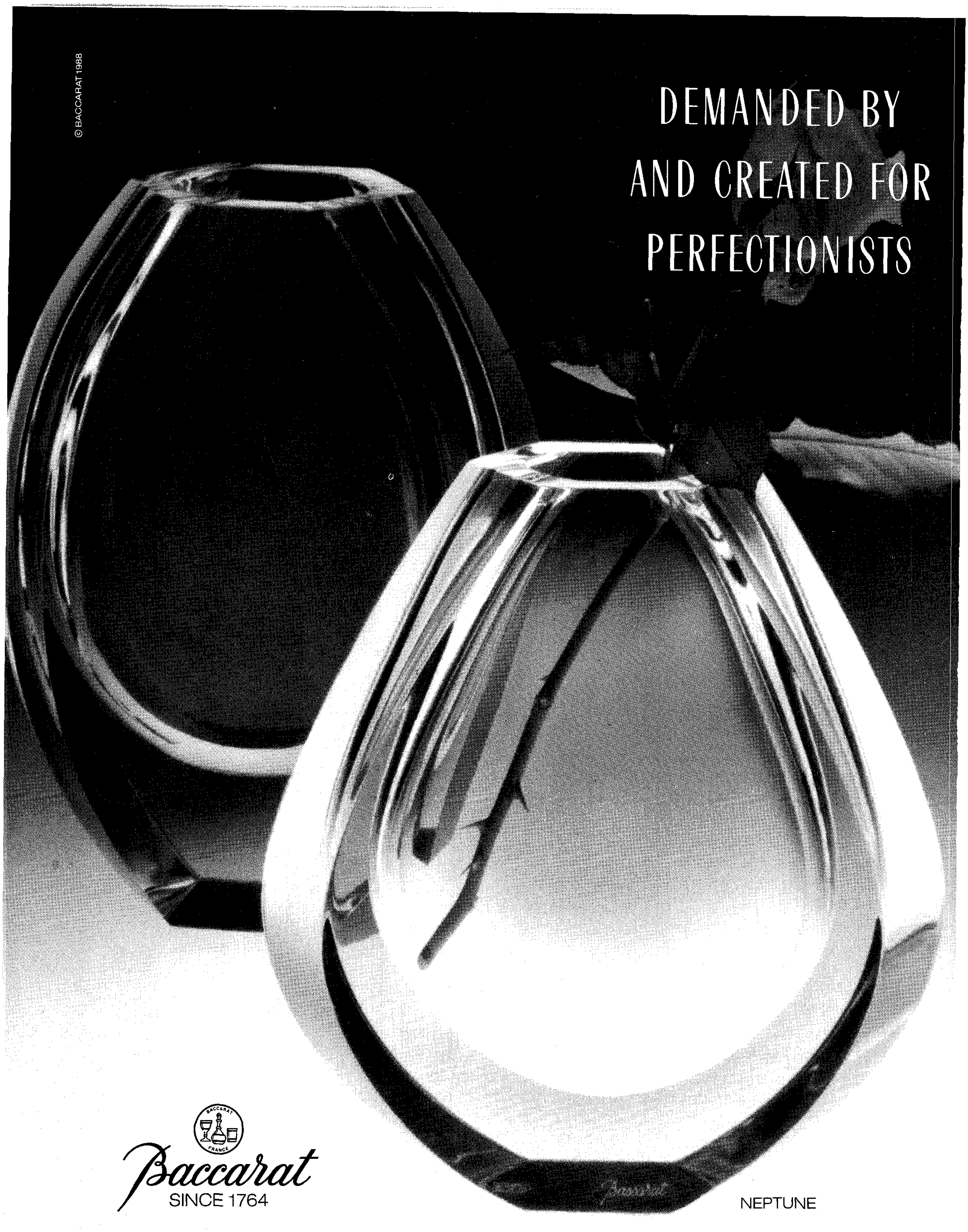
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

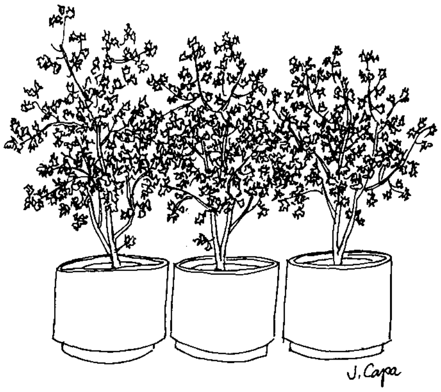
Notes and Comment

A WOMAN we know writes:

For years, I wondered why the word "pudding" has always exerted such power over me. If I as much as faintly overhear the word, I'm destined to eat pudding within three days. Besides pudding—rice pudding and chocolate custard are my favorites—I have a passion for strawberry shortcake, which I *must* have on my birthday or I feel very sorry for myself. Some time ago, under the most unlikely circumstances, I discovered the reason. I had gone to the Red Cross to give blood, and the nurses were having trouble finding a vein. Wanting to distract me, one of them reached for the nearest book and began to read aloud. The book was "The Poky Little Puppy," and, to be brief, it's the story of five mischievous puppies and their passion for dessert. Four of them stick together in a pack, travelling "roly-poly, pell-mell, tumble-bumble," and they are always getting punished together. The punishment? Going to bed early with no rice pudding, no chocolate custard. When the poky puppy finally gets home, he devours rice pudding or chocolate custard and then he crawls into bed "as happy as a lark." But on the next-to-last page the tables turn: when the poky puppy gets home late, the others have eaten all the strawberry shortcake. He has to go to bed without a single bite, and he feels "very sorry for himself."

By now, the nurse had found a vein, my blood was flowing through the plastic tube, and I suddenly felt myself a diminished creature. I hadn't thought of that little book in years, but as soon as the nurse began to read, the words came rushing back, along with an odor of dank wood. And I remembered how on cold mornings before my parents woke I would sit in the woodshed chanting to our long-suffering beagle pup, Jebby: "Roly-poly, pell-mell, tumble-bumble." So this accounted for my pudding craze. I was in my thirties, and still under the spell of a Little Golden Book. I staggered over to the recovery area. On a counter were small cups of Kool-Aid and some peanut-butter cookies, but no rice pudding, no chocolate custard. I felt very sorry for myself.

I let this incident slip into one of the darker corners of my mind. Then I had a baby. She is nearly two now—the age when children start to move beyond books made of fibre glass and reinforced concrete and can tackle some of the classic storybooks. And as a result hardly a day goes by without some ego-shattering revelation. About my love of caps, for instance. I have at least ten berets, of different colors, and the first thing I do when I move to a new place is hang them up on a sort of treelike post. I get a wonderful feeling of bounty and well-being every time I go in or out and see them hanging there, my beautiful array of multicolored caps. I thought it was one of my more charming idiosyncrasies, one of the truer indications of my uniqueness. But what book did my daughter unearth from a library shelf just the other day? "Caps for Sale." I could see it all again: the mustachioed man under a tree of monkeys, each wearing a bright-colored cap. Once more, I had the queasy sense of absolute recognition.



I began asking my friends. Did they think that their lives had been shaped by the books they read as very small children? They resisted. They mumbled vague generalities about the sort of "moral vision" that had come through Hans Christian Andersen, the Brothers Grimm. I persisted. What about particular habits, odd compulsions, food fixations? One friend confessed to a passion for butter which grew out of a passage in "Nobody's Boy." Another admitted a fondness for puffins, based on a poem. But on the whole they were tongue-tied, so in the absence of other willing subjects I have offered myself—just as Freud did, having no recourse but to begin with the study of his own dreams.

I've been examining every aspect of my life in the light of my newfound knowledge. I started with my husband, forcing myself to look at his face as if for the first time. The results were startling. In the eager glint of his eyes, the poised alertness of his ears, the round, fuzzy head, I recognized none other than Curious George. Then, pressing on, I realized that an extraordinary act of psychic *condensation* had taken place. I thought of the moment I fell in love with him, which was when he displayed one of his most distinctive traits—a warm, self-confident practicality. It happened shortly after we met. As we were on our way to pick someone up at the train station, I suddenly froze. "We forgot to call Amtrak to see if the train is on time," I said, panic-stricken. "We'll probably be stuck in the station for hours!" He replied, "And that will be just fine, won't it?" It was then that I knew I would marry him—at the moment he spoke just like the Man with the Yellow Hat.

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A Brief History

WE recently had a chance to talk to Stephen Hawking, the cosmologist. Hawking holds the professorship at Cambridge University that Isaac Newton once held, and he is in the forefront of the attempt by physicists to formulate a "grand unified theory," accounting for all the forces that govern our universe—a goal to which Albert Einstein devoted the last three decades of his life. There are perhaps thirty people in the world who are serious players in this game. They read each other's papers and convene periodically, in places like Cambridge, New York, Berkeley, Tel Aviv, and Moscow, to criticize and stimulate each other.

We met Professor Hawking in a crowded corridor at the Rockefeller University when he was on his way to attend a lecture by a fellow-cosmologist, S.-Y. Pi, of Boston University. While we were waiting for an elevator, around the corner rolled a motorized wheelchair. Slumped in the high-backed red leather seat was the diminutive figure of a man, in a brown suit. His head lolled to his right side, almost touching his shoulder. Behind thick glasses, his eyes were open, but it was not easy to guess what he was looking at. His arms were crossed in front of him so that his left hand extended to the right armrest, where it touched a joystick controlling the chair's electric motor. Accompanying him were a ruddy-faced Englishwoman, who proved to be one of three nurses who look after Stephen Hawking around the clock, and a cheerful young man —Nick Phillips, a graduate student in astronomy, who looks after the mechanical devices that keep him in motion and in touch with the world.

Hawking suffers from amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, or A.L.S., also known as Lou Gehrig's disease. This disease, which attacks the motoneurons that control the voluntary muscles, is progressive and incurable. Few victims survive for five years after diagnosis; hardly any live as long as ten years. Hawking, who is forty-six, first became aware of the early symptoms of A.L.S.—clumsiness, a tendency to stumble—in the nineteen-sixties, while he was a graduate student at Cambridge. He has been confined to a wheelchair for about twenty years. A.L.S. victims are vulnerable to chest infections; three years ago, Hawking nearly died of pneumonia. To save him, doctors inserted a breathing tube in his trachea. His voice had already deteriorated to a barely audible hum, which only a few intimates—his family and some of his graduate students—could understand. After the operation, he was temporarily incommunicado. His hearing was unimpaired, though, and he could still manage a slight wiggle of his fingers, so a computer and a speech synthesizer were installed on his wheelchair; he controls the system by finger pressure on a switch he keeps in his lap.

We were introduced to Professor Hawking, and the crumpled fingers of his right hand began pressing the switch. Five seconds later, a loud and clear "HELLO" sounded from speakers on the back of the wheelchair. We knew that he had flown in from Cambridge, where he lives with his wife and three children (they range in age from eight to twenty), so we asked if anyone in his family was travelling with him. Again the crumpled fingers moved. We heard a series of subdued clicks, and a faint chirping seemed to emanate from his computer, which was also secured to the back of his chair. Sticking up from the chair's left armrest was a small viewing screen, angled so that he could watch it as he pressed his switch. While he laboriously produced his response to our question, the people in the corridor fell silent. A minute went by, two. Then the voice from the speakers said, "NOT AT THIS TIME." The pitch and volume varied slightly from word to word, producing a more natural cadence than the computer voices in most science-fiction movies. The articulation, which was somewhat stilted, might have come from a recording made by someone who had learned English as a second language.

We listened to a little speech Hawking had prepared which explained how his communication system worked: "ON THE COMPUTER I RUN A PROGRAM WRITTEN BY WALT WOLTOSZ OF WORDS PLUS, INCORPORATED. THIS ALLOWS ME TO SELECT WORDS FROM LISTS ON THE SCREEN BY PRESSING A SWITCH IN MY HAND. WHEN I HAVE BUILT UP A SENTENCE I CAN SEND IT TO THE SPEECH SYNTHESIZER. I CAN ALSO PUT WHAT I WRITE ON DISK. I CAN THEN PRINT IT OUT OR I CAN CALL IT BACK AND SPEAK IT SENTENCE BY SENTENCE LIKE I'M DOING NOW. THE SPEECH SYNTHESIZER I USE IS MADE BY SPEECH PLUS OF MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIFORNIA. IT IS BY FAR THE BEST I HAVE HEARD. THE ONLY TROUBLE IS THAT IT GIVES ME AN AMERICAN ACCENT. THEY HAVE NOT YET GOT AROUND TO MAKING A BRITISH VERSION."

The occasion for Hawking's visit to New York was the imminent publication, by Bantam Books, of his first nontechnical book, an account of recent advances in cosmology. He dictated most of the book to associates before he lost his voice, and then revised the manuscript using his computer. The title is "*A Brief History of Time: From the Big Bang to Black Holes.*" The book's jacket features a photograph of the author sitting in his wheelchair against a background of stars—an austere image of a lone scientist pondering the riddle of creation. Up to a few years ago, Hawking's name was associated with a theory that traced the origin of the universe to a "singularity," a point at which our concepts of space, time, and causality would have no meaning. Since this seemed to rule out a scientific explanation of Genesis, it was welcomed by many theologians and, in 1981, received the blessing of Pope John Paul II. But Hawking has had second thoughts. His most recent calculations imply that our universe could be finite and yet have no beginning or end. If this new theory should be confirmed, it would clear the way for a scientific understanding of the universe in its totality—an achievement equivalent to knowing, in his unabashed phrase, "the mind of God."

Later, we had a formal interview with Professor Hawking, at a conference table at the Rockefeller University. Nick Phillips and two of the nurses sat nearby. We took out a list of questions we'd prepared, turned on a tape recorder, and asked Hawking what insights a nonscientist could hope to gain into the origin and fate of the universe without the mathematical equations that seem to be the physicist's first language.

He replied, "PEOPLE HAVE THE MISTAKEN IMPRESSION THAT MATHEMATICS IS JUST EQUATIONS. IN FACT, EQUATIONS ARE JUST THE BORING PART OF MATHEMATICS. I ATTEMPT TO SEE THINGS IN TERMS OF GEOMETRY."

We asked if he was impressed by any of the recent books that draw parallels between the insights of Eastern philosophy and modern physics (especially the uncertainty principle of quantum mechanics).

He replied, "I THINK THAT IS A COP-OUT. PEOPLE FIND PHYSICS TOO DIFFICULT SO THEY MAKE OUT THAT IT'S A PART OF SOME VAGUE, IMPRECISE WHOLE."

Each of these replies took several minutes for him to create on his screen and send to the speech synthesizer. We scanned our list of questions, trying to rephrase them in ways that required only a "yes" or a "no" answer. Would it please him if readers came away from his book with their mental picture of the universe altered, we asked.

"YES."

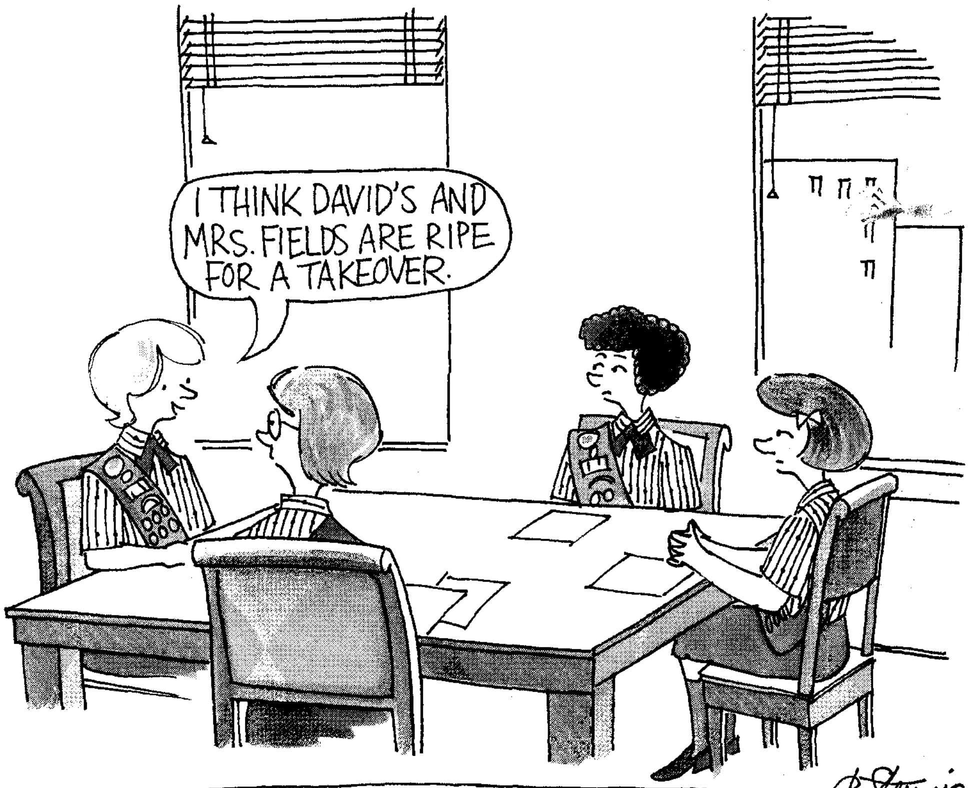
We read him a passage from Einstein's writings: "The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all true art and science." Did Hawking agree that art and science shared a single root?

"I DON'T THINK THEY ARE ALL THAT SEPARATE. THEY BOTH TRY TO SATISFY OUR BASIC YEARNINGS BY DIFFERENT MEANS. I LOOK FOR EXCELLENCE IN BOTH."

In his book Hawking more than once compares the wilder concepts of modern cosmology with the playful hypotheses of science fiction. Was he a regular reader of science fiction?

"I READ A FAIR AMOUNT OF SCIENCE FICTION IN MY TEENS. NOW I WRITE IT, ONLY I LIKE TO THINK IT IS SCIENCE FACT." Before we could ask him what his favorite books were, he added, "WE BETTER HAVE LUNCH NOW."

That caught us off guard. The longer we'd listened, the harder it had become to connect the untiring voice to the figure in the wheelchair, and to resist the illusion that what issued from the speakers was the imperturbable discourse of a disembodied mind. Hawking once told a friend that his crippling illness had probably "enhanced" his career, because it left him more time to think. We were happy to discover that one of the things he thinks about is lunch. He is partial, we were later informed, to curry and chili con carne.


I THINK DAVID'S AND MRS. FIELDS ARE RIPE FOR A TAKEOVER.
P. Steiner

ACQUISITION FEVER HITS THE GIRL SCOUTS

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Bartram's Garden

A FRIEND from Philadelphia writes:

On the day after my forty-eighth birthday, I paid a visit to Bartram's Garden—"America's Oldest Surviving Botanic Garden and First Commercial Nursery," according to the sign at the entrance. To get there from my house, which is on the edge of Center City, you cross the Gray's Ferry Avenue Bridge (when George Washington arrived in Philadelphia for the Constitutional Convention, a military escort met him at Gray's Ferry) and then make two left turns on potholed streets laced with trolley tracks and drive past cramped row houses and oil refineries. Then you make a third left and you're in the country, behind a stone farmhouse and several outbuildings, surrounded by trees.

Now part of Philadelphia's Fairmount Park system, Bartram's Garden is what remains of a farm that was established in 1728 by John Bartram (1699-1777), a botanist who travelled the American wilderness collecting samples of plants from the New World and then propagated them and shipped them to patrons in Europe. In 1765, George III named him Royal Botanist. John's son William (1739-1823) grew up on the farm and became a naturalist and an explorer himself. Coleridge read William Bartram's "Travels Through North & South Carolina, Georgia, East & West Florida" shortly before writing "Kubla Khan," and the poem's "mighty fountain" flinging up the sacred river Alph may owe something to Bartram's description of an "enchanting and amazing chrystal fountain" in the wilderness of East Florida. Wordsworth read Bartram, too, and found abundant support there for his idea that a spiritual force resides in nature. For example, Bartram wrote of Venus's flytraps, "Astonishing production! see the incarnate lobes expanding, how gay and ludicrous they appear! . . . Can we after viewing this object, hesitate a moment to confess, that vegetable beings are endued with some sensible faculties or attributes, similar to those that dignify animal nature?"

The setting of Bartram's Garden

today would astonish both father and son. I walked around the farmhouse, which now houses a small shop for visitors, and looked down a hill and across the Schuylkill. On the opposite bank are oil refineries, with rows of bulging storage tanks, and downriver is a U.S. Gypsum plant that looks like a ten-story garage. Upriver, beyond the refineries, is the city skyline—apparitions of soaring steel and glass almost as tall as the mountains that both Bartrams explored.

I walked past a stone barn, which had the date 1775 carved at the pitch of the roof. Just beyond was an expanse of bulldozed land; it had been levelled, so that it could be reclaimed from a concrete company and restored to Bartram's Garden. Parked next to the barn were a bright-yellow Caterpillar bulldozer, a grader, and an earthmover. They looked startlingly futuristic.

Continuing my walk around the grounds, I found, with the help of the tour pamphlet, the oldest tree there, a yellowwood (*Cladrastis lutea*), and the rarest, the franklinia (named after Benjamin Franklin). As far as anyone knows, no franklinias remain in the wild. The day was cloudy and chilly, and I had the place to myself. Buds were just appearing on trees and shrubs, and the first green clumps of onion grass were poking up through the fallow ground. When I paused to read part of the pamphlet ("Bartram was able to bring home rooted specimens from great distances by using the bladder from an ox or cow. The narrow neck and durable watertight walls of the bladder provided a perfect vessel in which to transport delicate plants and cuttings"), I heard an early warbler combining its lovely, surprising territorial song with crows' talk. As I turned to go back to the car, from across the river came the sound of a siren, its rise and fall now so faint and so diluted by other presences that for once it held no urgency.

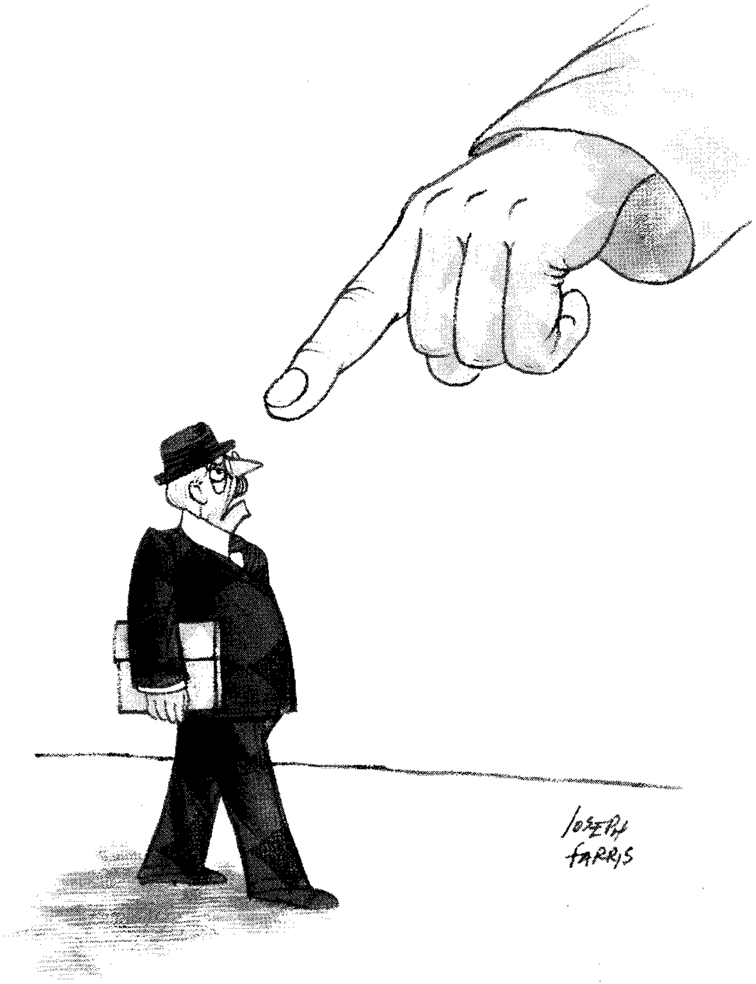
Dirty Dancing

"LEARN to dance like you've never danced before!" the brochure promised. "No experience necessary!" That was reassuring. "Do it the way they did it in the movie!" We thought of the scene in "Dirty Dancing" in which Jennifer Grey, as Baby, goes to visit Patrick Swayze, as Johnny, in his room, and they dance together, and then— Well, never mind. Then we thought of an earlier scene, in which Baby visits the staff quarters of the Catskills resort where she and her parents are staying—the year is 1963—and discovers a roomful of ripe-looking teen-agers grinding their pelvises and whipping their spines to the tune of "Do You Love Me?," by the Contours. "Where'd they learn to do that?" she asks. "I dunno," says Billy, who brought her there, and he shrugs. "Kids are doing it in their basements back home."

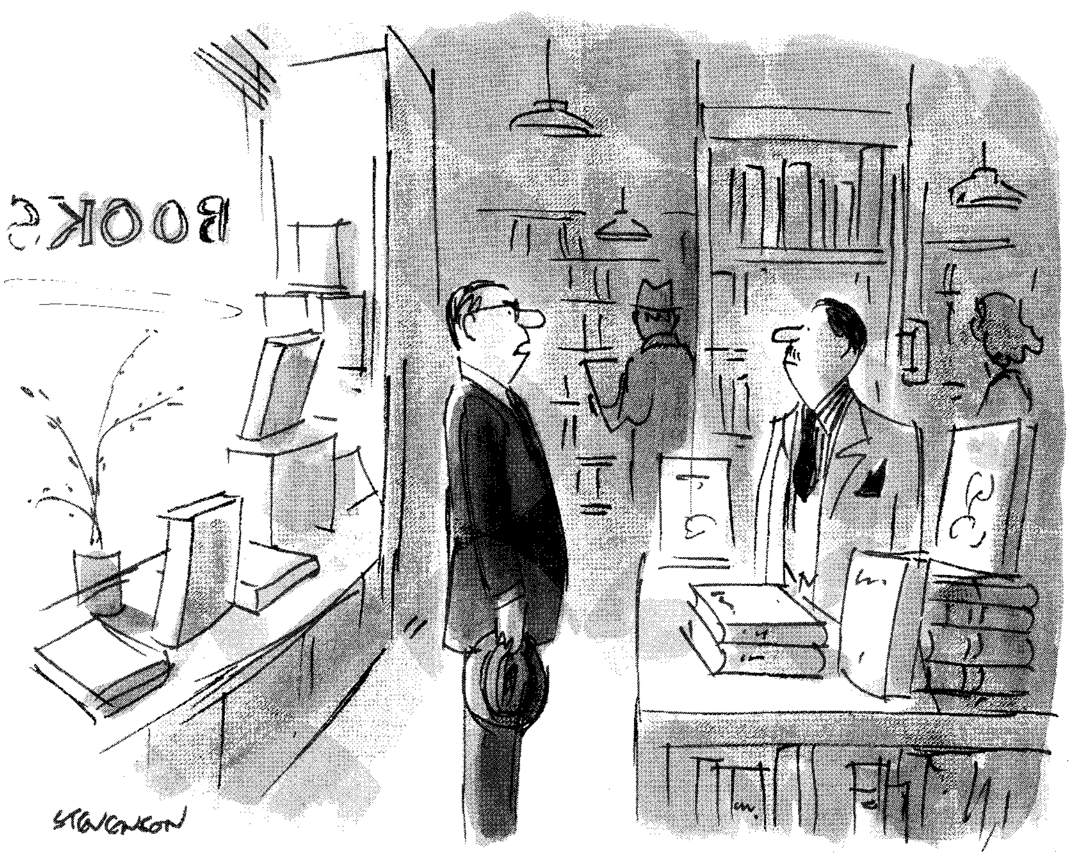
For lack of a basement and some steamed-up friends to dance in it, we registered for a course in Dirty Dancing, which was taught by Heather Lea Gerdes, one of the dancers in the movie, on two recent evenings at the Radio City Rehearsal Studio. When we arrived for the first class, we found a young woman—Miss Gerdes—with short blond hair and a compact body, and dressed in a shiny tie-dyed gray leotard and matching tights, standing in front of about a hundred men and women who ranged in age from sixteen to over sixty and in physical condition from fit to decrepit. Most of them were in standard office attire or in baggy sweat clothes, and practically all of them looked sheepish.

Soon Miss Gerdes arranged the class in four long lines facing a mirror and led some warmup exercises, many of them dances we remembered from our youth. We did the swim (breaststroke, backstroke, and diving for quarters), the jerk, the twist, and the monkey. "Monkey left!" Miss Gerdes called out over the music—a song by Michael Jackson—and we turned slowly, bouncing up and down and moving our arms as if we were climbing a vine in the jungle. "Monkey right!" she said, and we went the other way. "Now take it over!" Miss Gerdes called as she showed us how to do the step bending low. We followed tentatively. "Monkey down, baby," the man on our right said to us under his breath.

We learned the dip, in which the woman arches backward, supported by her partner; the drop, in which the woman, holding on to her partner's arm, lowers herself into "water-ski position" and "rolls" up her partner's leg; the eggbeater, in which the man and the woman turn beneath their clasped hands;



"I have diplomatic immunity!"



"What have you got that's not about Roy Cohn?"

the grind, in which the man and the woman move their pelvises in a circular motion; and the mambo, which Johnny teaches Baby in the movie. "It's a feeling, a heartbeat," he says, holding her hand against his chest and gently thumping the beat against her fingers. "Ga-*gung*. Ga-*gung*." Miss Gerdes said not to move on the first count—the one was for our heartbeat. "Ga-*gung*, two, three, four. Ga-*gung*, two, three, four. Knees stay bent. Small step forward on the two. Three, in place, and, four, feet together." We mastered the step in silence, but when we tried it with the music our heart must have skipped the first beat, because we moved too soon. "Who moved on the one?" Miss Gerdes asked, furious.

The following evening, we talked to some of our classmates, most of whom had seen the movie twice. Rosario diPasquale, an avuncular type, from Rockland County, told us that he had signed up for the class because he thought it would be "a good way to socialize," and said that in this particular kind of dancing "you really have to let yourself go." Randy Moshos, a muscular young man wearing a shiny blue unitard and a T-shirt with "The Boys of Summer—Provincetown" written across the front, said he'd been dancing since the age of six. Joanne Brock, a slim brunette in black tights and an off-the-shoulder knit top, had come with Robert Arcs, a genial dark-haired man with a beard and a thick build. "We've been dating," Mr. Arcs said. "We go out to Jimmy Weston's or the Rainbow Room—discos are out—and I always complain about how she dances. It's a little stiff."

"He doesn't like the way I move my hips," Miss Brock said.

"Besides," Mr. Arcs said, "people have been dancing apart for such a long time now that when it comes to dancing together they don't know what they're doing."

Miss Gerdes asked for a volunteer to demonstrate a step, and Mr. diPasquale raised his hand. She chose Mr. Moshos, and together they showed everyone how to do the dirty mambo, a dance invented by Kenny Ortega, the film's choreographer, which combined the mambo step the class had learned the previous night with the grind. As we practiced all this, to the Isley Brothers song "Between the Sheets," a man with graying hair, a mustache, and a bemused expression came in, chatted with Miss Gerdes, and sat down to watch the class. When he left, after twenty minutes or so, Miss Gerdes said, "That was Emile Ardolino—he directed 'Dirty Dancing.' " One or two people paused respectfully; the rest kept right on with the dirty mambo.

Before the evening ended, we had learned the worm, the fish, the fish fry, the octopus (or the wrap), the sidecar, and the stroll, in which the men and the women, in two lines facing each other, execute one step over and over while the lead couple makes its way down the middle, improvising. When Mr. diPasquale got to the head of the line, his opposite number turned out to be a long-legged woman in a hot-pink top and black tights. He looked glad that he'd come. She travelled along, doing something that vaguely resembled the frug, and he danced in little circles around her, like Tevye, in "Fiddler on the Roof."

At a party a few days later, we caught up with Mr. Ardolino, who was in town to cast his next movie—a romantic comedy called "Life After Life," starring Cybill Shepherd. He told us that what had first attracted him to Eleanor Bergstein's script for "Dirty Dancing" was "the chance to show that dancing can transform people's lives," and that he found classes like the one we'd taken "gratifying," because "in our hearts we'd always hoped that the movie would make people want to get up and dance." He asked us to show him what we'd learned. We demonstrated the dirty mambo. Some people on the far side of the room were doing the stroll, and Mr. Ardolino made a few shuffling attempts to join in. "One, snap, and three, kick, and five, kick, cross over, snap," we said, encouraging him, as if we'd been strolling for years. He did O.K. until he got to two and eight, and moved when he was supposed to stand still and snap his fingers. We told him to save the second and eighth counts for his heartbeat—ga-*gung*—and then he got it right.

MEETING FAMOUS PEOPLE

When Big Tim Bowers just happened to turn to his left and see the little guy with the battered guitar case emerge limping from Gate 4A at the Omaha International Airport on July 12, 1985, he held out his big arms to greet his best friend, which, although they had never met in person, Sweet Brian surely was. *It was Sweet Brian himself! There! In Concourse C!* His "White Boy" album was what got Tim through the divorce from Deloyne after three loving months of marriage, when she notified him that he was hopeless and the next day upped and split for Cheyenne with a bald bread-truck driver (unbelievable), after which Tim lost his good job and apartment and would've lost his mind except for Sweet Brian, so of course he yelled, "Hey, you're my man! I got to shake your hand! Hiiiiya! Sweet Brian! Hey!"

Sweet Brian made a sharp right, climbed over a railing and a row of plastic chairs, and walked fast toward Baggage Claim, which didn't surprise Tim one bit. After all, the guy who wrote "Tie Me Loose" and "That Old Highway Suits Me Pretty Well, I Guess" and "Lovers Make Good Loners" is no Sammy Davis, Jr., and Tim respected him for the uncompromising integrity and privacy and sincerity of his art, which had been crucial to Tim when his own sense of self was chewed up by Deloyne, all of which Tim now needed to say to Sweet Brian. He galloped down the concourse after the fleeing singer-songwriter, who heard his two-hundred-and-sixty-two-pound fan and panicked and went through a door marked "No Admittance" and clattered down two flights of steel stairs, Tim's big boots whanging and whomping on the stairs above, convincing him that death was very near, and burst through a pair of swinging doors marked "Wear Earplugs" and headed across the tarmac, a man once nominated for a Grammy (for "Existential Cowboy") and once described as the Dylan of the late seventies, panting and limping around some construction barriers along the terminal wall toward a red door twenty yards away. Incredible, Tim was thinking. I come to the airport to hang around and maybe get an idea for a song—not to meet anybody or anything, just to think about something to write about, maybe about not having anybody to meet—and I meet *him.* Fantastic. Tim was six strides behind him when he burst through the red door. There was a second, locked door a few steps beyond, and then and there, in the tiny vestibule, Tim expressed a lifetime of appreciation. He hugged Sweet Brian from behind and said, "Hey, little buddy, I'm your biggest fan. You saved my life, man."

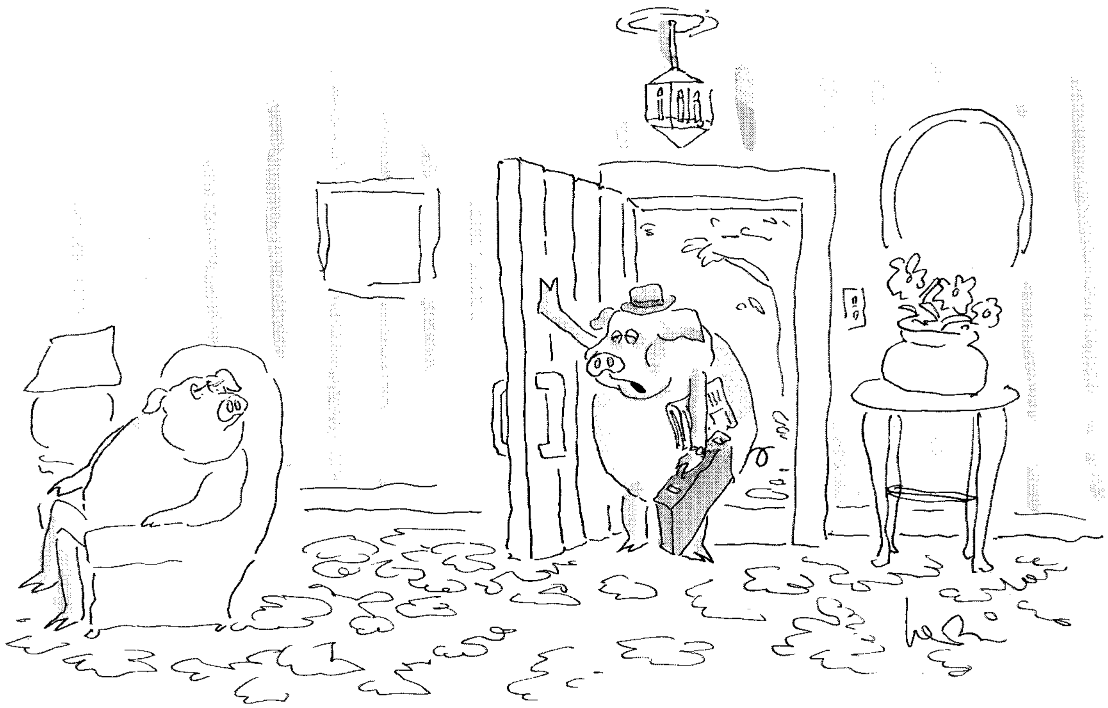
The star pushed Big Tim away and sneered, "You know, it's vampires like you who make me regret ever becoming a performer. You and your twenty-nine-cent fantasies. I don't know what you— You sicken me." And he slapped Tim.

At this point Tim wasn't thinking lawsuit at all. An apology would have been enough—e.g., "Sorry, pal. I'm under too darn much pressure right now. Please understand." He'd have said, "Fine, Sweet Brian. No problem. Just want you to know I love your music. That's all. Take care of yourself. Goodbye and God bless you." Instead, Sweet Brian said those terrible things and then *slapped him* and shoved him aside and went to the hotel and wrote an abusive song about him ("Your Biggest Fan") and sang it that night at the Stockyards, and that's how they wound up in U.S. District Court two years later.

"*We were thinking about the Himalayas this summer. On the other hand, there's something very special about Montauk.*"

Tim had lost quite a bit of weight in those two years, ever since he got a great job at NewTech, thanks to the company's excellent weight-loss program, which, in fact, Tim himself initiated (he's executive vice-president in charge of the entire Omaha and Lincoln operations, about eight thousand employees and growing daily since NewTech bought up SmetSys, ReinTal, and Northern Gas & Hot Water), and he looked blessedly happy at the courthouse, which might have had something to do with his new wife, Stephanie, a blond six-foot former *Vogue* model who accompanied him, leaning lovingly on him and smiling fabulously as photographers jockeyed for position. A handsome couple. Rumor said she was two months pregnant. They looked ecstatic. Young and rich and very much in love.

Inside, Tim's lawyer described Sweet Brian as a "candy-ass has-been



"Boy, am I out of breath. I had to run crying 'Wee, wee, wee!' all the way home."

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who can't hit the notes and can't write the hits, so he hits his fans" and asked for a half million dollars in damages. The little guy sat twenty feet away from Tim, his ankles chained together. He looked bloated, sick. His cheap green sports coat wouldn't button in front. It had stains down the lapels. The story of his downfall was in all the papers. Sweet Brian and Tania Underwood had had to interrupt their Hawaiian honeymoon to fly to Nebraska for the trial and in Concourse C Brian was nabbed by the Omaha cops for possession of narcotics with a street value of three hundred and twenty-seven dollars. Tania was furious. She slapped him around in the police station and left town. It snowed three feet and his lawyer was stuck in L.A., and Sweet Brian sat in the clink for six days. That was when Tim saw him in court looking morose. "Can I help?" he asked, but the sullen singer turned away in anger. That night, a rodeo rider from Saskatchewan who was doing thirty days for bestiality beat the daylights out of Brian and knocked out four front teeth. Next morning, the county dentist, Dr. Merce L. Gibbons, had to drill out the stumps without Novocain. Brian bled so much he fainted and toppled forward, and the drill went through his cheek. The dentist panicked, thinking *malpractice suit*, and he tore his white smock slightly and roughed up his thin hair so as to claim that Brian had attacked *him*, and then he clubbed the former star hard, twice, with a mallet and yelled for the cops. They took Brian to the hospital and he got an infection from the blood test and died. Nobody came from L.A. for the body, and finally some reporters collected three hundred and ten dollars around the newsroom and Brian was buried in Omaha under a little headstone: "Brina Johnson, 1492-1987." The two typos weren't noticed until it was too late. So what could they do? A local columnist taped a note to the stone saying, "His name is Brian. Listen to his albums sometime. Not 'White Boy,' which is too pretty, too nostalgic, too *self-conscious*, but 'Coming Down from Iowa' is not bad. I think it's on the Argonaut label."

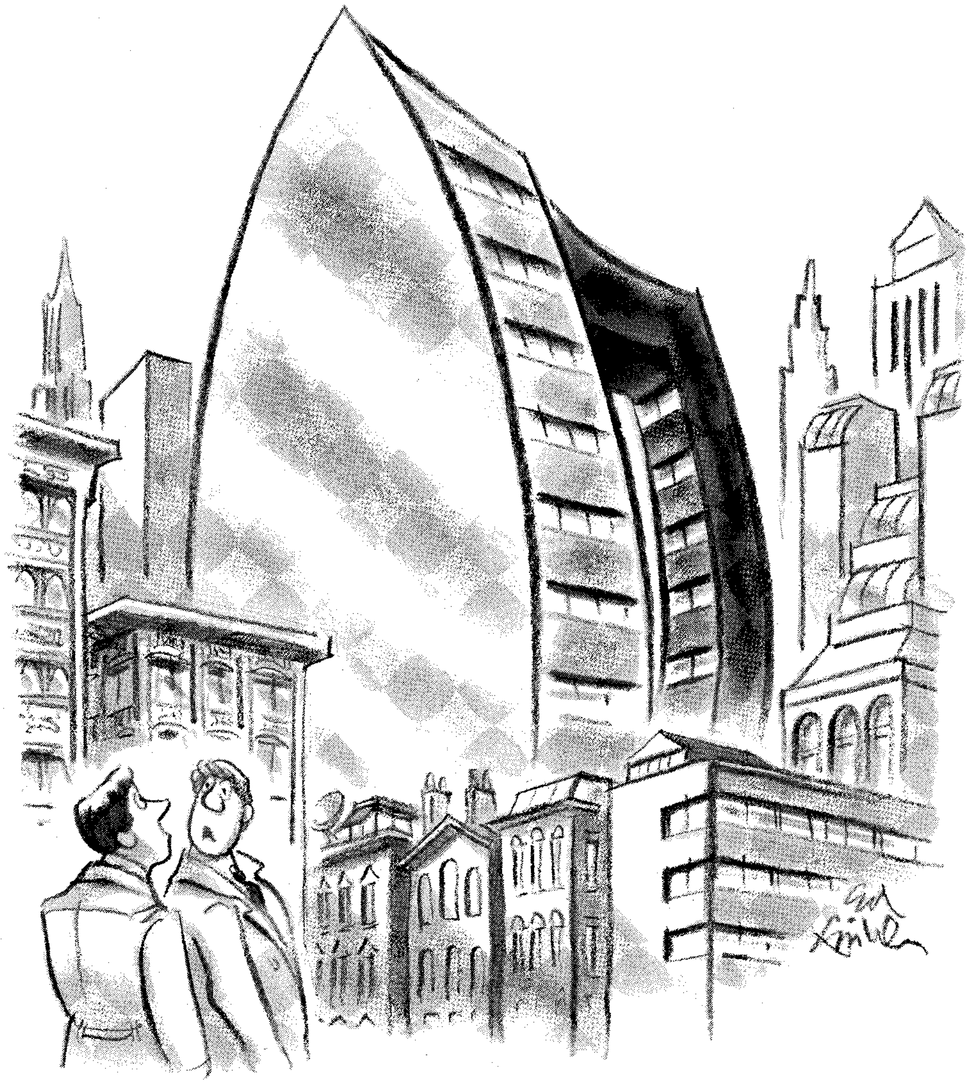
Tim was in Palm Beach when someone told him Brian was dead, and although he was extremely busy in meetings all day, he wondered, "Could this have been avoided if I had approached him differently, maybe been more low-key?"

"He was a big hero to me back then," he told Stephanie as they strolled along the beach toward The Palmery, where they were meeting some Florida associates for drinks and dinner. "I really wish we could have been friends."

EVEN today, after he settled out of court with the singer's estate for a rumored $196,000, Tim feels bad about the incident. He is not alone. Tens of thousands of people have approached very famous men and women intending to brighten the lonely lives of the great with a few simple words of admiration only to be rejected and abused for their thoughtfulness. To the stars, of course, such encounters are mere momentary irritations in their fast-paced sensational lives and are quickly forgotten, but for the sensitive fans personal rejection by an idol becomes a permanent scar. It could easily be avoided if, when approaching the celebrated, those who practically worship them would just use a little common sense:

1. Never grab or paw the famous. They will instantly recoil and you will never ever win their respect. Stand at least thirty-two inches away. If your words of admiration move him or her to pat your shoulder, then of course you can pat back, but don't initiate contact and don't hang on. Be cool.

2. Don't gush, don't babble, don't grovel or fawn. Never snivel. Be tall. Bootlicking builds a wall you'll never break through. A simple pleasantry is enough—e.g., "Like your work!" If you need to say more than that (*I think you're the most wonderful lyric poet in America today*), try to modify your praise slightly (*but your critical essays stink*). Or cough hard, about five times. That relieves the famous person of having to fawn back. The most



"All in all, I liked the old Flatiron Building better."

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wearisome aspect of fame is the obligation to look stunned by each compliment as if it were the first ever heard. That's why an odd remark (*Your last book gave me the sensation of being a horned toad lying on a hot highway*) may secretly please the famous person far more than a cliché (*I adore you and my family adores you and everyone I know in the entire world thinks you are a genius and a saint and I think I'm going to fall down on the sidewalk and just writhe around and foam for a while*). Be cool. Famous people *much* prefer a chummy insult to lavish nonsense: a little dig about the exorbitant price of tickets to the star's show, perhaps, or the cheesiness of the posters (*You design those yourself?*). Or a remark about the celebrity's pet (if any), like "How much did you pay for that dog?" Personal stuff (*Do you have to shave twice a day? Do you use regular soap or what? What was it like when you found that out about her going out with him?*) can wait for later. For now, limit yourself to the dog. As it gazes up in mealymouthed brown-nosed, lickspittle devotion, glance down and say, "Be cool."

3. Autographs are fine, photos are fine, but be cool. Don't truckle (*Oh, please please please—I'll do anything—anything at all*), don't pander (*This is the high point of my life*), and never cringe or kowtow (*I know that this is just about the tackiest thing a person can do and it makes me sick with shame but . . .*), and never, never lie (*My mother, who is eighty-seven, is dying in Connecticut and it would mean the world to her if . . .*). Hand the famous person the paper and simply say, "I need you to sign this." Hand the camera to one of his hangers-on and say, "Take a picture of us."

4. When you are cool like this and don't fawn and don't grab and just go about your business as a fan and get that autograph and the photo and are businesslike about it, probably you are going to make such a big impression on the famous person that he or she will make a grab for *you* in that offhand way these people have (*Care to join Sammy and me for dinner, Roy?* or *Somebody find this guy a backstage pass, wouldja?*). Remember, these people are surrounded by glittering insincerity and false friendship and utter degradation of all personal values to such a degree that three cool words from you (*Like your work!*) will knock them for a loop. Suddenly the star recalls the easy camaraderie of a Southern small-town childhood and the old verities of love and loyalty in the circle of family, church, and community. Desperately he reaches out for contact with you (*Please. You remind me of a friend I once had. Many years ago and far away from here. Please*), wants your phone number, tries to schedule lunch with you on Thursday (*Anywhere, anytime. Early lunch, late lunch. You name it. I can send a car to pick you up. Thursday or Friday or Saturday or any day next week. Or Sunday if you'd rather. Or it doesn't have to be lunch. It could be breakfast or dinner. Or a late supper. Brunch*), tries to draw you into conversation (*You got a book you want published? Songs? Anyone in your family interested in performing? Got a favorite charity you need anyone to do a benefit for? Need a credit or job reference?*). Don't bite. Just smile and nod and say, "Nice to meet you," and walk away. He'll follow you (*What's your name? Please. I need you*). Walk faster. You don't want to get involved with these people. Thirty seconds can be interesting, but beyond two minutes you start to get entangled. They're going to want you to come to the Coast with them *that night* and involve you in such weird sadness as you can't believe. (*Please come with us. I mean it. There's something real about you that's been missing from my life for too long. Please. Just come and talk to me for three minutes.*) Sorry. (*Please.*) No. (*Then let me come with you.*) No. (*Tell me why not.*) I'm sorry. I wish that it was possible, but it isn't, not at this time. I hope we can meet again very soon. Bye. —GARRISON KEILLOR

AVID

WHEN Lucy Potter came back for the third time to her parents' house on Pettaquamscutt Neck she spent hours in her old room, at her old desk, staring across the mouth of the bay. Her hopeful thought about herself was that she now saw more beauty in the view than she'd seen before. Otherwise she felt terrible.

The young bank officer from her father's bank who'd helped her out of her failed art gallery in Newport had said to her, "You don't have to consider this a failure. Your business losses are offset by capital gains on the property. It'll be a wash. You can pick right up and try again."

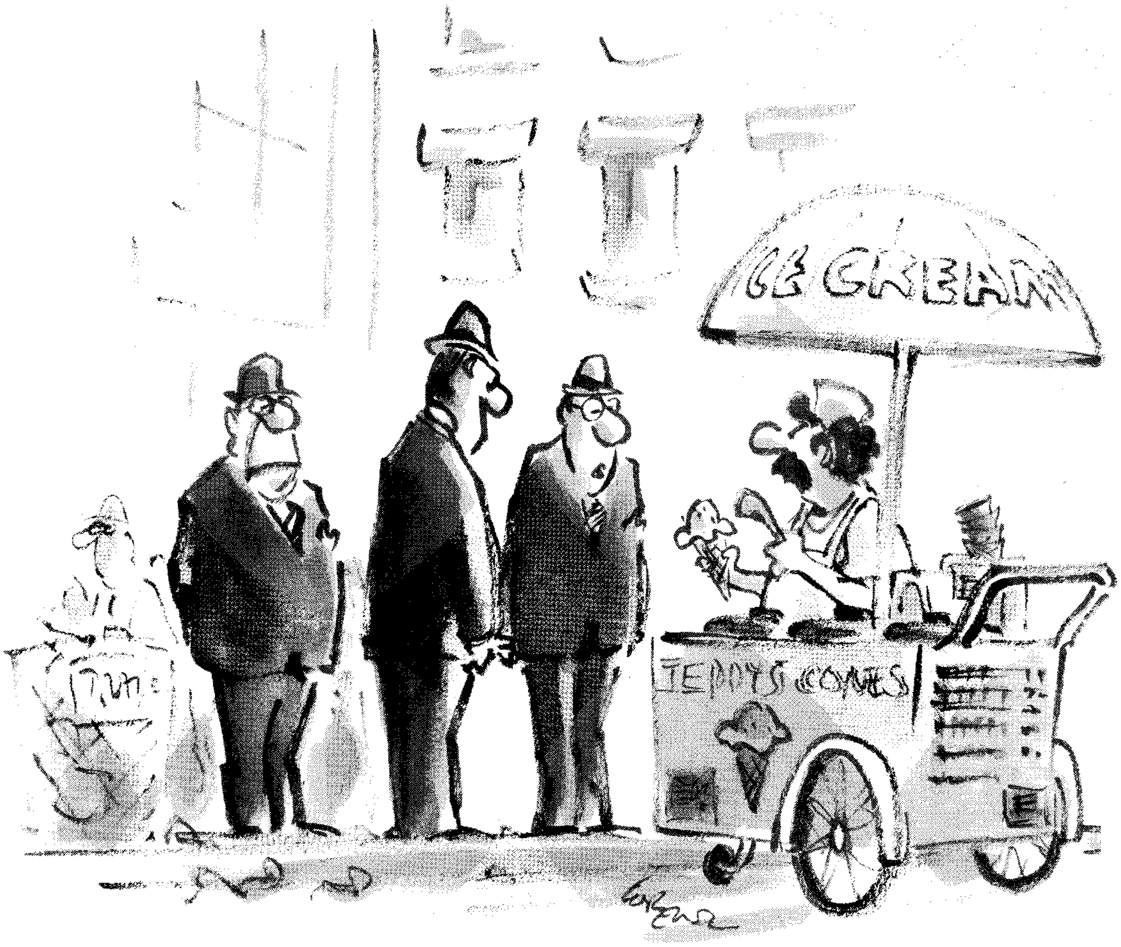
She went home in May, back across the Newport Bridge over the east passage, touched down on Conanicut Island, then up again across the Jamestown Bridge over the west passage. South along Scenic 1-A, then left onto the private way to Pettaquamscutt Neck. She unlocked the black chain that hung across the way between the two stone pillars topped with anchors. Each time she'd come home she'd had the key, each time she'd felt a moment of bliss as she looked over the nine houses on the tilted green field of the Neck, each house visible from this top point, invisible from each other behind patches of blackberry, raspberry, and beach roses and hedges of yew and arborvitae. She could see the lip of the cliff, jumbled soft brown shale and hard dark granite, the sparse grass crisped by salt spray. The top railing of the stairway down to the boathouse was so smooth-worn and gray it was almost invisible. And then the wide mouth of Narragansett Bay opening to the sea, blue after blue after blue.

The Neck never changed faster than paint faded or hedges grew, but the sea was always changing. It changed so swiftly and easily it washed her sight: cloud shadows, cat's-paws, windward currents smoothing the water into slick silver-blue tracings, countercurrents setting it into contrary dark lines from time to time tipping into whitecaps. Each change swallowed by another. But always in the farthest blue she sensed her still present childhood—not that it had been blissful but it seemed to contain the unbroken seed of her contentment.

The first time she'd come home to pull herself together she saw her mother first, who hugged her and said, "Your father will be so happy." The second time her father held both her hands and said, "Your mother's been waiting all morning." Each time they invited the Satterlees over for supper, and everyone was happy to see her and optimistic, as though her orderly arrival (that she'd locked the chain behind her, carried her bags out of the front hall up to her bedroom) was her promise to be good.

No one told her to be good. When she dropped out of college at nineteen and said she was leaving with Phil in his pickup truck to go live in Eureka, California, her father, after all the arguments, said, "If I was certain you were ruining your life, I'd try to stop you. But I have no such certainty." She'd left Phil after two years (a longer relationship than any other in their Eureka household of more or less four couples) but hadn't got home until almost a year later. It turned out her parents had been worried by phone calls from Phil asking where she was. Her father would say, "I'm quite sure she's all right, Phil," and Phil would say things like "I heard from a guy who came through here that she was at a really Fascist-type commune" or "I heard from a guy who came through here that she was at this place doing the macrobiotic diet and she looked really . . . thin." Her father would say, "I'll tell her you called. The next time she calls we'll tell her you're worried."

It may have been the phone calls that tipped the balance against Phil. She was thinking of going back to him at least for a while, but her father's dry



"Extra sprinkles, please. Mr. Rutledge is our chief executive officer."

reporting of Phil's gooey drama made her wince. After she'd drifted around from Oregon to Mexico, she did go back to Eureka for a visit, was charmed by Phil again, spent the afternoon with him in a hammock on the upstairs back porch, overlooking the back yard of salvaged furniture overflowing from the household business. He said he loved her and wanted to marry her. She said no as patiently as she could. He said, "Give me another week, another day, with you." She said, "Here in the magic hammock?" They both laughed, and Phil said, "Yeah," in such a vulnerable and boyishly wicked way she couldn't tell him no.

That night she left for the East Coast with a man she met at a party downstairs. He mentioned he was driving to New York. She said, "Mind if I come? Let me get my backpack." It pleased her to be exact. Like getting her hair cut short—lifting strands of hair behind her ear on her middle finger, closing her first finger against it. Right there.

They drove non-stop to New York, one at the wheel, the other stretched out on the back seat. They drank coffee, sang, and gave each other neck rubs. The whole way she imagined the salt air, the color of the bay, the view from Pettaquamscutt Neck. She still had the key. She became single-minded. She would have stopped with this guy at a motel in Nebraska or Iowa, but east of the Mississippi she said no. He got too stoned to drive, and she took a double shift at the wheel. She was driving when they got to New York, so she went straight to Penn Station.

The rattle of her backpack frame woke him up. She said, "There's bound to be a train soon."

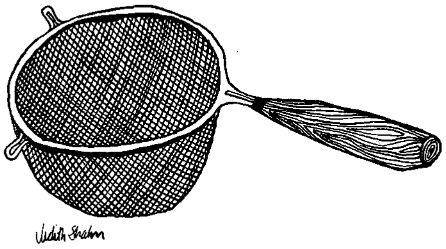
He worked his forehead for a few seconds. He said, "Maybe you'd like to spend a little time in New York."

She smiled and bent to kiss him. He knocked his cowboy hat askew getting his mouth to hers.

She was on her way. He said, "Hey . . ." and then laughed.

She slept on the train until New Haven; after that she was too excited by glimpses of salt water.

She took a taxi from Kingston to Pettaquamscutt Neck. There was her mother, then her father, and the Satterlees; her bed was made and turned down, a neat foresail of cotton sheet. She woke up at dawn and sat at her desk (this very desk) to watch the sun rise across the mouth of the bay behind Brenton Reef Light; the haze on the water was a bluish rose, the color of her lips when she looked in the mirror to see what her face showed for her three days of driving, for her three years away.



Some time had passed—she'd gone back to college, started painting, spent a summer at Skowhegan. Jack was after that.

The second time she came home to Pettaquamscutt Neck was when she was divorcing Jack. How could she have gone from easy Phil to hard Jack? That, too, was coast to coast non-stop. Her parents thought Jack was wonderful. They never said so; her mother had simply seemed to know all about him, though she never asked a direct question.

Lucy was twenty-five when she met

ALDERS

The roadway's sallow, puddled furrow
uncurls like a root among the alders,
then flops up where the granite surfaces,
a bare outcrop. Alders are hard to stop—
impossible, even, unless you're really serious.

Someone who wasn't, from the look
of it, has done a little hacking at them
along the edges; but to deal with the alder—
the way it's dealt with down by the inlet—
means slash and burn, year by year by year.

It's not only the alders. Nothing's
the way it was. The jack pine's closing in—
a herd of brassy, burgeoning antlers
now bars the opening down to the shore.
Cut off, branch-stung, I find myself in tears

for all sorts of likely and unlikely reasons.
We try another way, between green-creamy
headlamps of mountain ash, wet peat moss
underfoot, dim elegiac voices of white-
throated sparrows above a dwindling trace

we halfway recognize, to a high ledge
where we once picnicked—a tight, finical
medallion that turns out to be a bench mark
setting its seal on the would-be primeval,
while everywhere the alders take the tundra back,

take back the fields and the four cellar holes
left by the settlers who made it their business,
come spring, to clear away the winter's frost-
heaved boulders, and to keep down the alders.
I'd once supposed these acres had no past—

that entity, no virgin, bled with the season,
burgeoned, withered, bloomed and bled again,
uninterfered with, like the pattern of a dance,
a promise kept. There are no promises,
only the alders—terse, tough, bleak, true inhabitants.

—Amy Clampitt

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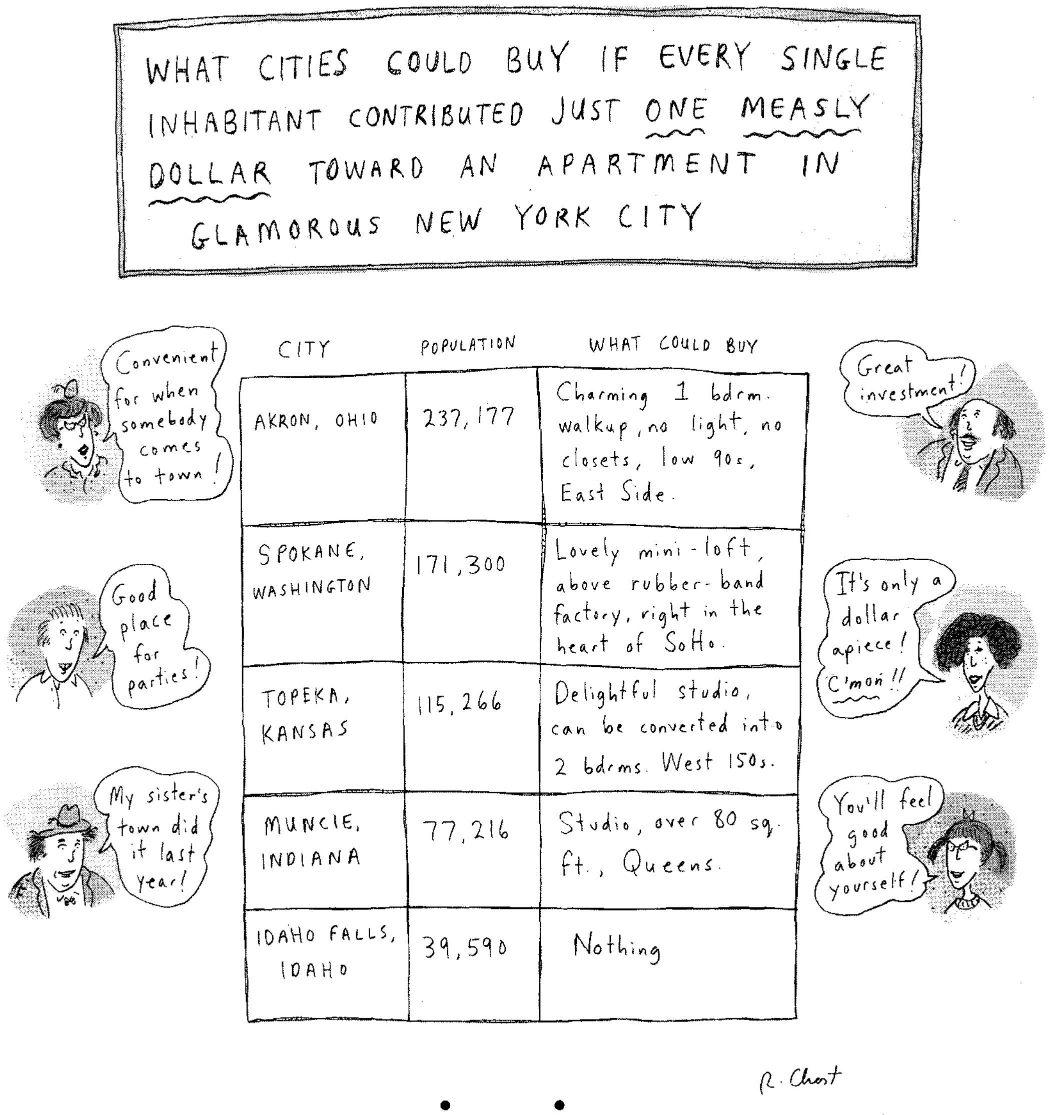


WHAT CITIES COULD BUY IF EVERY SINGLE INHABITANT CONTRIBUTED JUST ONE MEASLY DOLLAR TOWARD AN APARTMENT IN GLAMOROUS NEW YORK CITY

CITY	POPULATION	WHAT COULD BUY
AKRON, OHIO	237,177	Charming 1 bdrm. walkup, no light, no closets, low 90s, East Side.
SPOKANE, WASHINGTON	171,300	Lovely mini-loft, above rubber-band factory, right in the heart of SoHo.
TOPEKA, KANSAS	115,266	Delightful studio, can be converted into 2 bdrms. West 150s.
MUNCIE, INDIANA	77,216	Studio, over 80 sq. ft., Queens.
IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO	39,590	Nothing

Convenient for when somebody comes to town!
Good place for parties!
My sister's town did it last year!
Great investment!
It's only a dollar apiece! C'mon!!
You'll feel good about yourself!
R. Chast

Jack, twenty-seven when she finally married him. An ardent, dramatic courtship. One Saturday night after a date with her he sailed all the way across and down the bay from his house in Bristol—in a not very big boat—and arrived for Sunday breakfast. He must have left as soon as he got back to Bristol—an hour's drive up and around the bay—and then tacked down the bay the rest of the night in the light southwest wind.

Her mother, when Lucy asked her what she thought of Jack, had held back. Lucy said, "Well, you certainly seem to get along with him—better than—"

"Yes, but that's nothing against anyone else. It's just that Jack is a more familiar sort of fellow."

Lucy thought perhaps that was a perfectly acceptable part of her own pleasure.

Lucy asked Jack, "Weren't you sailing all night?"

"I loved it. Just coasted on down, singing all the way. You've heard of a serenade?" He sang, "*Dans mon coeur, la douleur* . . . Well, that was my *aubade*, the dawn song."

Jack's enthusiasm, his awkwardness, his corny affection ("If this is love, let's have some French") were all modified, even redeemed in Lucy's eyes, by his huge confidence ("Some people might worry about being corny. On me it looks good").

One thing Jack was was elaborate. The courtship was elaborate, the wedding plans were elaborate—Mr. Potter was taken aback by what Mrs. Potter got revved up to in her effort to match Jack's style. But Mr. Potter went along—it was the way they did things on Jack's side of the bay, after all. Mr. Potter and his best friend—Lucy's godfather, Russell Satterlee—got a lot of mileage out of being South County Yankee rustics marvelling at how grand things were over there. But they went along with everything Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Satterlee planned. Jack had enough courtship to spare to blow some their way.

Jack was a successful admiralty lawyer and he booked passage in the owner's quarters on a client's cargo ship to start off their honeymoon, which was two weeks in the Dominican Republic.

The third day out Jack told Lucy she was making the crew members uneasy by roaming around the ship in shorts and practicing her Spanish with them. She laughed. The next day she came back to their cabin after her stroll and found him in a black rage. At supper Lucy thought the captain, a perfectly nice man who had seemed pleased to have their company, was puzzled and embarrassed by Jack's tight silence.

When they went up to the quarterdeck they heard some of the crew singing along with the guitar. Jack said to the captain, "Are those men serenading my wife?"

The captain, in his soft Spanish voice, said, "Mr. Aldrich, let me assure you my men have the most perfect respect for Mrs. Aldrich."

Jack relaxed visibly.

Lucy thought this exchange so alien and antiquated as to be laughable, but she got mad when she and Jack got back to their cabin. Jack was calm. He said he'd be happy to tell her what he'd picked up over some years about Latino machismo that she just probably hadn't ever had a chance to encounter.

Lucy said, "I'm twenty-seven years old, for God's sake! I lived in a seaport in California for two years. I ran a business, I hitchhiked all over, even in Mexico, which is certainly as Latino—"

"That was then," Jack said grimly.

She had seen at that moment that it would be easier to let him concoct his version of her—to let him think that she was an America previously inhabited only by natives who had dwindled without a trace, to let him think himself Manifest Destiny. He could celebrate the Fourth of July with oratory, patriotic marches, and a flag. She could get along without her own history, without a theory. If he wasn't upset, if he could shut the door on the outside world, Jack could become frantically adoring. She had no such intensities. She had none of Jack's outraged jealousy or his anguished longings.

He adored her elaborately. Once the sexual scene was set he was all for being teased, commanded, sent on detours—elaborate playful submission. Or it could be elaborate possession—he praised and kissed her fingers, her chin, her temple, behind her ear. "Avocado arm!" he said once, munching softly on her biceps. She asked him what he was talking about. She thought he meant green goose bumps. "No—the flesh!" he said, and pulled at the inside of the upper arm with his mouth. "The pale, creamy meat." And then sometimes a comic turn as he kissed her bare back. "Ach! Fiend! You've poisoned me! But before I die, revenge! And paradise!"

He could be ferocious, too, trembling and undone by desire. Sometimes he seemed terrified, as though he were falling and only clinging to her body could save him.

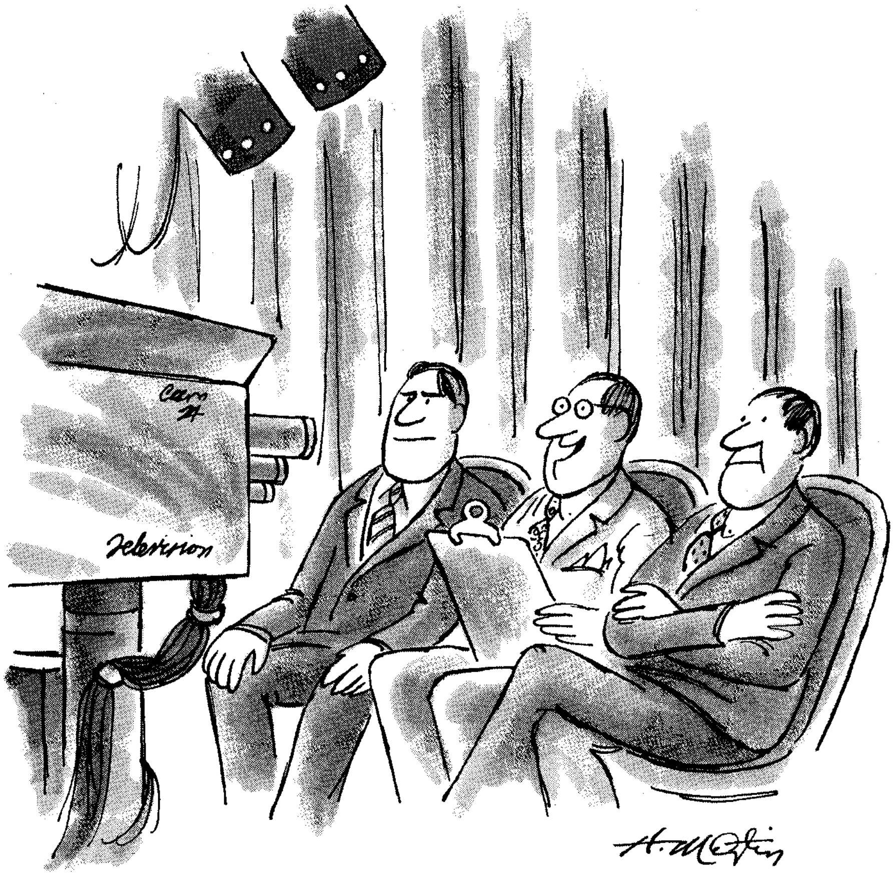
She'd sometimes thought he was making it up. Her own feeling about desire had always been that it was a subtle undertow pulling her from her shore into someone else's current. She'd particularly liked the moments of being in up to her knees, feeling her sandy footing erode under her toes, around her heels.

But now, here at home on Pettaquamscutt Neck, she was in the midst of a craving she'd never felt before. Here where her hour of childhood had been grilled into the hot stone beach, the coarse grass and sand, the smooth gray planking of the boathouse deck and wharf. Where boredom and pleasure had alternated, not regularly as the tide, and not rationally (as her father and Mr. Satterlee seemed to think, in a design of effort and recompense)—perhaps not alternated; perhaps both had been touching her constantly and it was her skin that was inconstant. One minute she was sliding through the water, nosing her face mask up to the stone jetty, spying on eels, and the next, still holding her breath underwater, she was tired of being wet.

Then she would be sitting on the porch in her bathing suit still wet on her bottom, her shoulder and arm cooked dry in the short time it took to pick her way across the stones to the boathouse porch and up the wood stairs to the parched lawn. Picking up the arm of the record-player, her finger sticky with salt; it would take her two tries to get the needle in the groove for "I Want to Hold Your Hand." The air dry and hot around her wet hair in the gray and green shade of the porch. The crackling in the groove was delicious. Then she might be thrilled or bored by part or by all of the song. She might play it again, in any case.

So now she wondered how could she be having an affair here on the Neck? This current man was an intrusion. He'd rented a house—one or two of the nine houses were rented each summer, very carefully. Mr. Paxton—Rob—and Mrs. Paxton (the second Mrs. Paxton, with her own small child and adolescent stepchild) were from Philadelphia. He'd arrived in advance of his family and taken over one of the boathouses as a painting studio. White-haired and energetic, he'd pleased Mr. Satterlee with his early-morning rowing. Mr. Satterlee pointed out the dory to Lucy one pink early morning as it headed in across the glassy mouth of the bay. "I wouldn't lend my dory to just anybody," Mr. Satterlee said. "He handles her beautifully." They watched as Mr. Paxton swirled the dory around to a stop, shipped the oars, and clipped the painter to the ring in the middle of Mr. Satterlee's pulley system from the dock to a pile in deep water. Mr. Paxton launched himself into the water and disappeared from their view as he swam ashore under the cliff. He didn't come up the stairs.

Mr. Satterlee said, "We're so glad they rented to someone who's going to like it here"—meaning the renters were awfully lucky. But Mr. Paxton



"And here with us this evening, to skirt the issues, are Senator Tom Kirkland and Congressman Alan Sullivan."

somehow had got across to the Satterlees and the Potters (the deans of the Neck) that Mr. Paxton would decide how lucky he was and that Pettaquamscutt Neck might just make it into his league of fjords and firths. That he'd managed to do this without antagonizing them all amazed Lucy.

HE was in his early fifties, but restless and energetic in a way that at first reminded Lucy of her ex-husband—a Teddy Roosevelt of enthusiasms but with a stormy streak of ill-humor. Mr. Paxton turned out to be shrewder, more secretly appraising and aloofly amused.

Lucy met him when she was digging clams. He came out of the boathouse and down the strip of beach to the clam bed.

She kept on digging, rolling back the big barnacled rocks with her gloved hands and then driving her spade fork into the exposed mud with a jolt from her foot. She pried up a mound of mud and picked through it. A fat clam squirted as it pulled in its neck. She rinsed it off and put it in her bucket, its neck still shrivelling.

“Now, that is obscene,” he said.

“Oh, that's not obscene,” she said. “It's just scared.”

He introduced himself and kept her company while she dug. He offered to turn over the rocks for her. She gave him her gloves. “Those barnacles will slice you, and you won't even feel it till tonight.”

She threw away a clam whose two shells slid apart. It was all mud inside.

“How does that happen?” he said.

“A clam worm eats it. They crawl into the neck and eat their way all the way down to the body. When they're through eating they curl up inside for a little nap. You sometimes find them that way, but if you keep an eye open you'll see them digging through the sand.”

After a while she found one for him. A good-sized one, six inches long and as thick as her little finger. It writhed as she held it just behind the head, the tail lashing and its bristles stroking as though it were trying to swim away.

“Now look,” she said. “This is obscene.” She squeezed behind the head, and the thick front end of the worm peeled back. Its round mouth tube gaped. Then a pair of black hooked teeth—each the size and shape of a rose thorn—slid out and began scything across the dark pink hole.

She dropped it in the sandy mud and it burrowed in head first, gone in two seconds.

He laughed. “No wonder that poor little clam pulled his neck in.”

“His?” Lucy said. “Clams are hermaphrodites. You shouldn't try to read too much into all this.”

“You are the very model of a modern major-general,” he said. “You're teeming with a lot of news. About all this dangerous life at the edge of the sea.”

“Some of it is quite peaceful. Have you seen horseshoe crabs coupled?”

“No. What do they do?”

“They just lie there locked together. Right along the lee here.” She pointed into the water. “Just rocking in these little waves.”

“Do they enjoy it?”

She couldn't think of a clever answer. She looked down.

“Let me put it another way,” he said. “Do they enjoy it?”

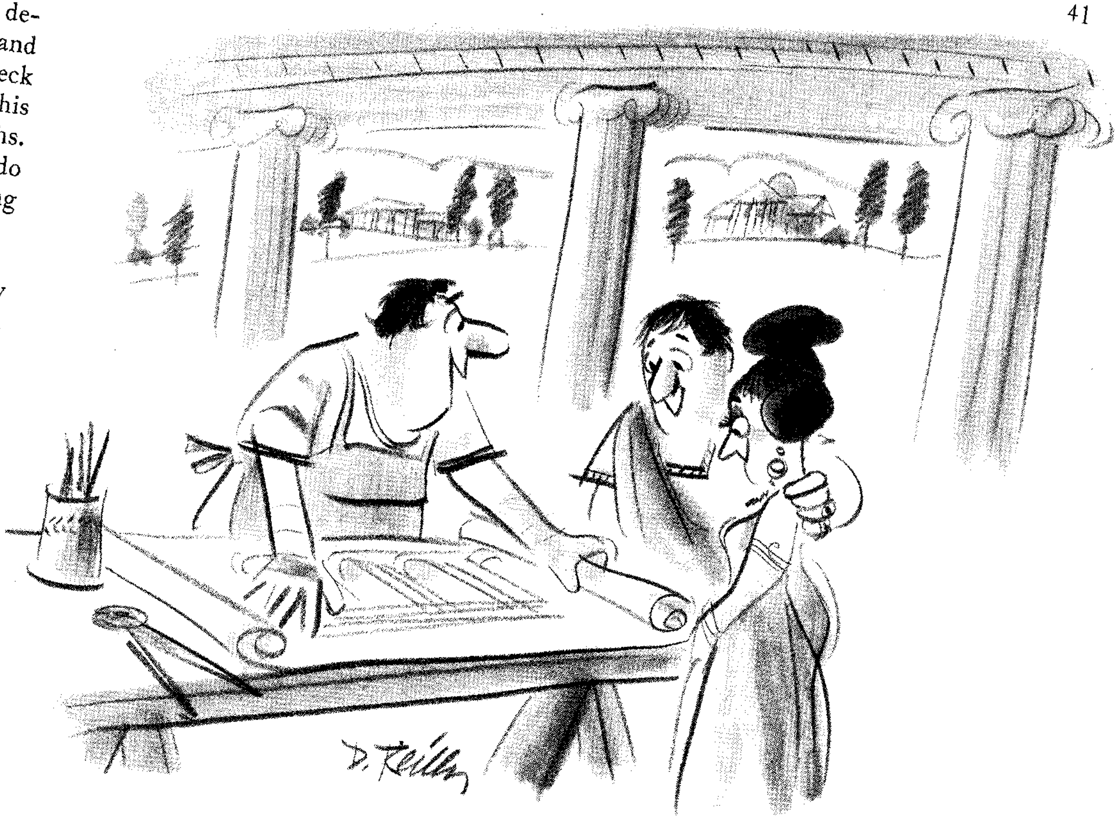
Her head came up as though he'd set the hook in her lip. She said, “Yes.”

Lucy saw him again at the picnic the Potters gave to start the summer on the Neck. Beatrice Satterlee was talking into his chest; he was stuffing devilled eggs into his mouth and washing them down with beer. Lucy was passing a bucket to collect clamshells and dirty napkins. Rob Paxton turned his trunk and tilted his head back to watch Lucy approach.

“Lucy used to paint, too, didn't you, dear?” Beatrice Satterlee said. “Come here and talk to—”

“We've met,” Rob Paxton said.

“And I've seen you in your gar-



“What I'm trying to achieve for you is an eclectic mix of classic B.C. and a touch or two of A.D. glitz.”

den. These must be your raw peas we've been cracking our teeth on."

"Lucy would have us all on a regimen of health food," Beatrice said. "Whenever she spends a summer here—"

"You're here for the summer?" he said to Lucy.

"For a while."

"Do you have any good books? Or do you just dig? I didn't have room to bring books."

"You should ask Beatrice. She and Russell have the great library on the Neck. But I can't imagine what sort of books you're looking for."

She rather liked his measured rudeness. She'd been so blandly familial and quiet during May she was surprised to hear her own inflated voice on display.

The next day, when she was weeding her garden, she found a note taped to the empty packet of beet seeds marking the row: "Why don't you come down and cast a cold eye on the stuff I've been doing? RP"

She went to the boathouse that afternoon, but he wasn't there.

She went back to her room and wrote letters at her desk, looking up from time to time at the parade of boats sailing back in from the sea. It was Sunday, the end of the first mild weekend of the summer. She saw her parents' catboat. She saw her father come about and stand to. Her ex-husband's Ensign came about with a sudden flurry of luffing. She saw the people on both boats wave and talk, then both boats fall off slowly, Jack's to put back out into the west passage, her father's to starboard, circling slowly in the lee of the promontory just south of the Neck.

Jack's boat was too far away for her to see who was with him. Yet she was sure she'd heard the cracking of the sail, the sheet running through the block just an instant before, still echoing in the corners of her room.

Sailing bored her now. But the sound was soothing. And she remembered the feeling of a following sea swelling up under the stern, the hissing as the boat gathered speed sliding down the front of the wave, the quivering of the tiller in her hand as the boat half-surfed until the crest slipped by.

Perhaps the other person on Jack's boat was their old neighbor, Molly Enders. . . . Jack had once confessed to Lucy that he'd kissed Molly Enders. Lucy hadn't cared enough by then to be anything but irritated that he expected to gain something from confessing, irritated that she herself was vaguely aroused by the story. Jack always had a sneaker for Molly, as Lucy had known better than Jack. Lucy had asked Molly to fill in for her for Sunday tennis fairly often when Lucy had started spending Sundays back on Pettaquamscutt Neck.

At first Jack was all heartiness. "Molly's pretty good—a really game player."

Then baffled musing. "I wonder why Enders left her. And left her with those two boys. What a tough situation!"

Lucy said, "She has a full-time nanny."

And the next Sunday Lucy had left again for the Neck.

"How was your game? Did you and Molly beat the McEvoys?"

"They dropped out. I played singles with Molly."

Lucy found his tennis clothes dripping on the towel rack in the bathroom.

"Did you go swimming?"

Jack said from the bedroom, "What? Oh . . . No. I was sprinkling the court. Molly squeezed the hose—you know, the old trick. She let go and drenched me. So I sprayed her."

Lucy recoiled from having to suspect him. She saw for an instant the listlessness of her life.

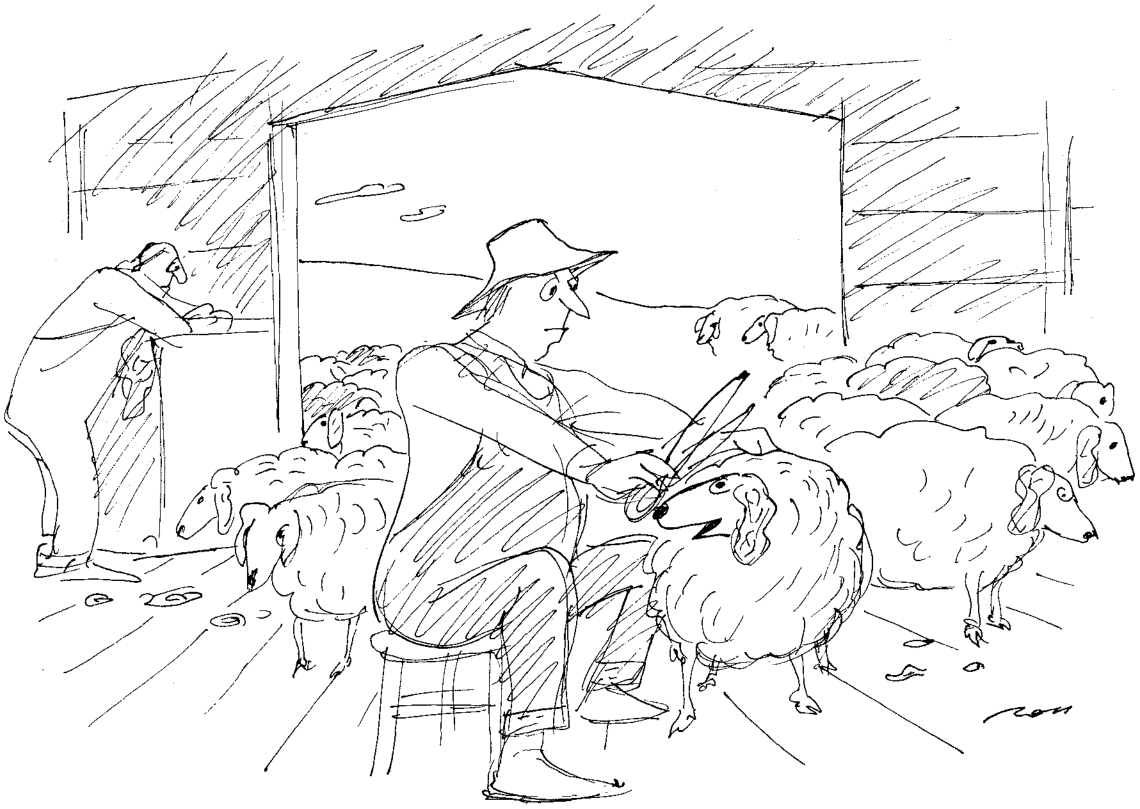
"We were tussling for the hose. It was a silly reflex—kissing her. Silly schoolboy thing."

Lucy felt tired. Over the next months, whenever he tried to charm her or to interest her, she found it easy to let his efforts slide by.

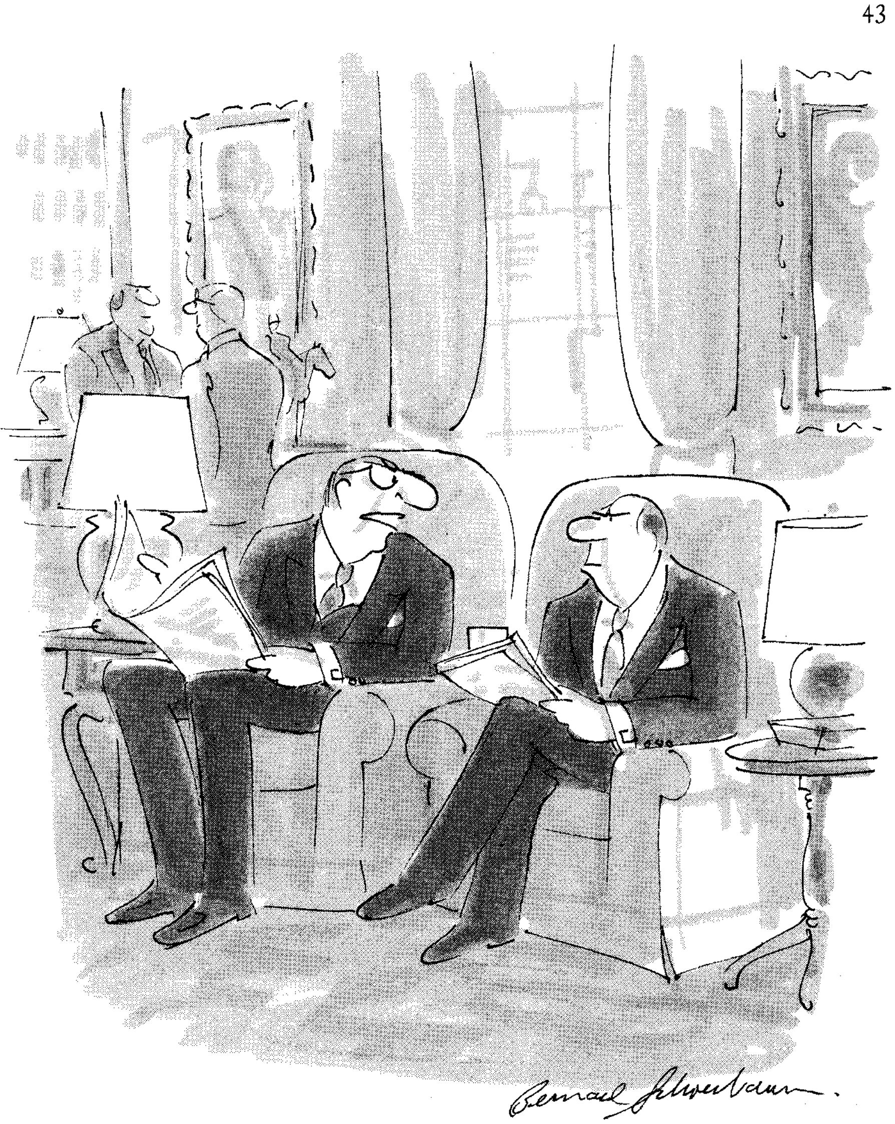
Then he confessed to her that he had had an affair. She said, "With Molly Enders."

"No."

She didn't say anything for a while. In that short period of silence she saw that he was hurt, that he was baffled at how a bright, competent man like him could fail. She was amazed, too, that all his power was checked.



"Just a little off the top, if you don't mind."



"I say if you can't win don't play the game."

• •

She was the one who was feebler, more exhausted, but he was stalled, Lucy could feel it. He'd run aground on himself. She was light, bobbing loose.

There was a period when she felt bad that she didn't feel worse. The formula that came to her was "I hurt him, but I didn't wrong him."

He, of course, got to keep the house he loved. There were no children. She'd put that off. He was generous with a lump-sum settlement.

Her parents were sad. She reassured them that although it had not been possible to continue she had not suffered. Her father looked puzzled at that.

"Do you think I should have suffered more?" she said. "I was as stoical as you could want—"

"No, Lucy. No. I wasn't thinking that. I'm sure you know the difference between necessary suffering and useless suffering."

The day she got home she found her bed with the carved headboard made up and the covers turned down.

WHEN she woke, the sun was up and, sitting against the headboard, she could see the mouth of the bay glittering. Beyond Beavertail to the southeast the sea and sky were both lighter and lighter bands of blue meeting in the pale haze of the horizon.

Now what she saw was as beautiful, only lit from the west—her father's sail, pale white in the shadow of the Neck, Jack's sail flat to the late sun as he left on a broad reach up the bay.

Why had she brought out the most miserable side of Jack? She was filled with anguish at the sight of him gliding away. She remembered that he was remarried. But he must think of her—why else did he go up the west passage under her window, when the east passage would take him home faster? She was filled with lost love for Jack, and at the same time for Phil. She'd left barbs in Phil, too, worse than just leaving him. He'd written her after she was married—a chatty note about the household in Eureka. He and his pals had made enough in their business to attempt a movie; they were on the verge of getting a matching grant if they could just get some of it developed. They'd all gone up to Northwest and filmed the Kwakiutl Indians salmon-fishing and dancing. They only needed a quick five hundred or a thousand.

Lucy had shown the letter to Jack, who'd already noticed the Eureka postmark.

"Send him the thousand. I'll write a check right now."

"What shall I say?"

"It doesn't matter. I think the check will speak for itself finally."

She'd mailed Jack's check.

She hadn't thought of how slowly but surely the check would work. She'd let herself bring out the worst in both Jack and Phil.

Phil's better side was free and blithe. Before she'd left for California with him, her father had taken him up to Providence to the Hope Club for lunch to discuss how she and Phil were going to provide for themselves. Her father was trying to put a regular and fair face on it all. She'd combed Phil's long hair and beard and found him a coat and tie in the attic. Phil had set off as if it were a great joke. Afterward, she picked him up. He grinned at her, but later in the day he asked her if it was right to clink glasses. "Your father held up his glass and said, 'I hope that things go well and that you both learn something,' and I stuck up my glass and clinked. Is that how you do it—you clink glasses?"

He wouldn't believe her when she said it didn't matter. Phil had always believed he was pulling her out of a life cluttered with forms; he said he despised them, but he'd always been a little uneasy that he might be indicted for an incorrectness before his natural charm and goodness got him off. She'd sent him Jack's check, which would fester in that uneasiness.

Poor Phil. Poor Jack. She'd caused them both so much trouble. It was odd: it didn't seem to matter if she was bad or good, she ended up causing pain.

She wondered what they'd seen in her. At this distance she saw what she'd seen in them: she could see herself getting into Phil's pickup or climbing onto Jack's boat and sailing happily away. She missed those beginnings terribly. Why did she always end up back here? Was she addicted to being a bright little girl, the sweetheart of Pettaquamscutt Neck? Or to being someone who waited for a suitor to break her chains?

As she wondered at that, and at the way she'd mangled Phil and Jack, she knew she was about to be bad in a way she hadn't been before, that might pay her back.

THE next morning, she was up at dawn and down the cliff stairs to the dock. When Rob Paxton arrived, she got the extra pair of oars to the dory and climbed in. They didn't speak. She rowed hard—she could see his oar blades right behind hers, she could see the whirlpools his oars made swirling just behind hers in the still water. She could feel his breath on her back as they rowed out, straight into the sun. After a while she faltered. Her back was wet with sweat. He ran his knuckles up her spine against the flow. He stuck one oar in the water and the dory wheeled around. The sun was hot but still low enough to be in her eyes, so that she couldn't see anything but glare in the sky and on the water. Halfway back she stopped again. This time he held her shoulder with one hard hand and put his mouth on the back of her neck.

"What a salty little sprite."

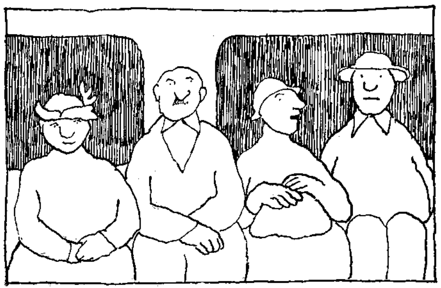
That's it, she thought, the tone I expected—his voice dropping down on her.

She rowed hard again, making the water pop and gurgle.

She was the one who tied the dory up to Russell Satterlee's pulley system. She dove in and rolled onto her back. He looked enormous as he dove in after her.

She swam to shore and picked her way out of the water and—Rob always behind her—made a little helpless dash to the boathouse porch. She could be as amused as he was at the clichés of seduction. She stood under the outside shower, pulled the top of her bathing suit out to let the water wash down the front. He stepped in beside her, singing "By the sea, by the sea, by the beautiful sea."

They lay on the hot boards of the boathouse porch. When she heard steps on the cliff stairs she went inside and peeped out the window as Russell Satterlee went by to take the dory out for his morning row. She heard Rob and Russell Satterlee speak. She watched the dory head out—Russell stroking slowly, warming up for his habitual hour. She didn't turn when the door opened, she waited by the window looking out to sea, shifting her weight, fingering the mullions with her unsteady fingers, confident that Rob would descend on her, would kiss her with kisses that would be ironic and corrosive.



She was right enough about that. But what happened next surprised her. She'd been dutiful in her chores, she'd even helped her father paint his catboat, she'd been so good and so still that she'd become drowsy. She'd meant her trip to the boathouse that morning and her next visit by night to be no more than pinching herself awake. She'd done that now and then when she ran her little business in Newport—had little adventures that wouldn't do any harm. Gone for weekend cruises with a pleasant friend on a pleasant yawl or sloop. Air and salt water in their simple forms; suspended in them, sailing in neutral waters, she was simple, too, even mild and sweet.

She thought perhaps that was how it was meant to be—three days now and then, out to sea and back, no time to undo anyone.

Now this beefy, insidious man! From the upstairs-hall window she watched for the lights to go out in his

A WOMAN AND A MAN, ICE FISHING

She: cuts a disk of ice from his skull,
lets down the sinker and line, the hook and ladder,
making remarks on the cold. Lighting fires on the ice,
she sends more bait down the fishes' dumbwaiter.
And a tug on some line! A bell rings! Who can find
the right one in time? Lines trembling, profuse as axons.

He: makes coffee, several pots, one on each fire,
believes the Groucho Marx version of an executive's desk,
I refuse to speak to a fish,
Put him through to my secretary,
Don't call us, we'll call you.
The fish try to get through, all ring together.

And, together, they (the man and the woman) lower
thermoses of coffee and sacks of provisions
hand over hand as jute rope splinters pierce mittens.
A boy at the far end, out of a fakir's basket,
climbs as fast as they extend him more rope.
Sheikhs pursue him. He hollers,

Send bedsheets! And they pour some down.
There are scimitars under the ice! And he emerges,
no stranger. The man melts and becomes a fish.

—LEE RUDOLPH

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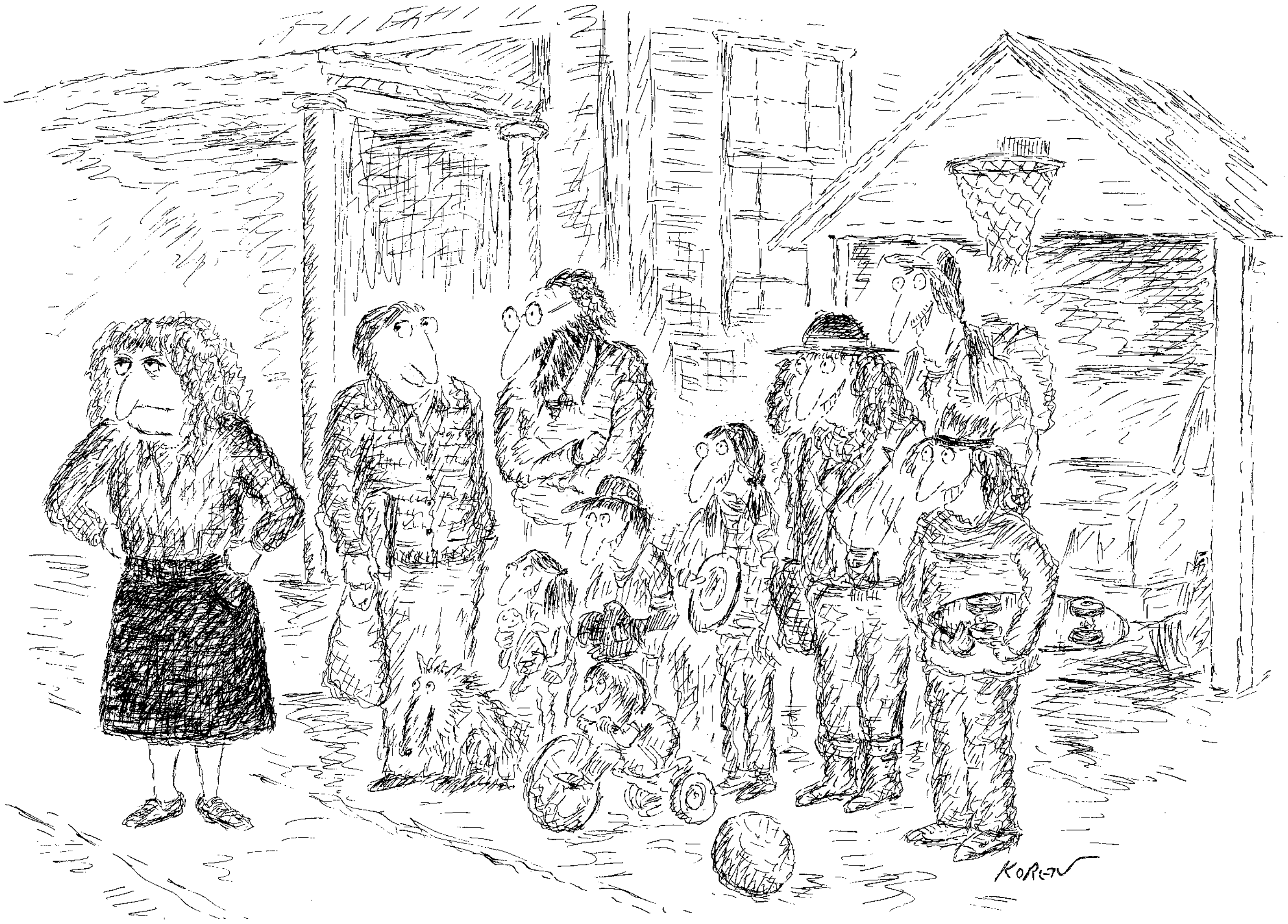


"Charlotte's opinions do not necessarily reflect those of her husband or children."

• •

rented house, the highest on the Neck. Then she went to her bedroom window on the bay side and waited to see if his shadowy bulk appeared at the head of the cliff stairs.

He'd left another note in the afternoon on the empty beet-seed packet: "Going down tonight to finish up another little painting. What will you make of it?"

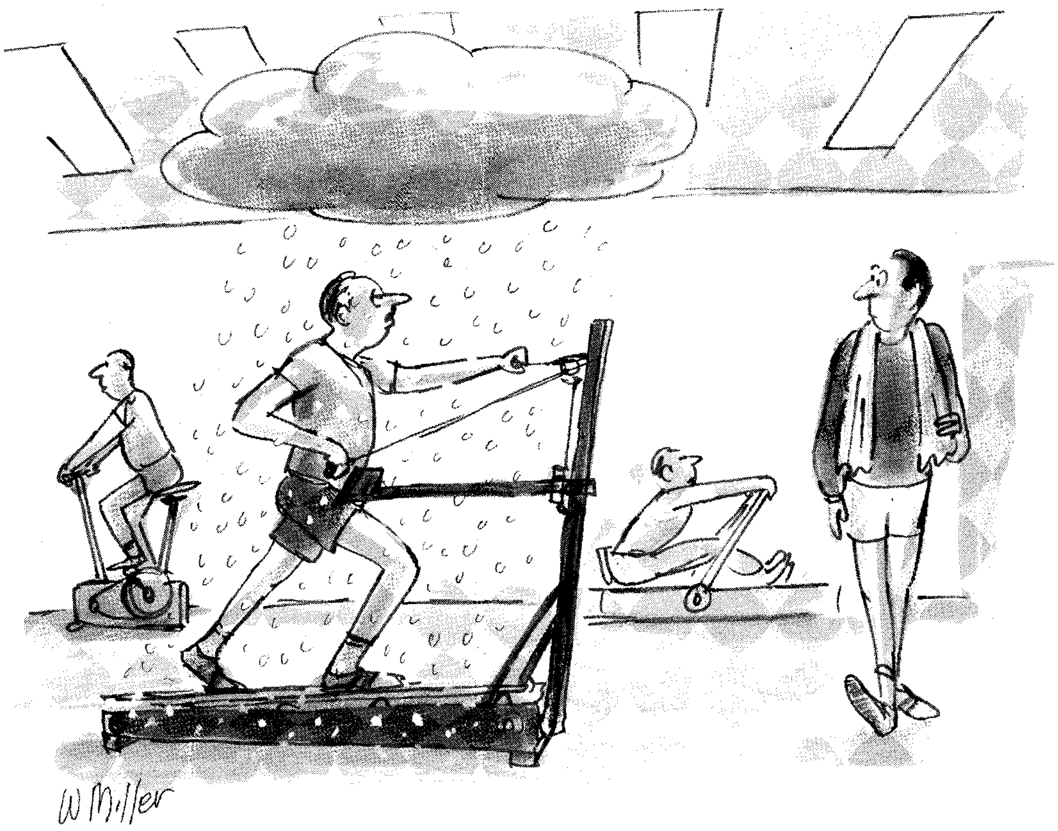
She saw his dark sweater and white hair at the top of the cliff stairs. She tiptoed past her parents' bedroom. She hadn't made love with Phil the three days he'd stayed on the Neck before they left for California.

She wore her bathing suit and beach robe in case she ran into someone. She saw it all from the outside clearly and shrewdly—if someone came down the stairs she could slip out the door and be in the water before they came round the boathouse porch. Just a midnight dip in the bay. She looked down at her pale legs pushing between the skirt flaps of the robe, her bare feet finding their way over the grass, the stones, the stairs.

She had never used the cliff stairs for anything like this. Halfway down, she felt her notion of her childhood revolve. She thought how dully mistreated she'd been, how little fun she'd had, how alone she'd been with these rickety stairs, these wooden boats, all the tedious rules and basic principles of seamanship and good character. She thought these thoughts knowing they were untrue but feeling that they had a power like truth to scale the varnish from the wood, to rust the brightwork.

He was standing down by the water. She went into the boathouse and turned off his radio. She heard his slow steps on the crumbled rock. She went over to the heap of sail bags in the corner. Each one was marked with the name of its boat. Some names were stitched in scarlet thread (her father's and Russell Satterlee's), some stencilled neatly with waterproof ink, some painted on with nail polish. There were more than a dozen bags stuffed with jibs and mainsails, some Dacron, some canvas, and the catboat's smooth-worn cotton. The canvas and cotton were on top, soft and dry as toast from having been hosed off with fresh water and hung in the sun that afternoon. Lucy spread her beach robe across the sail bags. Rob turned the light out. Lucy saw a red aftereffect of light over the sail bags. She wondered why she'd never thought of this before, offering herself on the edge of the sea, not chained to a rock (as in the picture of Andromeda in her parents' library) but face down on this jumble of sail bags, clutching a whole bushel of sailcloth to her chest as they sailed away, riding this dim white wave in the dark.

Afterward it occurred to her that,



for all his heftiness, Rob was the daintier and softer of the two of them; she was all sharp energy, as avid and awkward as a man.

AFTER Rob's family arrived everything was more difficult. He still worked from early morning to noon. Then he'd bicycle the mile or two to the Dunes Club beach to join his family. Sometimes in the afternoons Lucy *would see him playing father.* She and Rob didn't leave notes anymore. If she wished to meet him late at night in the boathouse she would stick a pin in the beet-seed packet. If he could come, he would put in another pin.

Lucy kept herself from looking for the second pin until she went out just before supper to pick vegetables. If there were two pins in the packet, she would stick them firmly back in the wooden stake, her arm and fingers fierce with a feeling that was more like unleashing rage than anything else.

She once waited five days.

They had long conversations late at night. She found she could say anything. She liked telling him harsh things about herself, about her and Phil or Jack. She liked mocking life in Rhode Island: her father's careful habits, his good citizenship, the way he and Russell Satterlee were busy little bees on the board of the Perryville School, the S.P.C.A., and the Narrow River Preservation Society, the buzz that he and Russell Satterlee made applying "basic principles of seamanship" to the simplest little maneuver in their modest boats.

Rob reflected this harshness back at her, but subtly. He would draw her attention to her body in a cool, specific way. "You have your mother's eyes and nose. And general build. But your father shows up somehow . . . your way of speaking, I suppose. And this gesture—" He tucked his chin in and stroked his eyebrow with two fingers in a way she recognized. "Do you think they were ever as seething as you are under your Yankee front? Or are they all—I include the childless Satterlees, who also seem to consider you their bonny joy—quaint good citizens to the core?"

Lucy loved hearing him splinter the old folks, breaking their silly doting on her like kindling.

The one time Rob took her breath away with alarm was when he complimented her. "You know this is doing wonders for your looks. It's not that you're prettier but that there's an erotic lustre to your wiry tomboy looks." She felt dizzy that he could see a feeling of hers, and then describe it so handily, plucking it from her limbs now it was ripe.

It reminded her of the horrible feeling of strangeness she had when she was a little girl and she heard one of the grownups on the Neck say how pretty the view was. And another would agree, "Lovely, lovely," as though it were something there for a minute, passingly obvious, when for her it wasn't a view from the porch but a jumble of slow and fast, of incoherent particulars as small as broken shells and first berries and the mottling of scraped paint and, on the other hand, of forces so invisibly looming that their coherence was larger than any words she knew or ever puzzled over—even those vague cardboard cartons of phrases like "Your father's had a hard week," "It's been a good summer," "next year."

Did these grownups not know? Or did they know so much? ("How wise we were to incorporate the Neck, Russell.")

And now, what was this man seeing? What did it mean, an erotic lustre to her tomboy looks? Just another storage phrase that packed up the grownup summer but not hers, not the incoherent particular (the stitching on the sail bags), not the sprawling blue distance that became invisible as it entered her. She couldn't bear to hear his pat coherent noticing. Her excitement at exciting him turned into a panic now. She'd never felt so erotically charged, and yet at the same time blind to herself. He mistook her silence. He said, "Another pleasure is your occasional misgiving. Your little disapprovals are truly wonderful."

She came back from that panic. But even when she was able to express her ordinary alarm at how odd she thought this all was she couldn't break the bantering tone of how she and Rob

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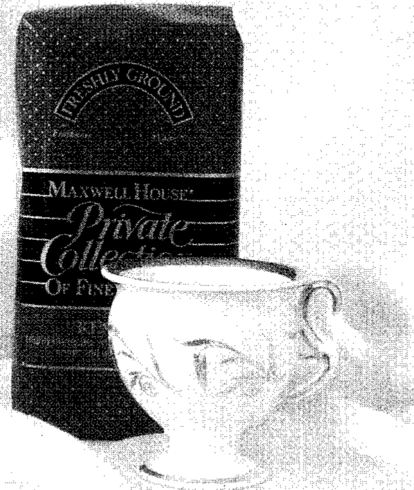
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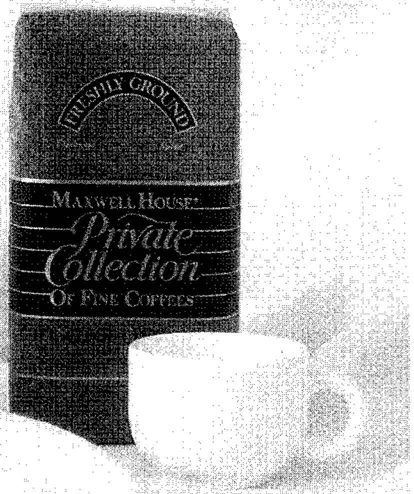
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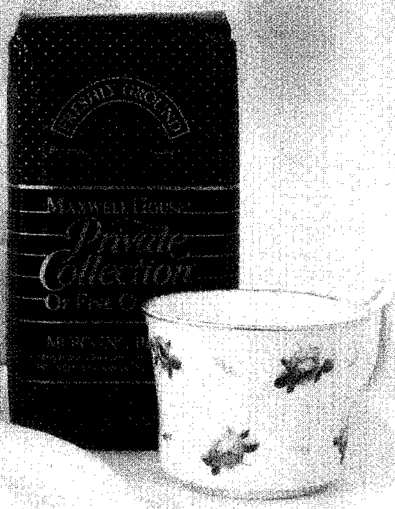
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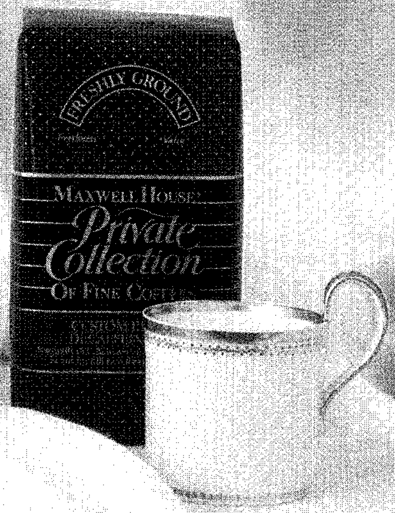
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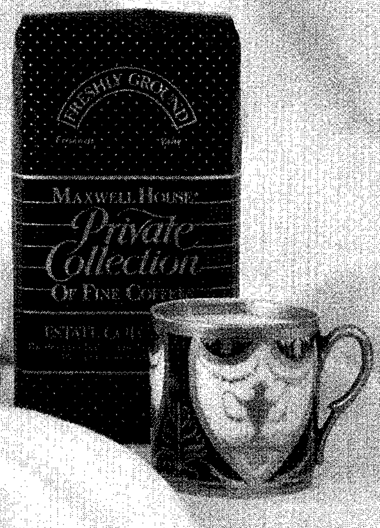
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talked. When she told him she'd never done anything like this before, certainly not here on the Neck, that she thought perhaps she should have just gone on being comfortably good, he said, "Well, apparently being good isn't good enough for you." He lay back and enjoyed his remark for some time.

Another several days passed. She finally stuck three pins in the beet-seed packet. She was already in the boathouse when he came down the stairs in the dark.

He told her he thought they'd better stop. She said, "O.K. But what for?" She wasn't going to flinch.

He couldn't really say at first. He pursed his lips and grimaced and started several sentences and then stopped. She asked him several questions: "Are you afraid someone's found out?" No. "Perhaps you're feeling guilty?" He laughed, but he began to resist being questioned. After a silence he said, "There's a nastiness to it. It's bringing out something quite nasty in both of us. I think your little sigh for your virtue the other day was just a more genteel way of saying what I'm saying now. I think if either of us could find more pleasure in being mean to the other we'd do that instead. I feel a little tug in that direction—I think you do, too. We could end up being a couple of nasty people . . . and with a taste for it."

She was horrified. She wished to argue with him but knew right away she didn't want to argue fairly; that is, to have to tell the truth. She did wish to be mean to him . . . because she was angry with him but also a tiny bit thrilled when he called her nasty. She could imagine insulting him, being insulted in return in a way that made her eyes narrow. She didn't like the idea at all, and felt herself growing cold. She wished to have no more of that idea.

She said, "Well, it's all very mysterious to me, but there's not much point in talking on and on about it."

"You don't think I'm right?"

She said, "I really don't know enough about you to say."

Then she added, "I'm sorry, I simply don't understand how to take what you say. But I think you're probably quite right that we should leave it at that." She sounded as sternly and generously reasonable as her father.

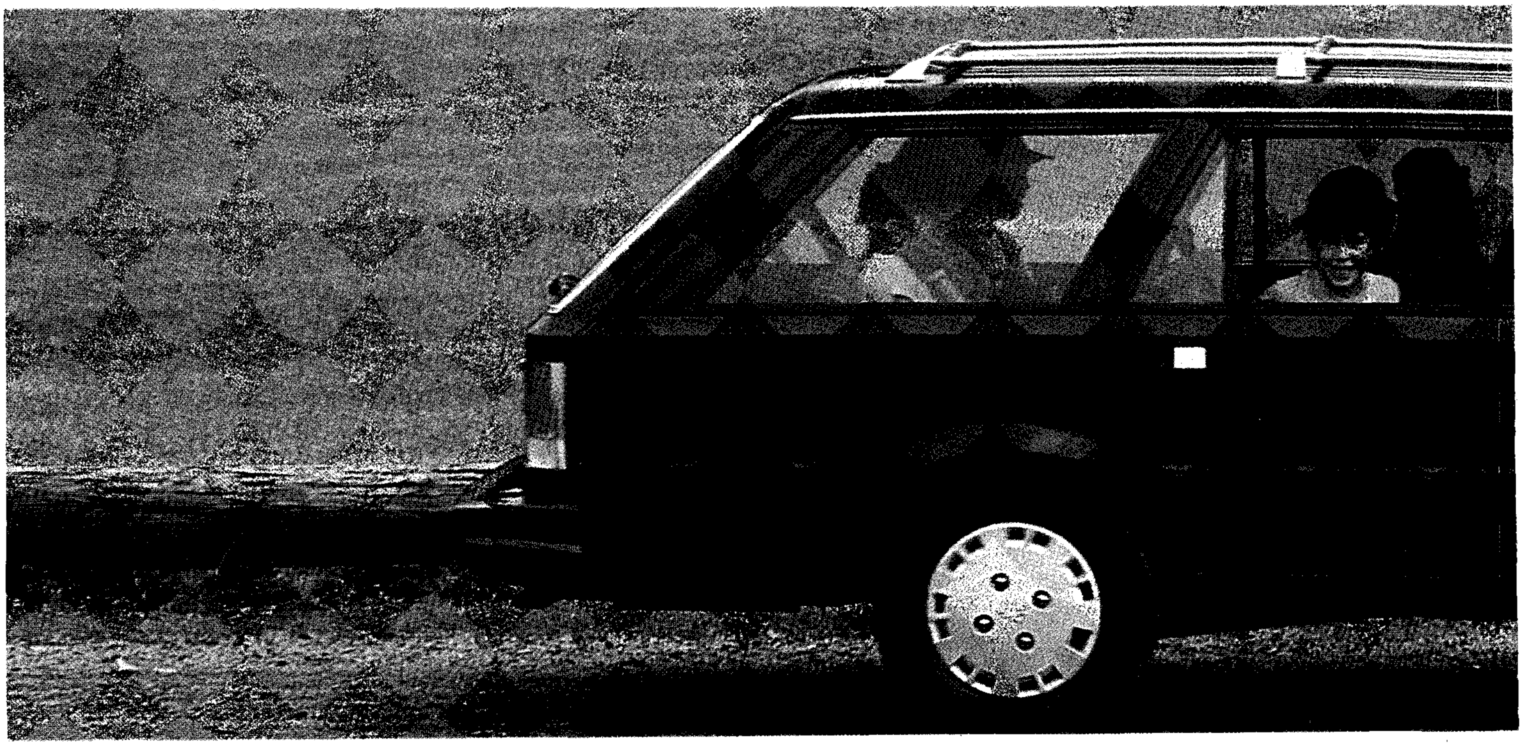
It was midnight when she got back to her bedroom, but she couldn't sleep. She was worried about everything again, but with the additional anxiety that more and more small incidents were going to occur to reveal to her more and more weaknesses and—she adopted Rob's word, loosely—nastiness in herself. She used to feel oppressed by her mistakes and bad luck, but she'd always been hopeful that she was getting better or was due to arrive soon in better circumstances. Now she feared what any small incident might reveal to her.

How could that man have done this to her? That beefy piece of vanity with soft hands, with that plummy voice.

How could he have been the one to call it off?

That was what made her revolted at herself—that he had recoiled from her. She wasn't Andromeda chained to a rock, a gauze-wrapped innocence about to be attacked by a monster. In Rob's version *she* was the monster—an avid little clam worm about to gobble up his clammy substance.

She tried to dismiss his view. She



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couldn't. She still felt desire, fiercer than any she'd ever felt. It was crazy. She was crazy. But it was in her, a warm little worm of desire.

When she was younger, with Phil and Jack, she had wished to feel more. But now this unwanted granting of her wish! And even though Rob was a connoisseur of sharp pleasures, she frightened him.

She, too, was frightened, and angered. She walked around her room in a rage. She told herself that what she'd done with Rob was nothing. Nothing! It just seemed something because she'd done it here on Pettaquamscutt Neck. But it still writhed in her. She picked up a wooden coat hanger and hit her bare calf. The stinging made her eyes water, but it relieved her.

Each time she felt this little worm, she whacked her calf so hard it left a welt. Each time she felt a twist of shame at how avid she had become, she stung herself.

She looked at the marks on her calf. She remembered that her parents were giving a dinner party, to which she would be expected to wear a dress. She looked through her closet for something long enough to cover her calf. There—a floor-length skirt, a summer print with pale green and pink checks. This was ridiculous. What was she doing here? This was absurd. She was too tired to laugh. She dutifully went through her drawer of blouses until she found one to go with the skirt—a white blouse with a Peter Pan collar.

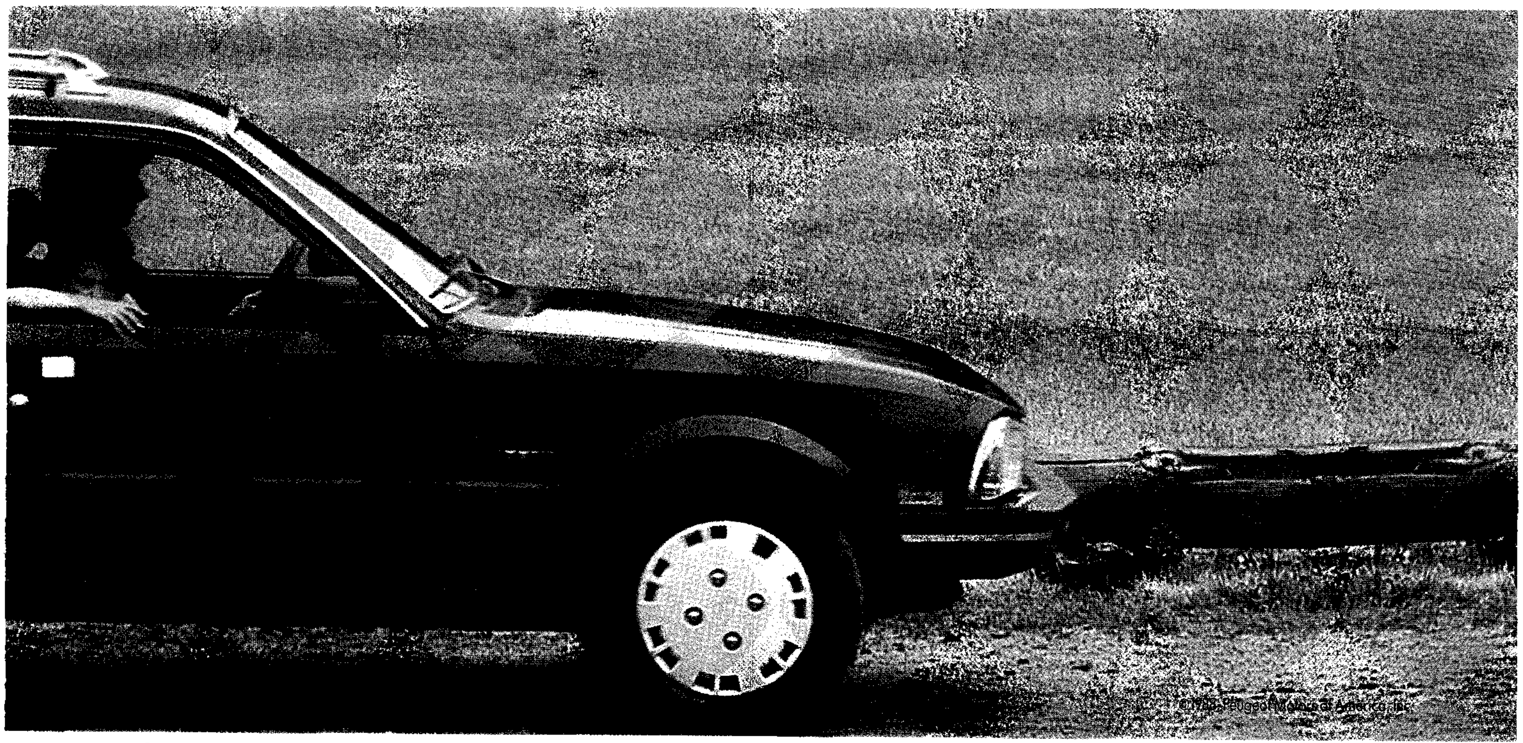
She felt hollow. She sat at the desk by the window and watched the eastern rim of the sky grow pale. She found this calming. She wasn't crazy. She'd just been through a lot. A friendly outsider would admire how much she'd been through, would say that it was perfectly natural to be momentarily upset. The *momentarily* was as soothing to her in her exhaustion as her pillow and turned-down sheets.

THE next day she helped her mother prepare for the dinner—the second of her parents' two summer parties for the families on the Neck. Her parents invited half the Neck to the first, the other half to the second. The Satterlees did the same thing, but her parents and the Satterlees carefully rearranged who was in which half. Renters, popular novelties, were invited more than their fair share. Lucy thought that a friendly outsider wouldn't be able to notice the subtlety of these arrangements and rearrangements. All day long she kept considering what a friendly outsider would make of it all, would think of her life.

The Satterlees came fifteen minutes early, as was their habit when there was a party at the Potters'. Mrs. Satterlee slipped sideways through the gap in the yew hedge and progressed smoothly up the lawn, a tent of blue velvet with tiny feet. Mr. Satterlee walked beside her, putting an occasional hitch into his stride, even halting altogether and looking sagely out to sea in order to keep abeam of her.

Mrs. Satterlee immediately took Lucy aside, slipped her arm through hers and took her for a slow walk along the seaward edge of the lawn. Lucy shortened her stride, but she refused to bend over attentively. Beatrice Satterlee was only five-two, but she never looked up to talk to taller people. She stared straight ahead. She intimidated most of them into bending their heads down to hers.

Lucy was half listening to her when



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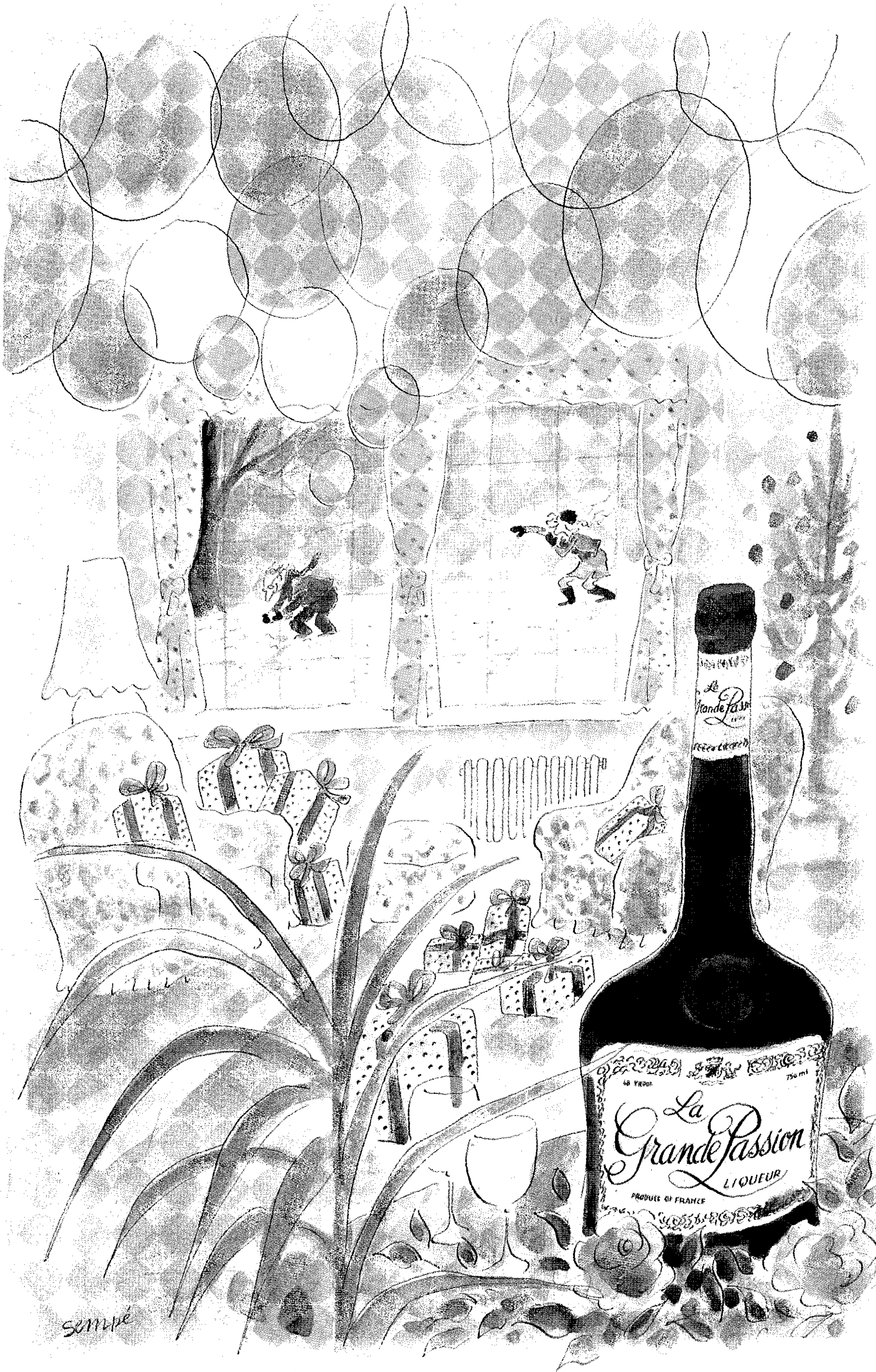
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she was suddenly alerted by the phrase "You know how fond of you I am." The next thing Lucy heard was:

"I'm sure it's very romantic, my dear, to go slipping across the dewy lawn, but these things have a way of making themselves known, and I would not like your mother and father to have to consider a problem. I mean, it may or may not be a problem for you—I'm sure it's possible to take it all quite lightly, that's none of my business, of course . . . but it is not, at least here on the Neck, *tout à fait comme il faut*."

And, as if turning her craft smoothly into the swell of Lucy's stunned, mute outrage, Mrs. Satterlee said, "You have always been a great favorite of mine, and I wouldn't dream of speaking this way to anyone I didn't care about deeply."

It wasn't because of Mrs. Satterlee's smooth change of course that Lucy didn't get mad at her. Lucy felt a pang for Mrs. Satterlee—how seriously she took herself, how seriously she regarded Pettaquamscutt Neck as a preserve of civilized comportment. Lucy recognized reflections of her own feelings (the Neck was one place she ought to be a good girl), and thought she was no less foolish than Mrs. Satterlee.

Mrs. Satterlee, perhaps taking Lucy's silence for sullenness, launched a third paragraph. "I think you share my feeling that I am not just a nosy old neighbor." Mrs. Satterlee laughed lightly. "I feel I can bring this subject up *en famille*."

Lucy said, "If we keep talking about it much longer, you'll be speaking entirely in French."

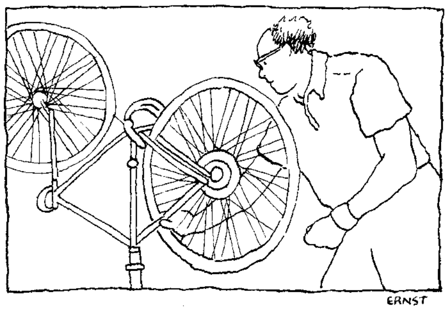
Mrs. Satterlee wasn't offended. "Well, it is a rather French subject. You know I lived in France before the war. My father's parish was the American community in Paris, and you can imagine what that was like. He knew them all, you know. So I'm not a puritan, my dear. I was exposed to all kinds of things; I became *completely* broad-minded. *Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*. And I do understand, my dear. And I think you understand me, too." She squeezed Lucy's arm. "Come along, your mother will want us to mingle."

When they sat down to eat, Mrs. Satterlee was at the far end of the table, next to Rob Paxton. Lucy could hear the duet of their rich voices, each of them seeming to urge the other to sforzandos of plumminess. It occurred to Lucy that in some horrible way they resembled each other. Their subject, which soon commanded the entire table, was the Narragansett Arts Festival scandal.

For years, the Arts Festival had been simply a chance for local weekend painters to set up booths and peddle their pictures to their neighbors. There were paintings of fishing boats at sea, beached dories, and quahog skiffs floating peacefully in foggy inlets. And of course there was driftwood sculpture. Then it had all become more serious—prize money and judges. This year, Rob Paxton had been prevailed upon to be a judge, and Mrs. Satterlee announced to the table how glad she was. But Mrs. Satterlee feared that last year's festival had been sabotaged by hippies. There had been booths selling chrome hookahs and a great many other . . . peculiar things. But worst of all had been last year's kite contest. The kites turned out to be extraordinarily beautiful, Mrs. Satterlee was the first to admit that. After all, she had volunteered to give out the prizes. Then the prize-winners had flown their kites. One of the kites represented with photo-realist detail a man in a derby hat and raincoat. When it went aloft the panels on which the raincoat was painted flapped open and revealed the man . . . revealing himself.

Mrs. Satterlee was now trying to enlist Rob Paxton in her efforts to make sure that that sort of thing would not happen again. He kept agreeing with her utterances, but somehow avoided actually being enlisted, even as he egged her on. He was amused.

Mrs. Satterlee said, "What I object to is not only that he was a sneak—I mean, we gave him the prize for one thing and he showed us quite another—but also that he meant to be cruel. And nasty. That is my point. He wasn't being jolly and bawdy in a good-natured way. I don't mind that he made a fool of me—" Rob arched one eyebrow. Lucy thought he must have practiced in front of a mirror. "I don't mind that so much as I mind the nastiness to the rest of the people in South County. He's a very clever fellow; he couldn't have not known the kind of people who come to the Arts Festival. Imagine the perfectly nice Irish and Italian mummies who brought their children to see art."



"I imagine that was part of his concept," Rob said. "*Épater le bourgeois*."

"There is a difference between astonishing the bourgeois and being deliberately disgusting." Rob lifted both eyebrows. "No, really, Mr. Paxton, this was . . . exaggerated. I'm afraid I can't make myself any clearer."

"And neither could he," Rob said, and grinned at the several people who laughed.

Mrs. Satterlee pursed her lips, silenced and cross. Lucy's father said, "I guess it could have been funny, but it just wasn't."

Mrs. Satterlee revived. She said, "This wasn't nudity at a play. It was just as much an act of exhibitionism as the criminal act itself, with the same deliberately inflicted nastiness. A complete exhibitionist, Mr. Paxton. An exhibitionist *de pie en cap*." Rob Paxton laughed. Mrs. Satterlee blushed and said, "It is the Old French word for *pied*." Rob Paxton chuckled on, and Lucy felt like belting him one. She thought Rob seriously nasty, but she had lost the right to indignation at his amusing himself at Mrs. Satterlee's expense.

Mr. Satterlee touched Lucy's elbow and cleared his throat. She turned toward him, thinking that he was making an effort to break up the general conversation.

"Ah," Russell Satterlee said, "I see we're having wine. Does that mean we're having chicken or fish for the next course?"

"Flounder," Lucy said.

Mr. Satterlee looked at the wine label more closely. "Did you deduce flounder from this wine?"

"I know we're having flounder because I bought it this afternoon."

"Ah. Not an expert witness but a yet more convincing witness—a witness to a key fact."

Lucy had always loved Russell Satterlee but found it excruciating to talk to him for long. He seemed to think he

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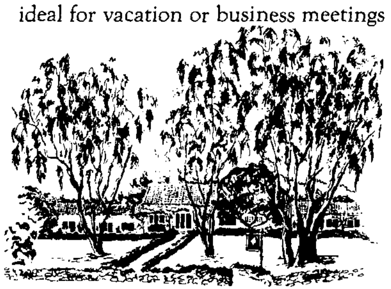

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could hold the floor so long as he was praising his listener, no matter for how trivial a virtue or accomplishment. He also knew an enormous amount about sailboats, and he loved them so much he couldn't understand that anyone would want to avoid the smallest piece of nautical information, which seemed to Mr. Satterlee to emanate not from him but from some font of knowledge that he and his listener should enjoy together without the conversational elapsed time being charged to his account.

Russell Satterlee said, "The way you cleared up that question reminds me of a Swedish sailor I once met. Dick Jennings and I were out on his boat once . . . Do you know Dick Jennings? Wonderful fellow, and an awfully good sailor. Dick and I were out on his ketch . . ." Russell described the rigging, which was intricate, the weather, which was stormy, and several feats of Dick Jennings' seamanship, which were extraordinary. They ended up in a harbor of refuge at Block Island.

Lucy said, "Is Jennings the Swedish sailor?"

"No, no. I'm coming to him." Russell maneuvered the ketch to a mooring alongside a schooner, whose even more intricate rigging he also described.

Lucy thought she might faint with boredom. She tried to control her breathing. She didn't understand how she could be simultaneously bored and panic-stricken.

Russell said that Dick Jennings knew the owner.

Lucy said, "The Swedish sailor?"

Russell shook his head while continuing to describe the dinghy in which Dick Jennings and he rowed over to the schooner.

Russell said, "We went below, and there indeed was the owner, eating supper with two of the hired crew." Russell took some time out to deliver an essay on the salutary blend of hierarchy and democracy on a small sailing vessel. "We sat down, all at the same table, and the owner introduced us. The Swedish sailor nodded but did not interrupt his consumption of peas, which, in spite of the fact that we were rolling a bit, he was eating with his knife."

Lucy was glad to hear they'd reached the Swedish sailor, but her heart sank when Russell had Dick Jennings tell a story about how the Newport-to-Halifax race was won by a fancy bit of jib-handling near the finish. Dick Jennings told his story in as much detail as even Russell found complete.

Lucy tried to hear what Rob Paxton was saying to Mrs. Satterlee, but Russell's voice engulfed her as solidly as the sound of surf.

Russell said, "When Dick Jennings finished his story of the race, the Swedish sailor interrupted his consumption of peas with his knife only long enough to say, 'Mr. Yennings, dot's wrong.' Now, I hope I've made it clear from my description of him that Dick Jennings was not the sort of man who was in the habit of being told to his face that he was just plain wrong. But Dick was a guest on board and understood that although the Swedish sailor was hired crew and was eating peas with his knife, the Swede was on board his own ship. So Dick, without taking offense, very calmly and politely told the story again. . . ."

Lucy grew alert with fear. And indeed, as calmly and politely as Dick Jennings, Russell was telling the story all over again. Lucy felt scorched with boredom. She felt like a crumpled paper tossed into the fire, landing a bit to one side, curling and turning brown but taking forever to burst into flame.

Russell said, "Now, when Dick finished his account, really a very plausible and instructive account of seamanship in general and jib-handling in particular, the Swede looked up from his peas and said once again, 'Mr. Yennings, dot's wrong.' Well, I can tell you, I braced myself. Dick Jennings slowly turned toward the Swede and said, 'You know, I'm quite interested in what you have to say. Now, I heard this story from the skipper of the boat in question, and I'm known among my friends as having a pretty fair memory, and even as knowing a thing or two about boats. So I would be grateful, young man, if you'd tell me why it is that you seem to think I am, as you put it, wrong.' I can tell you, Lucy, my blood was ice water. But the Swede looked Dick right in the eye and said, 'De skipper he vas in de stern of de boat. I vas de yib man and I vas right up front. So, Mr. Yennings, I vas right dere.'" Russell laughed and faced Lucy. Lucy felt in a trance. She thought she might really have been hypnotized. Russell laughed a little more, and Lucy heard herself laugh. Russell grabbed her hand. "You have such a pretty laugh, Lucy." His hand was wide, callous, and hard as a board. "I've been meaning to talk to you seriously. I know you've had a rotten time, my dear, a very hard time." He listed her misfortunes to her, starting with her having been misled by that West Coast hippie, her unhappy marriage to that ill-tempered young admiralty lawyer, who'd disappointed them all so badly, and at last her valiant business effort.

She at first concentrated on his old dry, warm hand, but along the way she found what he was saying to her so blindly loyal that she was moved.

"It's much harder being a young woman these days than when I was young. Obviously I can't testify from direct experience, but I have observed this. And I'm considered a pretty fair judge of character, so when I say you are a remarkably fine young woman you can fairly well rely on its being so."

He released her hand. She wanted to hold his again. She was dizzy with a panic that his hand seemed to dispel.

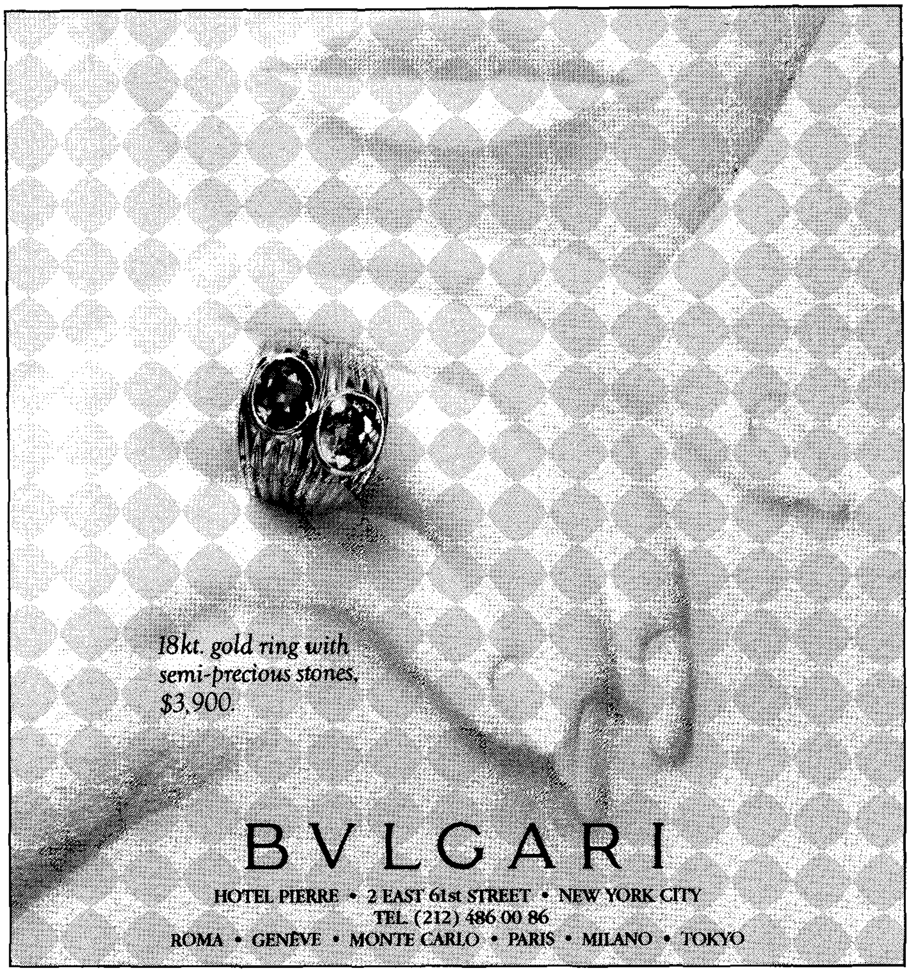
He said, "Are you having a good summer? I can tell you it's a great pleasure looking out and seeing you digging away in your garden. You look as though you're back on an even keel."

She said, "I'm all right. Aside from thinking I'm going to go crazy, I'm just fine."

He seemed less surprised than she was at this statement. He said, "Let me tell you something about feeling crazy, Lucy. You aren't crazy just because you feel crazy. You're only crazy if you do something crazy."

That made her laugh. He said, "Now, wait—that's not as foolish as it sounds." She wasn't laughing because he'd said something foolish. What made her laugh was the preposterousness of his knowing her, of his loving her. (She'd heard Mrs. Satterlee say, "Oh, Russell adores Lucy! He'd put his hand in fire for her.")

Of course he knew her—not her heading West in Phil's pickup, not her in Jack's house and garden, not her in and out of business in Newport, but her as the bright girl in the dark house. It was preposterous, as preposterous as his knowing the sea, as his loving the sea—this lanky, watery-eyed old man with dry broad hands as hard and worn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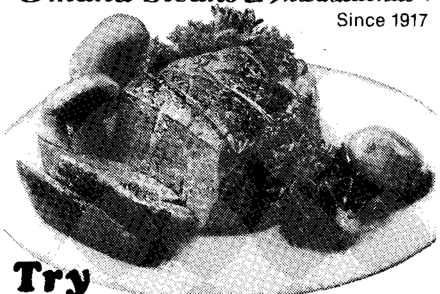

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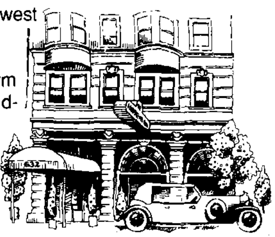

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as oar handles, his head full of names of sails and admirable boats owned by admirable businessmen. But it was wonderful that he tried, that he ever clambered on board a sailboat and sailed away from land, that he thought of ways to praise her, that he took her hand or patted her knee.

Yankee bankers and lawyers, descended from Yankee traders and privateers, owning these dark houses on Pettaquamscutt Neck, knew her and loved her, told her to pay her debts and told her she was sane—forgave her and adored her.

But even as she felt this brimming high tide of dutiful affection, she felt it begin to run out fast the other way.

They were preposterous!

She could already see the barnacles on the rocks, then the sagging eelgrass flattening on the intertidal mud, the oozing debris of the high tide of her love of them and her self-loathing.

All that drained out of the bay. They didn't know her, and they didn't know what was really going on. When her father had told her before he took Phil to the Hope Club, "If I was certain you were ruining your life, I'd try to stop you. But I have no such certainty," she'd thought how amazing it was that he could see so far, encompass so much. But he hadn't seen anything at all! He was just feebly and blindly hoping. She'd thought he had a kingly conscience whose gentle reproofs and balanced love would reach her anywhere. So she never developed a conscience of her own. That was their fault, that she had no conscience. Now she wanted a conscience, not in order to blame herself but in order to forgive herself. As they forgave themselves.

But now the tide rushed back in over the oozing flats she'd just uncovered.

She'd felt a sense of shame each time she'd failed, but her shame had brought her back to this snug little Neck. Here she was reproved and comforted. Sanded down, patched up and refitted. And then she could set out again. Her fault was she didn't really leave. She hadn't been completely present, either, in California or even just across the bay in Bristol.

Poor Phil, who thought she'd run away with him.

Poor Jack, who thought she'd married him.

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As she began to drown in this flood,

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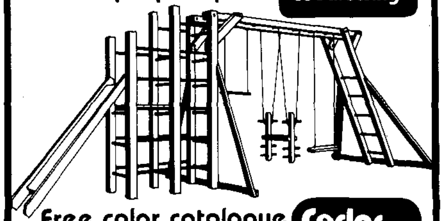

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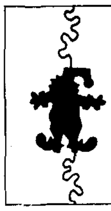

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she wished it out again. It wasn't her fault! If only she'd known these men were not her conscience, how much less a fraud she might have been, and how much more whole. She wouldn't have had to find her tiny little moments of happiness in grit and dust and ashes. Tiny little humbling chores to make her a good girl. What frauds these men were! Their modest disclaimers invited her to think they knew more—oh, worlds more!—than they said. Their calm pipe-sucking poses were tintypes of authority. They varnished themselves with plainness so they did not appear to think themselves great; they sat so assured of their common sense and plain virtue that they could allow turbulence to dance around them. In the face of a rant against them they could sigh. In the face of brutal, shrill disagreement they spoke softly. It was in this sneaky fog of modesty and this haze of careful tedium that they maintained themselves. They said,

Get a grip on yourself, now.

Steady as she goes.

Well, let's just hear what he has to say for himself, and then we'll see.

If we all just sit tight . . .

But they were as crazy as she was. Their "basic principles," their laws, rules, and regulations were crazy. They were obsessions, crazy incantations to make their inertia feel like the seat of the elect.

What was so wrong with her life, anyway? How dare they sit back and cluck over her! And then turn down her sheets when she came home.

She came to with the little breeze that blew in through three inches of open window, that fluttered the white curtains and bent the candle flames in their clear glass chimneys. The horrible accelerated rushing in and out, her outgoing accusatory fury and her incoming self-loathing dwindled, the turbulent chop of contradicting herself grew still. In this first calm instant she saw Russell's hand now again lying on hers on the white tablecloth between his dessert fork and her spoon. She thought, I can't feel it. I am losing my senses.

She moved her hand and felt his. She thought, It's just that his hand bored mine. His hand put mine to sleep. My hand is normal.

It was bright and calm again.

She and her mother would clear the table.

Her mother and father and the Sat-

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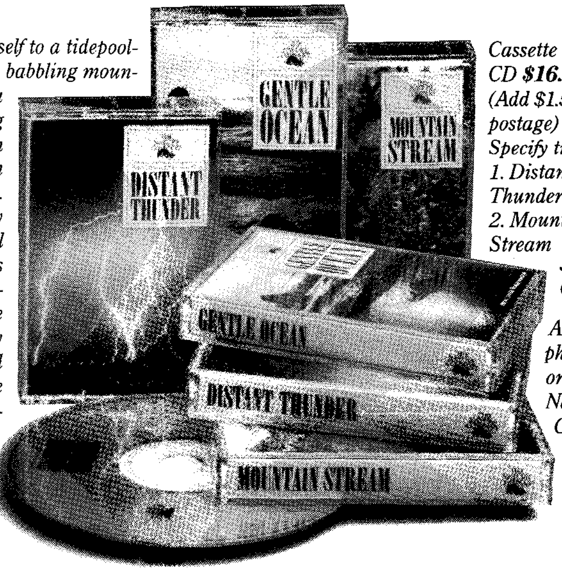

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terlees had been lucky to love themselves, that was all. They'd been lucky to be so fond of themselves and the lives they'd fitted into. Soon they'd be shrinking as fast as the Neck. Faster. Her father and mother and godfather and godmother were useless to her now. She'd get as much use out of them as out of that creep Rob Paxton. She'd get as much use out of her wooden clothes hanger as out of her turned-down sheets.

Russell was now telling his Hurricane-of-'38 story, and Beatrice was punctuating it.

Lucy thought she should leave for college, or run off with her boyfriend, or get married, or start her own business, and it was a real surprise to her when she remembered she'd done all those things.

But she'd done them all before she really and truly left Pettaquamscutt Neck, before she'd realized she could leave.

She wished she could give up trying to decide whether she was bad and crazy or whether they were. That wasn't the question. . . . There wasn't any question that was the question, there wasn't any wish that was the wish that would make her more than she was, there wasn't any fairy godmother or prince or magic fish to change her. She felt herself alone inside her skin.

Russell absent-mindedly drew his pipe from his side pocket, and his rolled tobacco pouch with the Hope Club insignia on it from his inside breast pocket. He filled his pipe. His broad fingers pinched a match out from a waterproof cylinder with a tiny compass embedded in its screw top. He was always ready for heavy weather. Beatrice caught his eye with one sideways flick of her own, and he put the match away without lighting it. He kept his pipe in his mouth, rattling the stem in his teeth a little, like a patient old horse passing time with its bit. He would get a chance to light it when the men retired to the chart room. He would point with the stem to various places on chart 1210 (Block Island to Martha's Vineyard) in its mahogany frame on the wall, and he would puff away describing happy moments at sea to Rob Paxton.

Lucy decided to let him be. And to let Beatrice be when she took out her needlepoint in the living room with the women. Her parents and the Satterlees were shrinking no matter what, sweet shrinking old men and women who'd been lucky to have such a good opinion of themselves. Let them cling to their little cliff top, their dwindling cells still able to catch the light that broke across the bay.

Lucy got up and began to clear the table. How strange she felt, how strange it was to know this place after all—to know the raised patterns of the plate rims she felt with each thumb, to know just how hard to push her hip against the swinging kitchen door to make it stay open. She knew each voice and its place in the web of agreement. How strange that she'd thought she had to struggle to escape it—to close her eyes and bolt away, to behave badly or to go crazy. All she had to do was brush by it, coming or going. She didn't even have to say a word. Whatever grace or power she needed didn't depend on their letting her go or taking her back.

She drifted back into the dining room and picked up two more plates, her thumbs reading the rims again. Her father and Russell Satterlee had led the men to the chart room.

It came to her that all this would be hers one day. Of course she'd known that all along, but she'd never contemplated the sensation. How horrible of her to imagine . . . She amended dutifully: all this would be hers, diminished without them. But that was not what she felt. First she felt the comedy of herself as châtelaine, as a member of the corporation, knowing basic principles. And she felt a pivot on which weight balanced to weightlessness: all this would be hers, she was not theirs.

Mrs. Satterlee and her mother took the women to the living room. Lucy took cups and saucers from the shelf and forgave her father and mother for letting her think that because they loved her she was in their power. She felt the patterns on the cups and saucers under her fingertips. She felt a tenderness for her illusions. She could slip them off and leave them intact, as intact and fragile as china, as intact and fragile as the rest of her parents' lives, as Pettaquamscutt Neck beside the enormous sea. —JOHN CASEY

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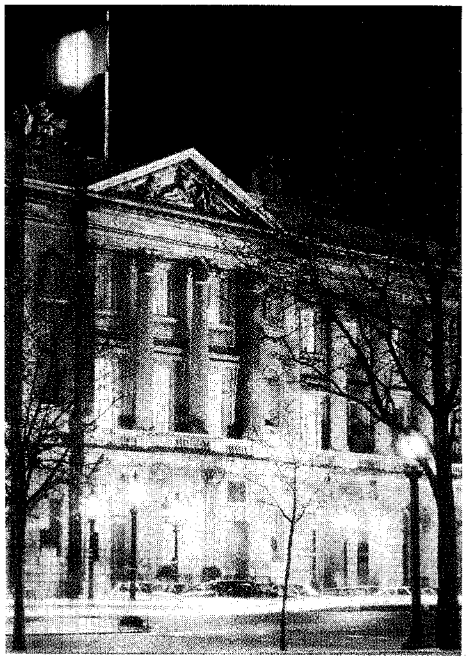

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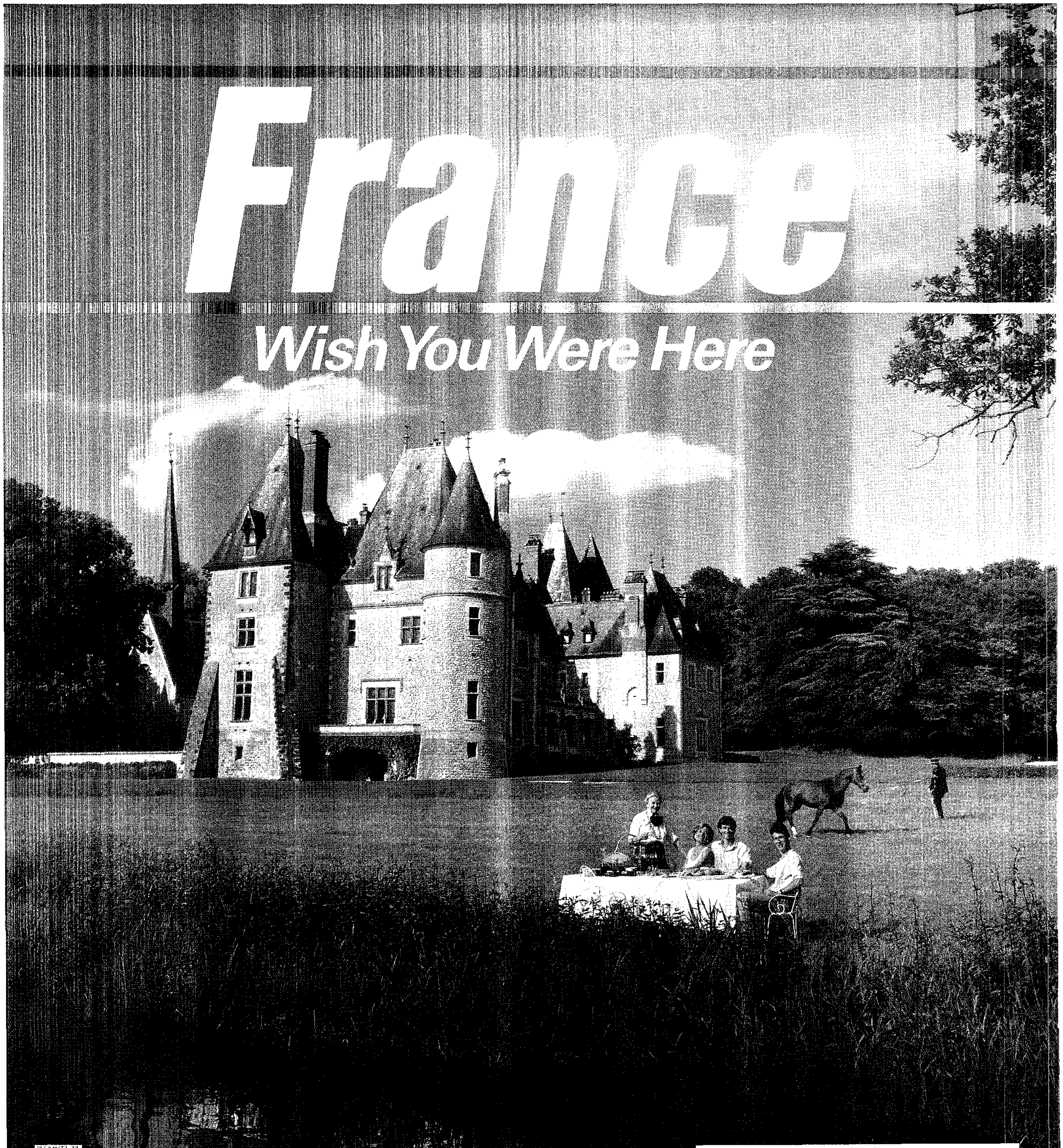

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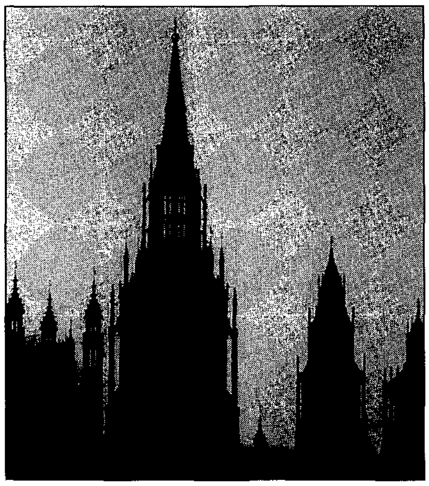
BY TOM BOGDANOWICZ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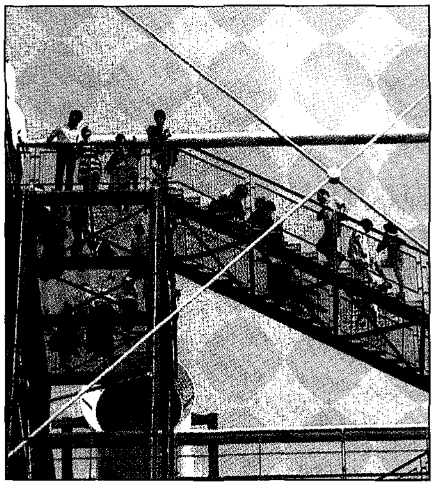
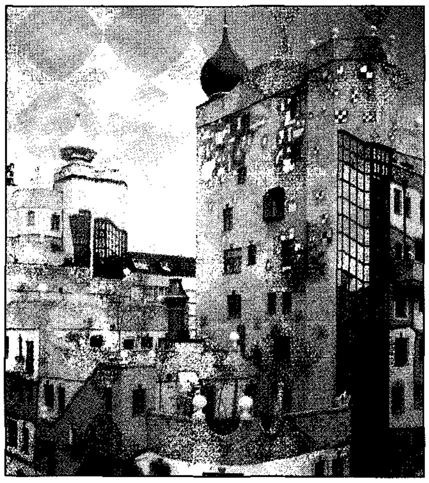

Robert Rattner


Vienna Tourist Board

Bob Krist

European architecture, from the Forum Romanorum to the modern blocks of Le Corbusier, is the root from which American architecture developed. Seeing the great buildings of Europe is both a visual delight and a satisfying way of piecing together the puzzle of architectural history.

Tom Bogdanowicz is a photographer and noted authority on European architecture.

PARIS

Robert Rattner

The Panthéon, seen from the Left Bank

If Europe had to be represented by one city, then Paris would be the obvious choice. So much of European art, literature, fashion, political thought, and philosophy was born in Paris that creativity is almost a part of the brickwork. The quarters of Paris which were immortalized by the Impressionists and which attracted writers like Hemingway, Baudelaire, and Sartre are still as ramshackle and lively as they were sixty years ago.

Paris, unlike many other European capitals, feels like a single, unified city. A Parisian lays claim to the whole of Paris, not just a neighborhood as might a London Cockney. The architectural coherence of Paris is primarily the work of Baron Georges Eugene Haussmann, who rebuilt much of Paris in the mid-19th century and gave it its wide tree-lined boulevards.

A PARISIAN LAYS CLAIM TO THE WHOLE OF PARIS, NOT JUST A NEIGHBORHOOD AS MIGHT A LONDON COCKNEY.

The Old Heart of Paris—Ile de Cité

The Parisii tribe first settled here two hundred years before Christ was born, and it is here that the city's great Gothic buildings stand: Notre Dame, Sainte Chapelle, and the Law Courts. Notre Dame cathedral, whose perfect facade remains etched on every visitor's memory, encapsulates three centuries of Gothic architecture. Work started on the cathedral in 1163, 19 years after the first Gothic structure, the choir of St. Denis, was completed. Notre Dame's ground plan is of the Early Gothic type, having short but centralized transepts. The Radiant Gothic east end of the cathedral with its numerous chapels and forest of flying buttresses on the outside was completed in the 14th century. The rose windows of the cathedral are outstanding.

Sainte Chapelle was built by Pierre de Montreuil to house King Louis IX's collection of sacred relics. The king was canonized by Pope Boniface VIII in 1297. The major secular work of the Middle Ages in Paris is the keep of the Chateau de Vincennes in the Vincennes Park.

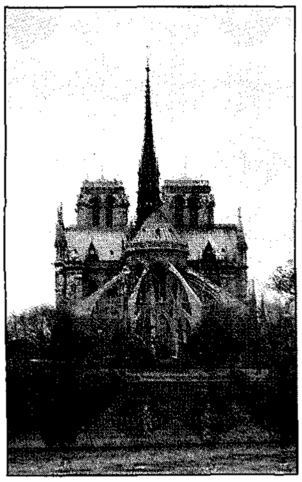
Renaissance, Baroque, and the 19th Century

Renaissance and Classical architecture are best represented in the center of Paris. The Louvre spans every period from the Renaissance Cour Caree by Pierre Lescot to the 19th-century modern wing which houses the Ministry of Finances. Next door to the Louvre the gardens of the Palais Royale offer a quiet refuge from the tourists.

While nothing in central Paris rivals the splendor of nearby Versailles, begun in the 17th century, the sight of the gilded dome of Les Invalides from the Alexander III bridge is memorable, and the leafy Place de Vosges, Paris' oldest square, also dates from this Baroque period.

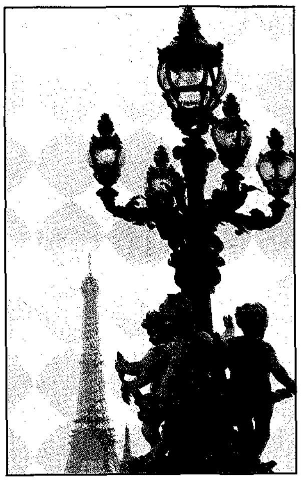
The mid-19th century was the period when Haussmann imposed the rather heavy look of functional Neoclassicism on Paris. Five or six story blocks traditionally housed a mixture of social classes with the rich on the ground floor and the poor on the roof. The quarter of Montmartre became popular with painters at this time. Numerous sketch artists now work in the square next to Sacré Coeur, a church not noted for its architecture but commanding an excellent view of Paris.

The building which represents the



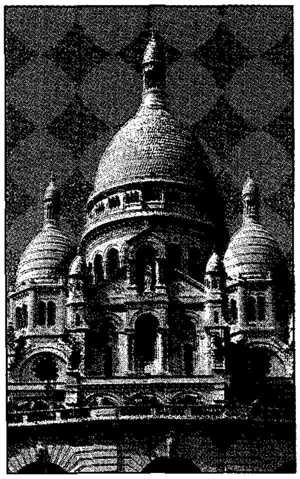
Tom Bogdanowicz

Notre Dame



Robert Rattner

The Eiffel Tower (background)



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Abadie's Sacré Coeur

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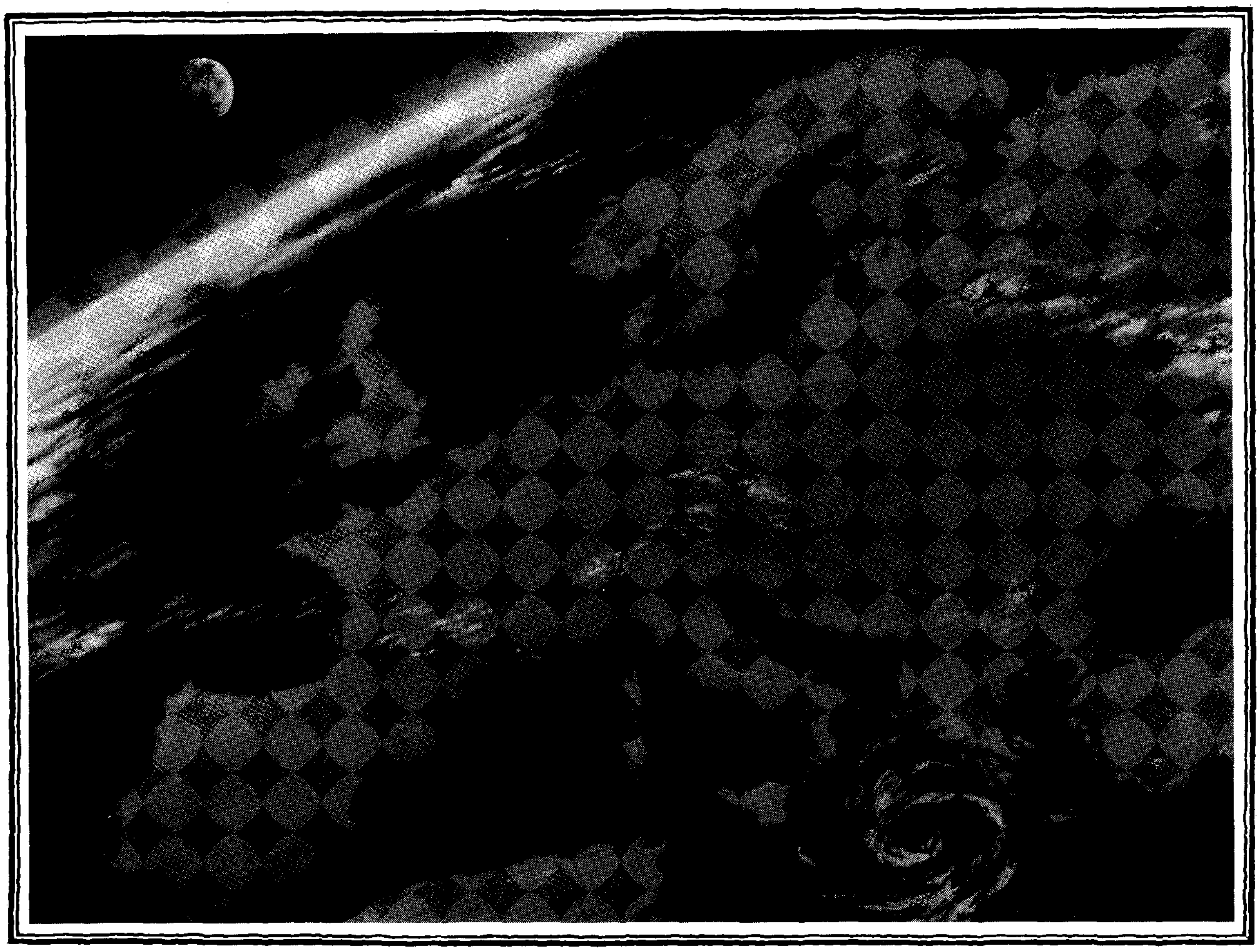

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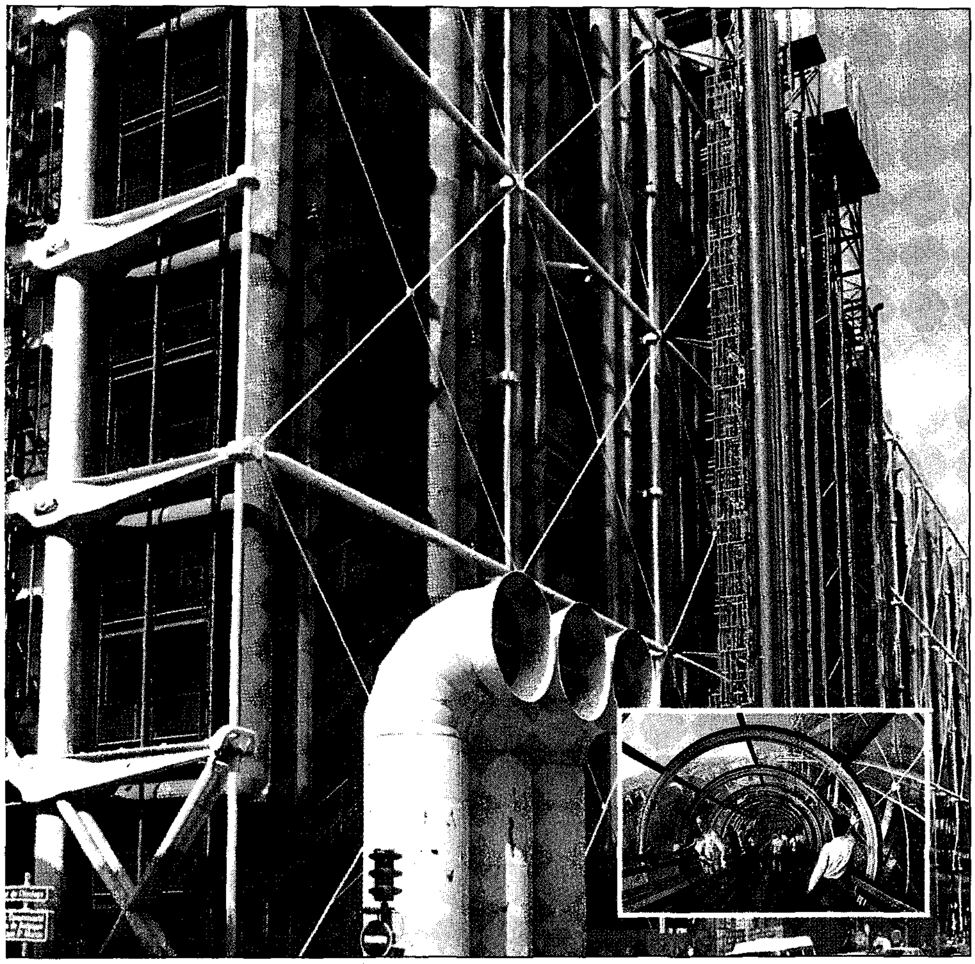
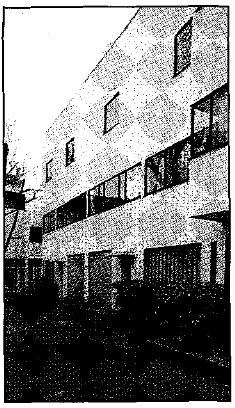


Robert Rattner, inset Tom Bogdanowicz

Piano & Rogers' Beaubourg (Centre Georges Pompidou) uses technology as its ornamentation

best of Parisian revivalist architecture is the Neo-Renaissance Opera House by Charles Garnier. The lavishly decorated interior and the staircase in particular are best seen when attending an evening performance there.

In the late 19th century Paris witnessed pioneering use of steel and reinforced concrete. The symbol of Paris, the Eiffel Tower (both London's Tower Bridge and Paris' Eiffel Tower are best remembered as 19th-century engineering marvels) was built for the 1889 World's Fair. Gustav Eiffel, the designer, originally had an apartment on top of the tower. The end of the century also saw the blossoming of Art Nouveau in Paris, most notably in Hector Guimard's steel Metro entrances and his first design, the Castel Beranger at 14 rue La Fontaine.



Tom Bogdanowicz

Maison La Roche

Le Corbusier and Modernism

In the early part of the century Paris played an active part in the growth of modern architecture. In 1903 Auguste Perret built one of the first reinforced concrete buildings, a house in the Rue Franklin. Le Corbusier, the leading exponent of modernism, had ambitious plans for redeveloping Paris. Fortunately they came to nothing. Le Corbusier's white villas with their pilotis—free standing supporting columns—and strip windows established the International Modern style. Several villas are located near the Bois de Boulogne. The earliest (and perhaps most uncompromising) of them, the Maison La Roche in the square du Docteur Blanche, houses a Le Corbusier Museum. Two of his larger blocks form part of the University village in the south of Paris.

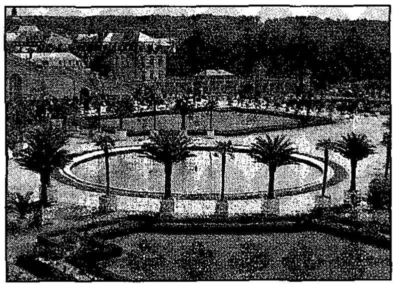
Probably the most famous of Paris' post-war buildings is the Beaubourg (Centre Georges Pompidou), the city's enthusiastically received cultural center, designed by Piano & Rogers (Renzo Piano and Richard Rogers). One of President Pompidou's reasons for the project was to lure the French composer Pierre Boulez back to Paris. When Pompidou's successor suggested budget cuts that would eliminate the space intended for Boulez the whole project was threatened. But Piano & Rogers prevailed and the colorful structure with its external escalator and service ducts was completed in 1977.

The beauty of his buildings, says Rogers, lies in their adherence to the Gothic principle of form following function. In reply to accusations that the Beaubourg is impractical, Rogers argues that there were budget cuts and that the actual use of the building differs from that which was intended. Little is said by critics about the simple but cleverly planned cobbled square that Piano & Rogers built outside the museum. It slopes upwards, creating an area like the Campo in Siena and tourists flock there in the summer.

A new development in Paris may eclipse the notoriety of the Centre Georges Pompidou: I.M. Pei's glass pyramid in front of the Louvre crowns an underground extension for the museum.

Robert Rattner

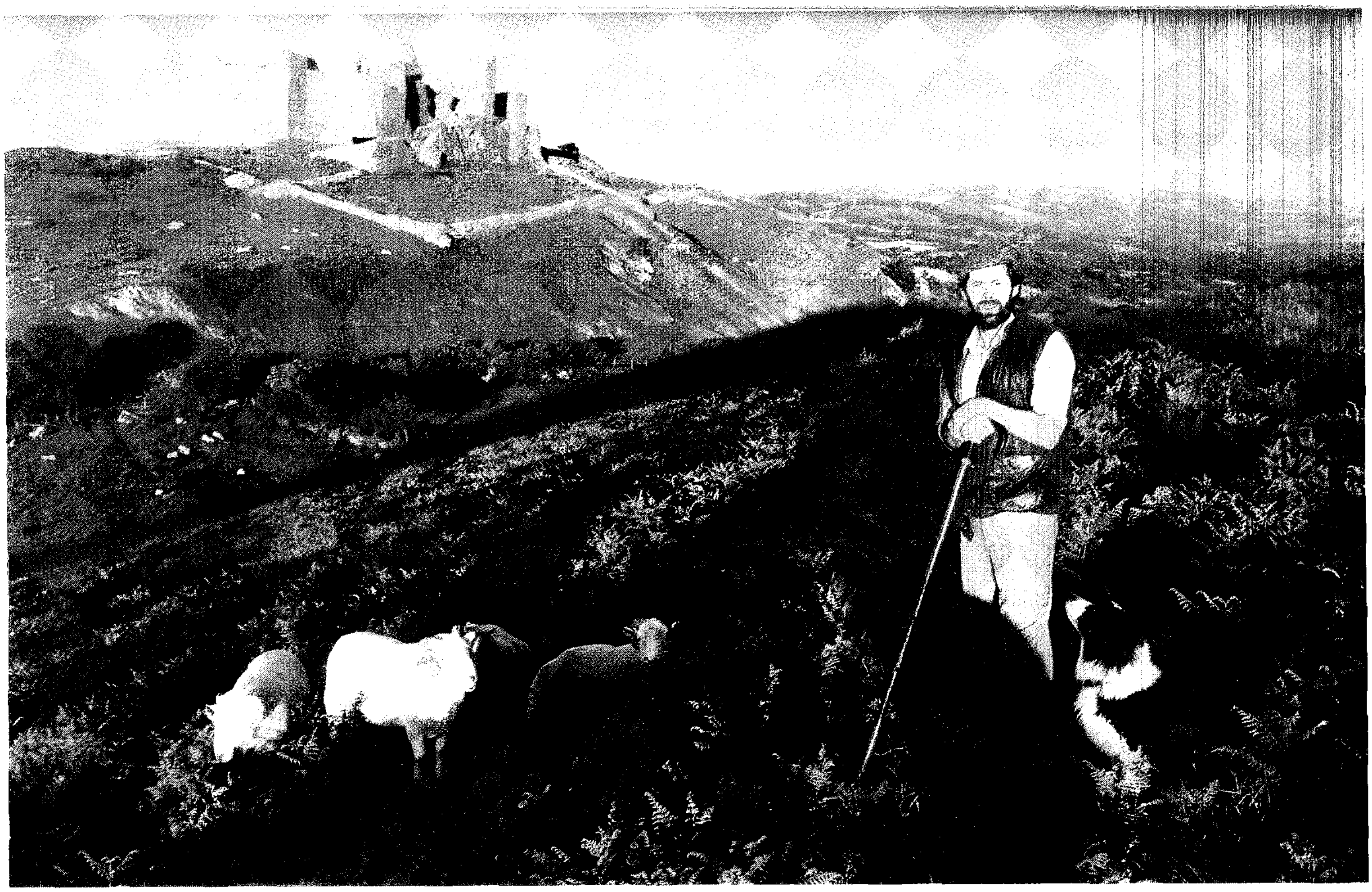
Versailles: interior, gardens



Robert Rattner

Versailles

The Palace of Versailles was once the envy of every European monarch. In 1661 the Sun King, Louis XIV, started construction on what was to be the most splendid palace of its time. Over 30,000 workmen labored on the beautiful Classical and Baroque designs of Le Roy, Le Vau, and Mansart. The Palace is set in the much imitated gardens laid out by La Notre.



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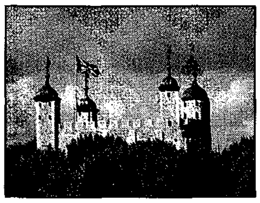
Samuel Johnson's famous statement, "When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford," is as true today as it was in the 18th century. London probably offers visitors a greater variety of architecture, entertainment, and style than any city in the world.

Ever since the Romans established London about 2000 years ago, Britain's capital city has grown in complex and fascinating layers following the ups and downs of England's fortunes on the world stage. Despite the Great Fire of 1666 and the bombing of WWII, structures of all periods are preserved in the city. As London expanded, it enveloped outlying settlements, like Hampstead and Highbury, many of which retain a village character while still forming a part of the great city.

Romans, Normans, and the Rise of Gothic Architecture

From the Roman era London still retains parts of the old city wall. It is most convenient to see the sections near the Tower of London, the city's first fortress, which was built by the Norman king William the Conqueror in the 11th century, both to defend the city and keep its population in line. Of the same Norman period is the small church of St. Bartholemew the Great, located in the historically rich area of Charterhouse Square. It is a gem that many tourists miss.

Norman architecture was a heavy and unadorned variant of the Romanesque. In churches the style used three tiers of round Roman arches visually linked by vertical shafts that rose to the roof raising the churchgoer's eyes toward God. One of the most perfect examples of Romanesque work is Durham Cathedral in the north of England.

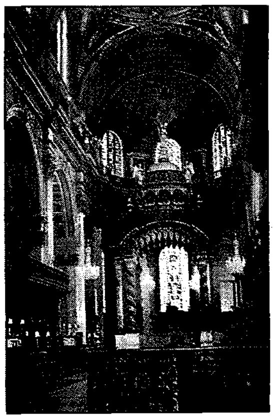


The Tower of London

Obremski

Gothic architecture, which dominated medieval Europe, is easy to describe: pointed arches, ribbed vaults, and flying buttresses. The pointed arch and ribbed vault were in some Romanesque churches (like Durham Cathedral). Coupled with the flying buttress, so visible on the outside of Notre Dame in Paris, the new techniques enabled the craftsmen of the Middle Ages to build churches that were wider, taller, and more imposing than Romanesque ones.

Entering London's great Gothic church, Westminster Abbey, or the earlier Canterbury Cathedral, one is



Tom Bogdanowicz

Interior view of St. Paul's

Craig Hammell/The Stock Market

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The Gothic detailing of the Houses of Parliament was the work of Augustus Welby Pugin

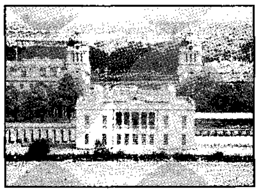
led by the rhythm of the tall bays toward the high altar. In the vertical plane the eye is drawn even higher than in a Romanesque church by the ribs of the vault that spring from the stone shafts.

Visitors to London often assume that the neo-Gothic Houses of Parliament are of the same epoch as Westminster Abbey. In fact only Westminster Hall is medieval; the famous facade that overlooks the river Thames dates from the 19th century. In plan the Houses of Parliament are essentially Classical; it is the detailing, designed by Augustus Welby Pugin, that is Gothic.

The Renaissance Comes to Town

Following the Renaissance in art and music the Classical architecture of Greece and Rome was reborn in Italy in the early 15th century. Filippo Brunelleschi and Leone Battista Alberti, who had both studied the theories and techniques of Ancient Rome, adapted Classical forms to suit the wealthy city of Florence. The new personal style—for architects were no longer considered craftsmen but artists—was embraced by the merchant princes of the city and slowly but seductively spread through Italy. The joyous feel of the Early Renaissance, like the facade of Santa Maria Novella, was followed by the austere perfection of Palladio's villas and later by the Mannerism of Michelangelo.

Renaissance architecture made its mark in Britain almost two centuries after its appearance in Florence when in 1616 Inigo Jones began building the Queen's House, an immaculate Palladian villa, in the Royal park of Greenwich (best visited by taking a boat ride from Westminster pier). During two trips to Italy, Jones had studied the work of Palladio and the buildings of Ancient Rome.



Tom Bogdanowicz

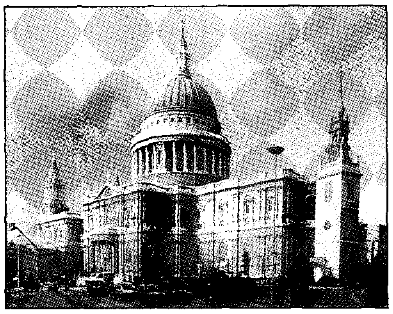
The Queen's House, Greenwich

Jones' small oeuvre culminated in the often unnoticed Banqueting House at Whitehall. He intended the building to form the center of a huge Palladian royal palace. In the 19th century Jones' work provided models for the vigorous Classical revival led by Lord Burlington and the John Woods, (both the Elder and Younger). The latter pair were responsible for the beautiful crescents in the town of Bath.

Sir Christopher Wren followed Inigo Jones as a favorite Royal architect and created most of London's Baroque masterpieces including the library at Hampton Court, 23 parish churches built after the Great Fire, and, of course, St. Paul's Cathedral. The great, 500-foot-long Cathedral still dominates London's skyline although modern towers obscure it from several directions. Prince Charles recently launched a campaign to restrain further modern development in the vicinity of St. Paul's. "I am not alone," he said, "in longing to regain those wonderful views of St. Paul's rising above the rooftops over its first entabulature."

Georgian London and the Victorian Era—Revivalism

Residents of London associate the city with Georgian architecture, named after the Hanoverian kings of England of the 18th century. Hundreds of simple, Classical, flat-fronted terraces and squares were built by developers in a boom period after the end of the wars of the 17th century. They provided housing for London's fast growing population. No. 10, Downing Street, the home of the Prime Minister, is on the exterior an unpretentious Georgian house. At the top end of the Georgian market Robert Adam produced splendid villas, like Kenwood House in Hampstead and Osterley Park in West London, in the late 18th century. Public concerts are held in both of the villas in the summer.



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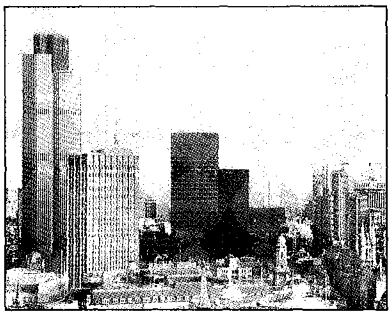
An unobscured view of St. Paul's



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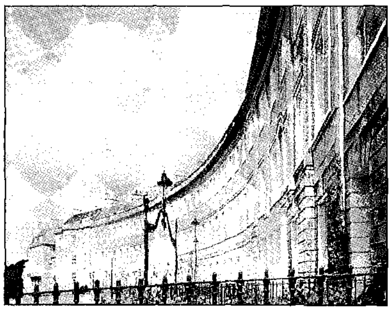
The City of London



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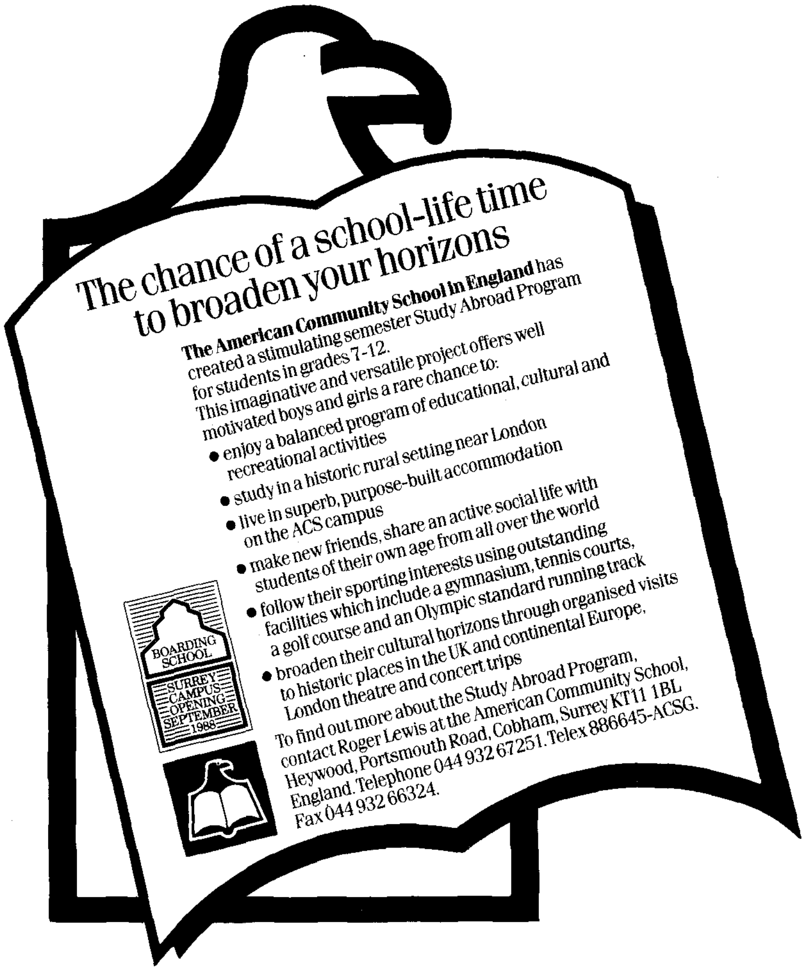
Bath, England



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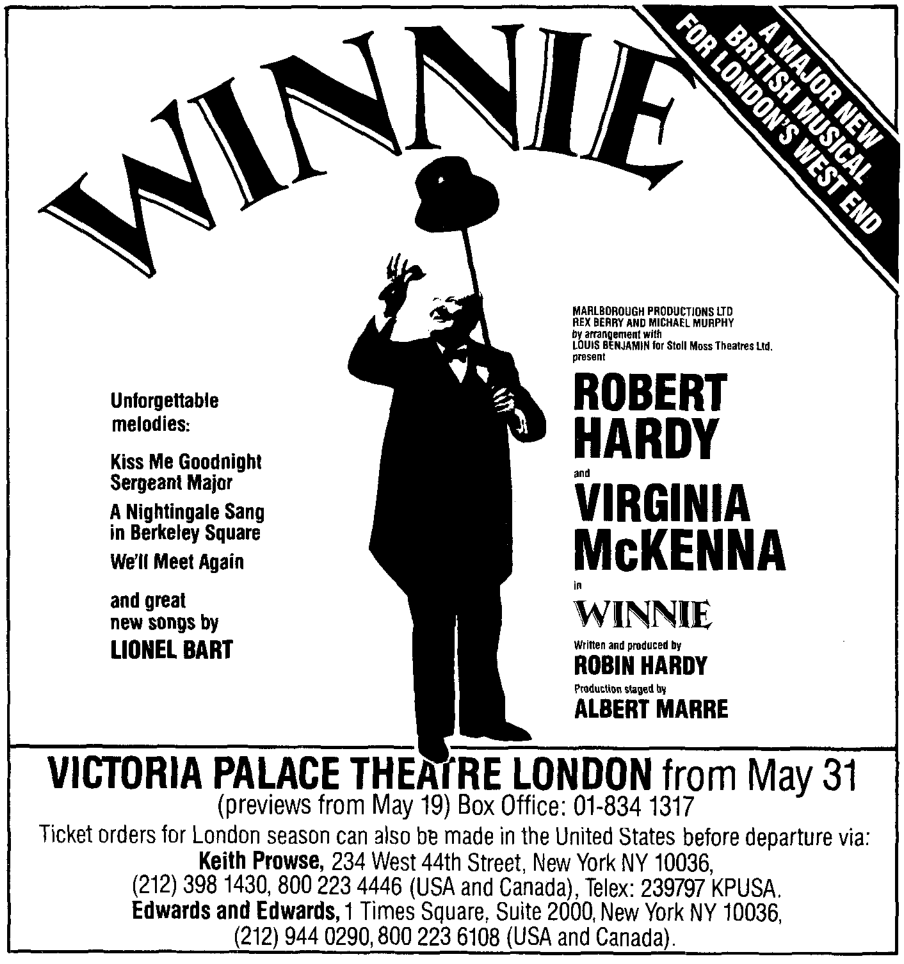

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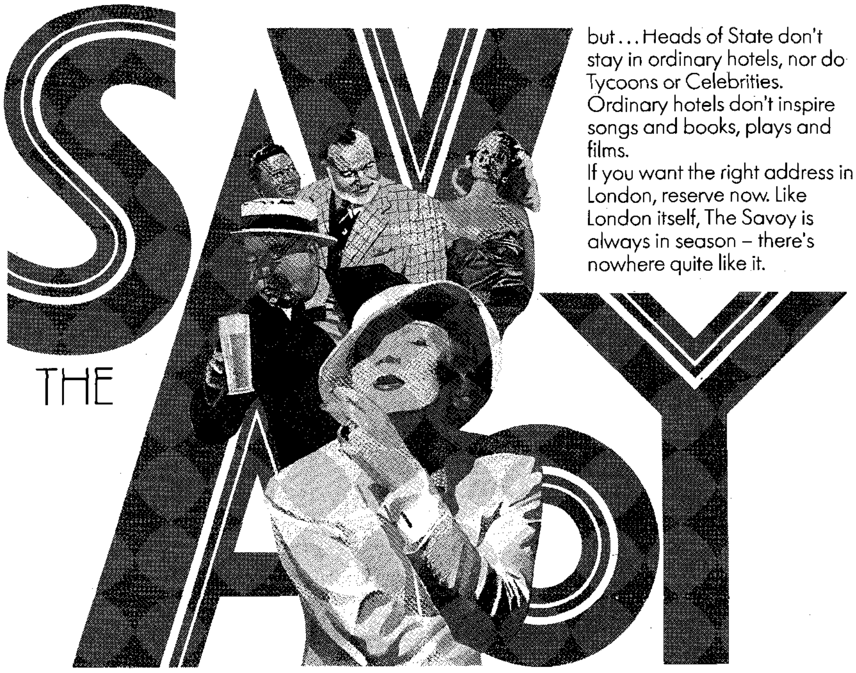

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London's first town planner, John Nash, who designed part of Buckingham Palace, laid out Regent's Park in the early 19th century during the Regency period. The splendid Classical terraces surrounding the park have recently been renovated. Nash planned to build dozens of villas in the Park, but he ran out of funds. The Regency period also saw the construction of several covered shopping arcades in the Classical style such as the Burlington Arcade in Piccadilly.

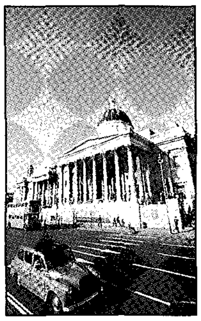
Tom Bogdanowicz

A John Nash Terrace, off Regent's Park

Victorian architecture is sometimes confused with the authentic Classical and Gothic buildings that it imitated, at times quite splendidly. Throughout the 19th century, Neo-Gothic competed with Neoclassical in the so-called Battle of the Styles.

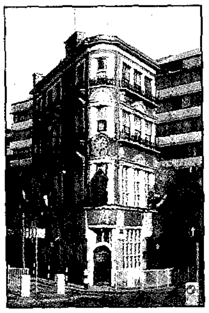
Whether the style was Neoclassicism, as in Smirke's British Museum, or the more nationalistic Neo-Gothic of Barry and Pugin's Houses of Parliament, or the Neo-Romanesque of the Victoria and Albert Museum, the size was monumental. The petite dome that is just visible on top of the National Gallery, another Neoclassical work, is quite incongruous in the context of the gigantic pediments and columns all around Trafalgar Square.

Arts and Crafts


Ken Straiton/The Stock Market

The National Gallery

Reacting to the excesses of Classical Revivalism, the Arts and Crafts movement was inspired by the writings of Ruskin and William Morris to search for a more English and more truthful architecture. Architects like Norman Shaw and H. Fuller Clark, whose Black Friar pub



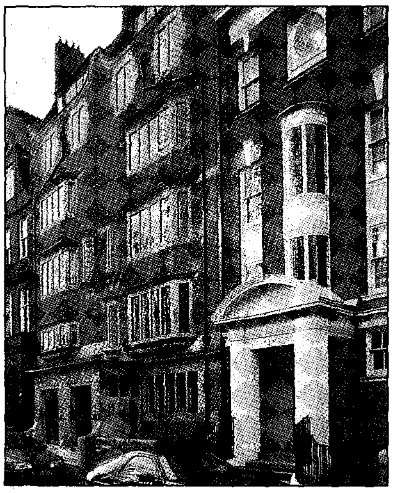
Tom Bogdanowicz

Black Friar Pub

just north of Blackfriars bridge is a perfect stop for weary feet, drew on Tudor, that is, medieval, secular architecture and laid great emphasis on craftsmanship. Arts and Crafts architects liked to design the interiors of houses including the furniture and wall decorations.

As you exercise your credit cards in the Knightsbridge area it is worth taking a break to look at two Arts and Crafts houses by C.F.A. Voysey in Hans Place, next to Harrods. Both show the detailing characteristic of Arts and Crafts and the windows are typical of Tudor England. Voysey's steep-roofed large country houses were the models for the numerous little white houses that line Britain's freeways.

In continental Europe, the influence of Arts and Crafts on architects like Behrens and Hoffman led first to Art Nouveau and then to Modernism.



Tom Bogdanowicz

Voysey's Twin House, next to a late A.H. Mackmurdo house

One area which, thanks to local opposition, narrowly escaped the glass-office-block treatment is Covent Garden, London's oldest city square. Laid out by Inigo Jones, whose church of St. Paul (not to be confused with the Cathedral) survives on the west side, the square was once the site of the fruit and flower market that features in "Pygmalion." The market building has been renovated to house numerous fashionable shops, a pub, and a daily handicraft and antique market. In the portico

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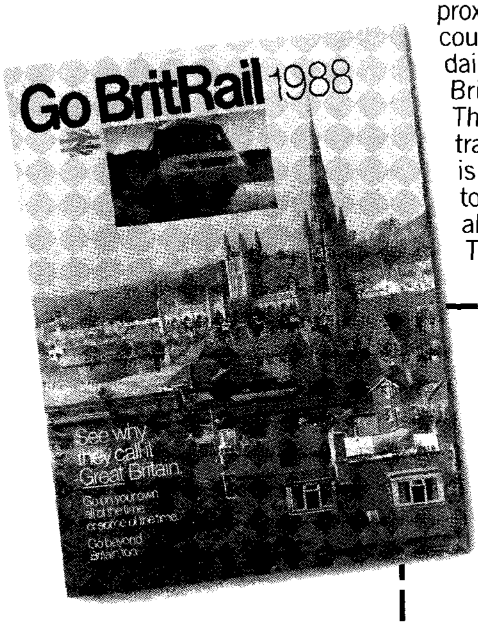

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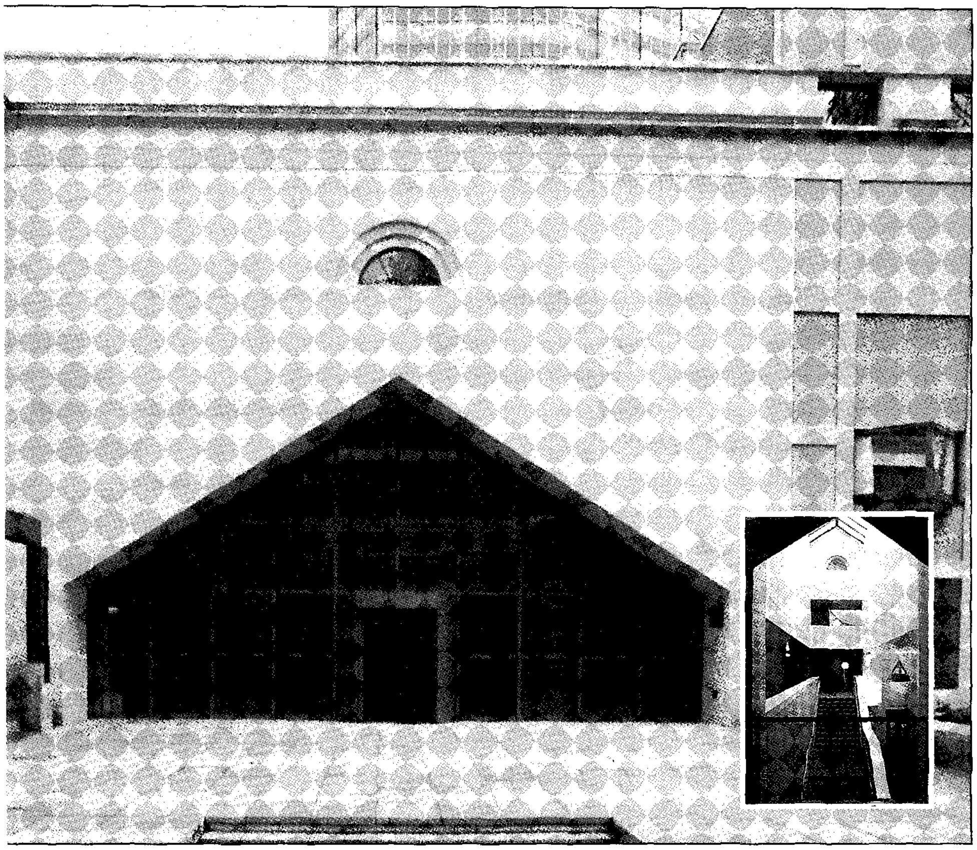


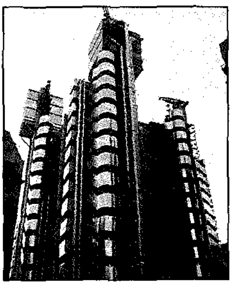
Tom Bogdanowicz

Two views of James Stirling's Tate Gallery extension

of Jones' church, buskers—London's street musicians—provide entertainment. There is even an annual buskers festival in July. Terry Farrell, Britain's most noted post-modernist, has erected a temple-like florist's on the east side of the square.

Two recent London buildings, both completed in 1987, stand out from the crowd of lookalike glass towers: Richard Rogers' Lloyd's Insurance on Lime Street, and James Stirling's extension to the Tate Gallery, the Clore wing.

Rogers bought himself an Yves St. Laurent suit to help win the commission for the new Lloyd's building. The conservative Lloyd's brokers were a little afraid of what the Rogers' practice might produce. What they got is a structure that resembles the Centre Georges Pompidou in Paris, with external service towers and glass elevators. Unlike the Centre Georges Pompidou, and possibly because it is a more coherent and mature building, Lloyd's has been critically well received. There is now a public gallery on the 5th floor. It is perhaps worth visiting just to watch the soberly dressed brokers using the transparent escalators.



Tom Bogdanowicz

The new Lloyd's building

James Stirling worked on the Clore Gallery, which houses the Turner collection, at the same time as his Staats galerie in Stuttgart, and the two buildings are clearly related. Unfortunately, the much smaller Clore is somewhat overawed by the Stirling style: bright colors, geometric doorways, and Classically influenced cutouts.

Entertainment

Pubs are to London what cafés are to Paris and Vienna. In the London pub you can find music, theatre, cabaret, social life, and, of course, warm British beer. The last decades have seen the proliferation of the theme pub: music venue, disco, games bar.

Hampton Court

Cardinal Wolsey built Hampton Court in Tudor style and presented the building to Henry VIII in order to regain favor with the king. Sir Christopher Wren was commissioned to rebuild the palace in the 18th century but only the French Renaissance-style Fountain Court was completed.

Hampton Court was the setting in which Prince Charles, at the anniversary dinner of the Royal Institute of British Architects, launched his first attack on modern architecture.

Cambridge

Cambridge is still a relatively small University town. The University college buildings range from the medieval to the modern.

Architecturally, the most interesting of the Colleges is King's. The College Chapel, where the famous choir sings carols at Christmas, has a very fine fan vault, one of the highest achievements of English Gothic, and a carved Renaissance wood screen. The College library was designed by Christopher Wren.

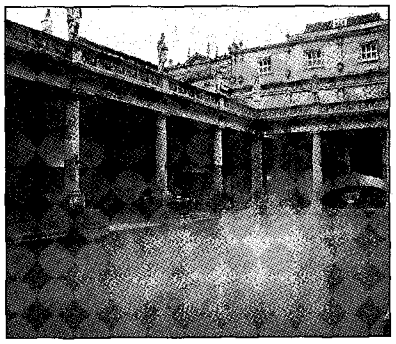
The striking glass and brick Cambridge History Library by Stirling is considered one of Britain's most important modern buildings despite a history of maintenance problems.

Bath

The consistent use of the yellowish Bath stone for most buildings in Bath, and in particular for its famous Georgian crescents, makes it seem as though the town is of one period. Nonetheless Bath has well-preserved Roman baths and a Gothic cathedral, in addition to the Classical crescents and terraces.

Robert Rattner

A view from Cambridge, England



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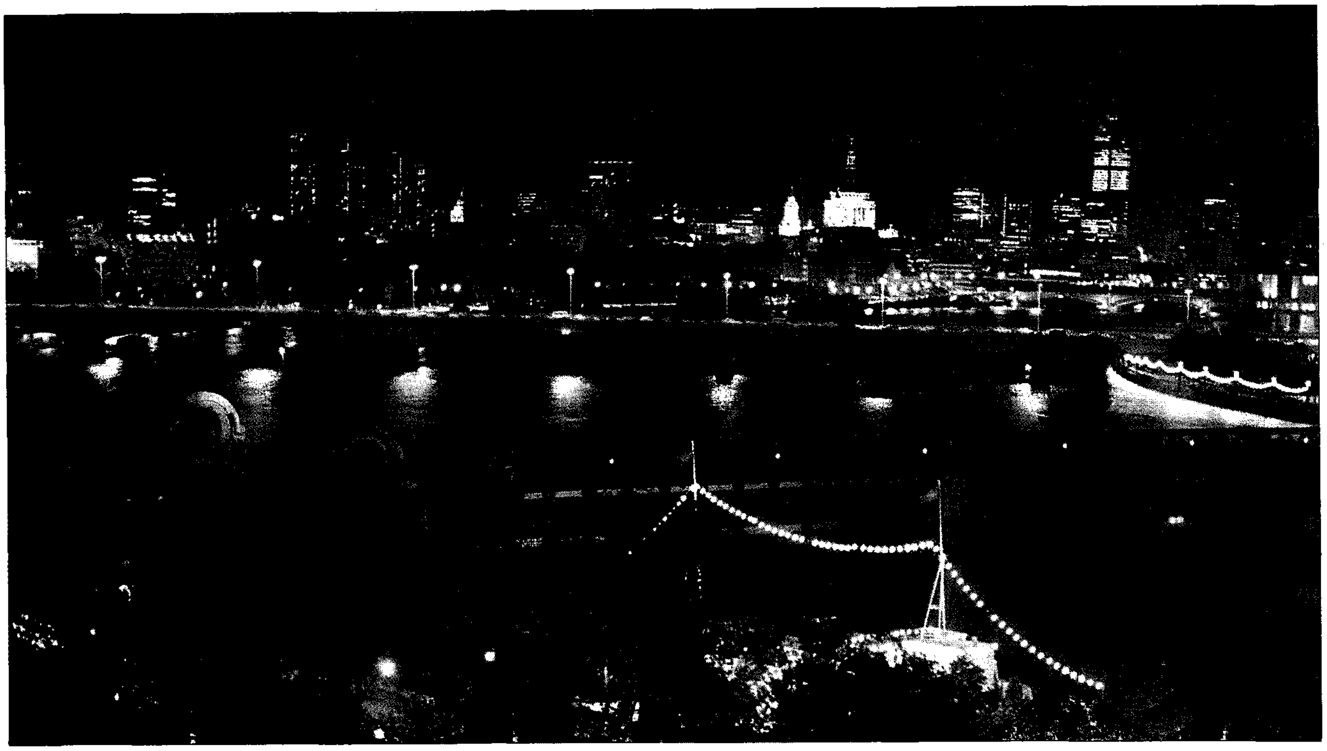
Bath, England



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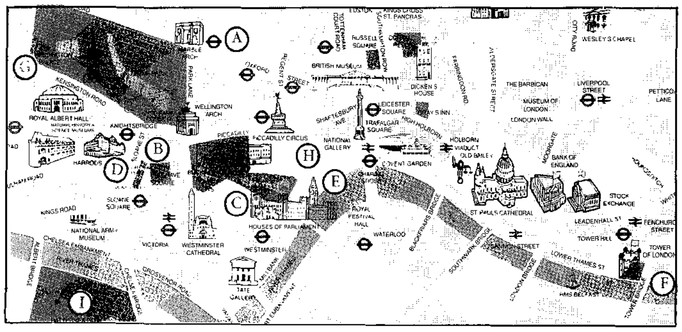
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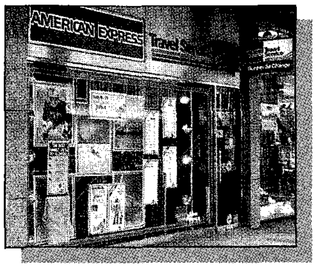

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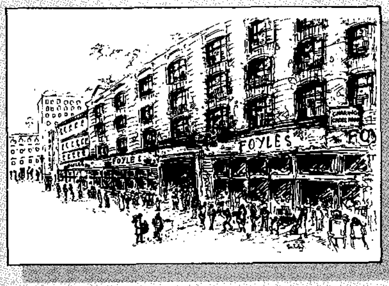

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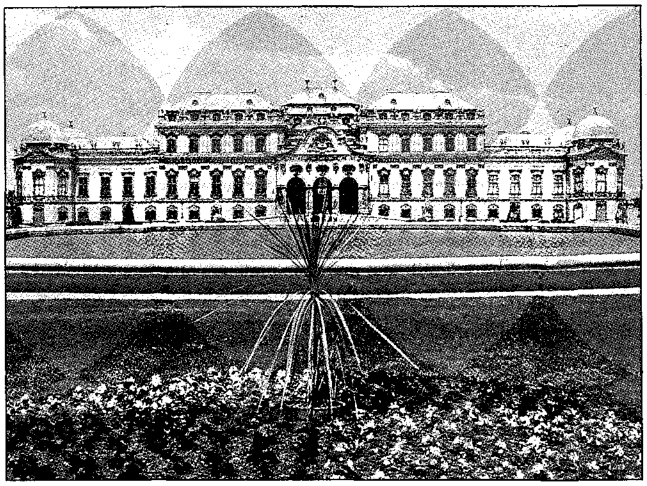
VIENNA

AND THE DANUBE


Vienna Tourist Board

Von Hildebrandt's Belvedere Palace

Although the Austro-Hungarian Empire is long gone, Vienna still affects the style of an Imperial capital. History lingers in the air as the Viennese exchange pleasantries over coffee or waltz into the night at the Opera ball. Elegance and style are more important than keeping up with the latest trends. It wasn't always thus. At the turn of the century Vienna was a center of avant-garde thought—Freud, Klimt, Kokoschka, Mach, and Schönberg defined new directions in art, music, and philosophy.

Vienna's architecture reflects both its Imperial past and its period of artistic vigor. The ornate churches and palaces of the Baroque period blend happily with civic buildings in Neo-classical styles and the floral decoration of the Viennese Secession. The city's renovation program has brought new life to many of the old facades and even the public lavatories sparkle with elegance. Walking through the city in the evening, as the revellers go past in dinner dress, it is easy to go back to the time of the Congress of Vienna when Europe's kings and princes danced at the Hofburg and Schönbrunn. It is also reassuring to know that even now the city is relatively safe.

■

VIENNA'S ARCHITECTURE REFLECTS BOTH ITS IMPERIAL PAST AND ITS PERIOD OF ARTISTIC VIGOR AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY.

■

Vienna traces its origins to Roman times,. but apart from the restored Gothic cathedral of St. Stephen, whose tall spire affords a fine view, and the Castle Chapel, there are almost no medieval buildings in the city.

Always at the border of east and west, Vienna had to endure a constant threat from the Ottomans. A crisis was reached when the Turks laid siege to Vienna in 1683. They were repulsed by the last-minute arrival of the Polish army under King Jan Sobieski and the city entered its turbulent but productive era both as the capital of the Hapsburg Empire and as a center of music and art. Contrary to legend it wasn't the invading Turks who introduced Vienna to the habit of coffee drinking; the honor belongs to Armenian merchants of earlier years.

Baroque

While the Classic forms of Renaissance architecture spread through Europe, Michelangelo set in motion a new style in Rome that was to last until the 19th century. The Baroque period in architecture is characterized by grand scale, elaborate decoration, and a feeling of visual movement, whether up a staircase or to the top of a high altar. The style suited the revitalized Catholic church of the Counter-Reformation. Baroque churches impressed and attracted and were a marked contrast to the austerity of Lutheranism.

Viennese affection for the Baroque is in part due to the remarkable quality of the buildings of the period in the city. The architects Johann Fischer von Erhlach and Johann Lucas von Hildebrandt were masters of the style and their work dominates Viennese architecture of the 18th century.

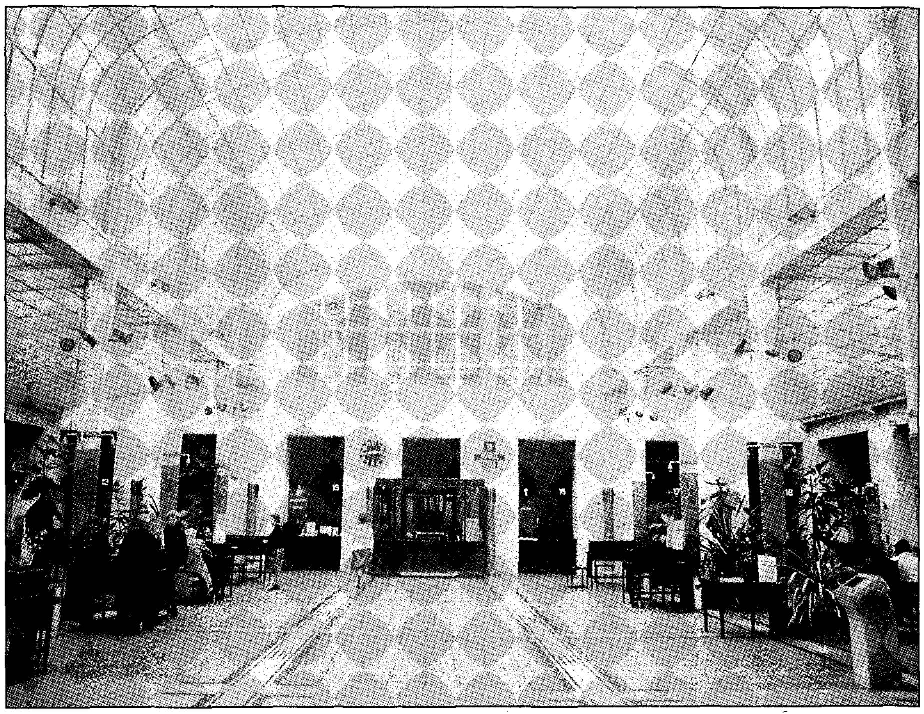
The Hofburg, once the Imperial Palace, is what real estate agents might call a "multi-palace entertainment complex." It contains the

Vienna Tourist Board

Schönbrunn Castle

German National Tourist Office

Austrian-influenced Nymphenburg Castle, Munich



Otto Wagner's Postparkasse

Vienna Tourist Board

Winter Riding School, where you can come to watch the Spanish Riding School perform and the BurgKapalla where the Vienna Boys Choir sings. The Winter Riding School and several other buildings in the complex were designed by Johann Fischer von Erlach's son Joseph. Johann himself built part of the library which was finished by his son.

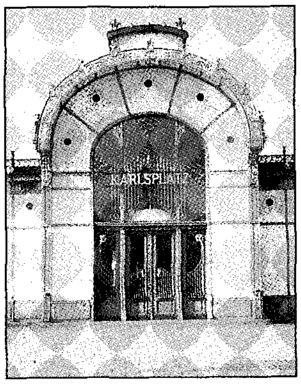
Johann Lucas von Hildebrandt's great work is the Belvedere which he built for Prince Eugene of Savoy. The Upper Belvedere now houses 19th- and 20th-century art while the graceful Lower Belvedere contains art of the Baroque. Hildebrandt also built St. Peter's church and Kinsky Palace.

The Schönbrunn, Vienna's third great palace, is the spatially restrained work of the two Fischer von Erlachs. Restrained because King Josef I, for whom the Palace was to be a summer residence that would rival Versailles, ran out of funds. The interior of the Palace is decorated in the light, pretty Rococo style that developed from High Baroque. Johann Fischer von Erlach also built the memorable Karlkirche in Karlsplatz. Two copies of Trajan's column stand in front of the church whose shape alludes to St.Peter's. At the time of the Congress of Vienna, when Vienna took over Paris' mantle as the capital of Europe, both the Schönbrunn and the Belvedere were used to entertain the Royalty of the continent.

A fine way of enjoying Vienna's Baroque architecture this year is to attend the concerts that will be held in some of the palaces during the summer. What can be more appropriate than listening to Mozart at the Schönbrunn where he himself once played?

In 1857 the Emperor Franz-Josef decreed that the old city walls were to be knocked down and a new boulevard built. His decree was carried out and by the sides of the new boulevard, the Ringstrasse, arose a plethora of huge buildings in revivalist styles ranging from the Neo-Gothic Rathaus to the Neoclassical Parliament building.

Tales about the period abound. The architect of the Neo-Renaissance Opera House, van der Null, committed suicide because of adverse comment about his work. The Prince of Wurttemberg, whose Neoclassical palace is now the Imperial Hotel, refused to live in the building because the plans for the Musikverein prevented him from having a park behind his palace. The Prince proceeded to gamble the palace away.



Otto Wagner's Karlsplatz Pavilion

Vienna Tourist Board

In 1873 the World Exhibition was held in Vienna's Prater Park. The giant Ferris wheel, from which there is a fine view of the city, was built for the exhibition.

The Secession and its Offshoots

At the turn of the century Vienna responded to the European search for new forms in art and architecture by establishing the Secession. Josef Olbrich, one of the founders of the movement, built the golden-domed Secession house where Secessionist artists held exhibitions.

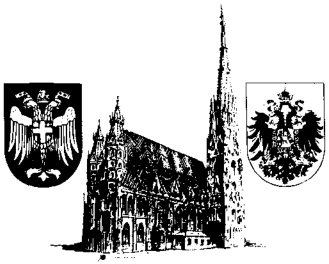
Two important architects of the time, Otto Wagner, who led his own school, and Adolf Loos, one of his pupils, turned away from the movement.

Wagner belonged to the older generation of revivalist architects. He used Art Nouveau florality and sinuous ironwork even before the Secession. His Karlsplatz station and the Majolica House at 40 Linke Weienzeille, next to a thriving street market, are the best known of Vienna's many Art Nouveau buildings. The interior of Wagner's influential Postparkasse shows, however, that he soon moved away from the curves of Art Nouveau toward a more modern, rational style.

Along with August Perret in Paris and Peter Behrens in Germany, Adolf Loos laid the groundwork for Modern architecture in Europe. Loos spent several years in America at the end of the 19th century and was an admirer of Frank Lloyd Wright. He introduced to Europe the clean, simple lines of Wright's Chicago town houses. It is difficult to believe that Loos' sharp interiors, like that of the Kartner Bar off Kartner-Strasse, and his unadorned houses, like Steiner House at St. Veitgasse 10, date from the first decade of this century. Loos' largest work, Loos House in the Michaelersplatzs was once known as "das Hassliche Haus," the ugly house, because of its lack of decoration. Loos wrote "the lower the standard of a people, the more lavish are its ornaments." In all of his work the bare Classicism that later characterized many modern buildings is evident.

Vienna's other proto-modernist, Josef Hoffman, built his magnum opus, the Palais Stoclet, in Brussels, but the cubist form of his 1903 Sanatorium in Purkersdorf, on the outskirts of Vienna, foreshadows the later building. In the 1920s Vienna's socialist council embarked on a large community housing program. The

Once a section of the moat surrounding medieval Vienna, the "Graben" now serves as a conduit for the finest in traditional, hand-crafted goods. A selection of quality stores, many of which have been in family hands for generations, offer access to a philosophy of workmanship and a commitment to detail which dates back for centuries.



At the head of the "Graben" stands St. Stephan's Cathedral, since 1511 Vienna's majestic centerpiece.

Photo: E. Semotan, Art Director: C. Satek

Ladies' gold Rolex and antique clock from the collection of traditional timepieces at **Hübner,** expert watchmakers for generations, **at Graben 28.** Complemented by a wide selection of contemporary masterworks from Rolex, Blancpain, Breguet, Ebel, IWC Schaffhausen, Longines and Jaeger le Coultre.

Jacket, skirt and silk top from **Knize & Comp., at Graben 13,** tailors and shirtmakers since 1858 and former purveyors to the Emperor's Court. Made-to-measure suitings for ladies and gentlemen, and a luxury selection of pre-tailored clothing of cashmere, silk and wool.

Gold jewelry from **Anton Heldwein, at Graben 13,** jewelers for four generations and former purveyors to the Hapsburg Court, creating such delicate treasures as "Crystal blossoms," handcrafted right on the premises. Complemented by a selection of antique silverware and rare Piaget and Patek Philippe watches.

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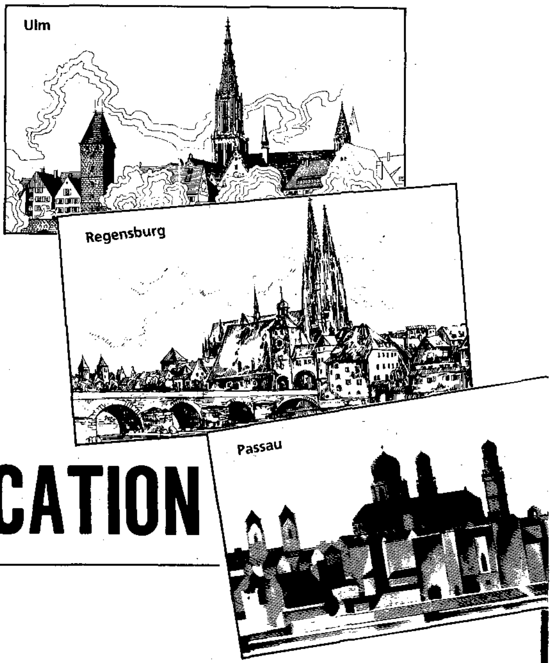
Meissen and Dresden porcelain vases from **Albin Denk, at Graben 13,** former purveyors to the Hapsburg Court. Founded in 1702, Albin Denk is Vienna's oldest porcelain and crystal ware store, displaying a large and varied collection.

DER GRABEN WIEN I.

ONCE UPON A TIME CAN BEGIN TOMORROW WITH A DANUBE VACATION



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Your vacation begins at the origin of the Danube, in the castle-park of Donaueschingen, at the edge of the Black Forest. Follow along the river to the cathedral city of Ulm, where the tallest spire in the world rises up into the sky. You can wander the narrow streets of the Fishermen's Quarter, with its tiny medieval houses and treelined squares, or visit the unique bread museum.

Regensburg, medieval town of churches and monasteries, is 2,000 years old with many of its ancient structures still in use, such as the magnificent Stone Bridge with 16 sweeping arches. St. Peter's Cathedral creates an impressive gothic setting for a performance by a world-renowned boys' choir, the "Regensburger Domspatzen".

Your third stop on the Danube, Passau, has a beautiful "Old Town", surrounded by water, the ideal place for a leisurely river cruise. In town, you can catch a concert in the baroque cathedral, played on the world's largest organ, and shop in the lively marketplace.

And in Ulm, Regensburg and Passau, step into a restaurant or pub for some of the delicious specialities, wines and beers.

Isn't it time to put some fairy-tale magic into your life? Plan your Danube vacation and once upon a time can begin tomorrow. We look forward to welcoming you soon,

Your friends in the Danube country

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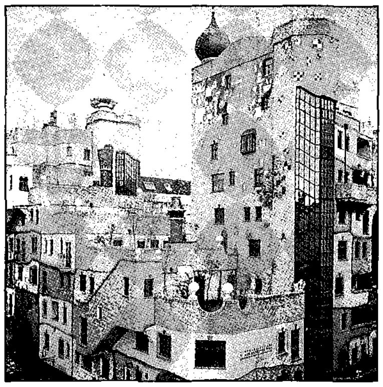
expressionist Karl Marx-Hof by Karl Ehn is the best known of these blocks.

Of contemporary Viennese architects one name stands out, Hans Hollein. Hollein has, until this year, only had some interiors and beautifully sculptured shopfronts, like Schullin in Gebenweg and Schullin and Retti in Kohlmarkt, to his credit in his home town. This will be rectified when his shop and office complex opposite St. Stephen's is completed. One contemporary building in Vienna which defies classification is Hundertwasser House in Lowengasse. Designed by painter Hundertwasser this multicolored residential building has no straight lines and a bizarre collection of domes, fountains, statues, and mirrors.



Vienna Tourist Board

Hundertwasser House

Excursions

Melk—About 70 kilometers downstream along the Danube lies the town of Melk. Above the town on a rocky promontory stands one of the triumphs of Austrian Baroque, the Abbey of Melk. Jakob Prandtauer began construction of the Abbey in 1702 but died in 1726 before work was complete. The Abbey's monastic quarters are a far cry from the bare cells of medieval times. Inside the richly decorated church are paintings by Johann Rottmayr and Paul Troger, who also painted the ceiling in the library.

Kahlenberg Heights—When you tire of cultural evenings at the opera, take a short trip to Kahlenberg from where you get a fine view of Vienna. On your way back to town you can stop at one of the Heurigen, wine gardens, masked by a garland of pine, where traditional cooking is served along with a pitcher of local wine. If you need a cultural excuse, try "charming vernacular architecture."

Vienna

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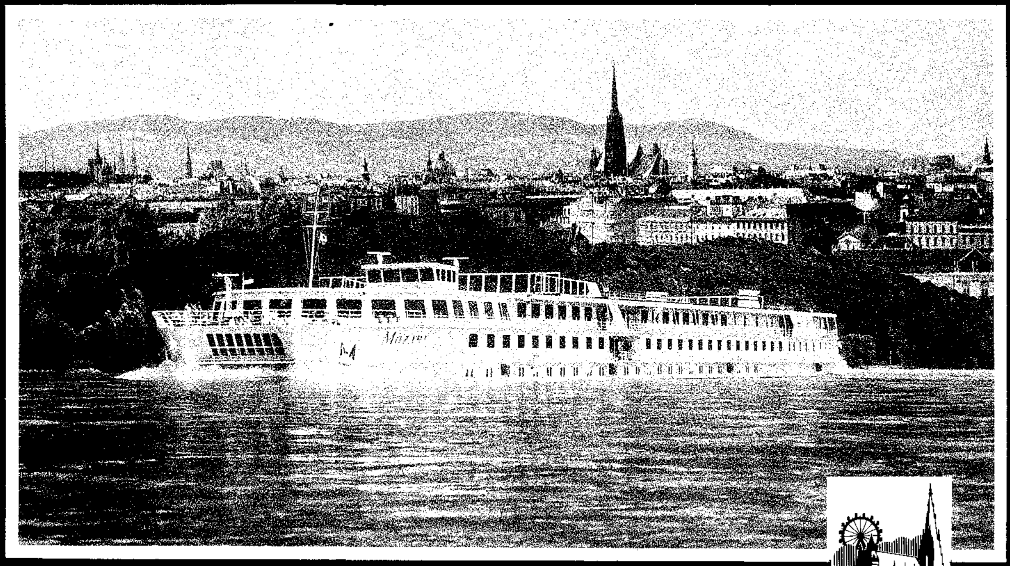

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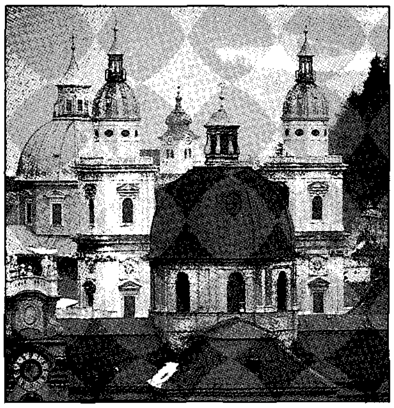
SALZBURG

Salzburg is to Vienna as Siena is to Florence: similar in style, smaller and less grand, but prettier, and architecturally more coherent. The city is famous as the birthplace of Mozart and organizes two annual music festivals: a purely Mozart festival in January and a larger festival with opera, drama, and music in August.



Bob Krist

Salzburg, Austria

From a high outcrop on the west side of the Saltzach River, Hohensalzburg Castle looks down on the Old Town of Salzburg. Modern Salzburg stretches out on the east bank of the river. There is a fine view of both castle and town from the terrace of the Café Winkler, reached by a lift from Anton Neumayer Platz.

As the numerous churches emphasize, the town has an ecclesiastical past. The Prince-Archbishops of Salzburg ran a principality which some of them, like Wolf von Raitenau, hoped would rival Rome. Archbishop Raitenau, noted for his numerous children, Jewish mistress, and early death in Hohensalzburg Castle, commissioned many buildings including the Residenz, which now houses a gallery, Schloss Mirabell, built for Raitenau's mistress by Hildebrant, the talented architect of the Baroque, and a cathedral, for which the Archbishop's grandiose plans had to be abandoned.

Salzburg's cathedral was eventually built in 1628, to more modest plans of Santino Solari in late Renaissance style. Other churches to visit include St. Peter's, which has a fine Baroque interior, and the 13th-century Gothic Franciscan church.

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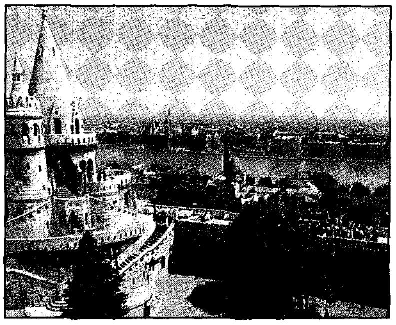
BUDAPEST

Eastern bloc cities do not figure on the itineraries of most western tourists. This is unfortunate because Eastern Europe has a wealth of fine art and architecture, and it is unspoiled by the ever-present advertising, souvenir shops, and neon signs typical of most Western cities.

One of the most attractive cities of Eastern Europe is Budapest, the capital of Hungary. It is an amalgamation of the towns of Obuda, Buda, and Pest which grew up on the two banks of the Danube.



B.P. Halászbástya

Fisherman's Bastion, Budapest

Much of the old part of the city had to be rebuilt after the destruction of WWII. Despite reconstruction the character of Buda's old town has remained. The mixture of medieval, Baroque, and Classical buildings leaves one with the impression that this is what cities like Munich and Vienna looked like before tourism became a major industry.

On Castle Hill is the reconstructed Castle Palace, which now houses several museums: the Fisherman's Bastion, which offers a fine view of Budapest, and the lovingly restored Neo-Gothic church of St. Matthias.

Visitors to Budapest's Old Town can also see one interesting example of modern architecture—the Hilton Hotel. With this hotel Hilton has attempted—and succeeded—to integrate the old and the new. A Baroque facade has been restored to become the hotel entrance, and inside there are medieval remains.

In its Parliament building on the right bank of the Danube, Budapest has an example of 19th century Neo-Gothic detailing perched on a Neoclassical body that rivals London's Houses of Parliament.

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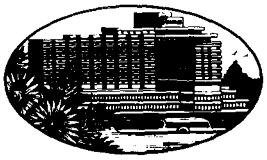

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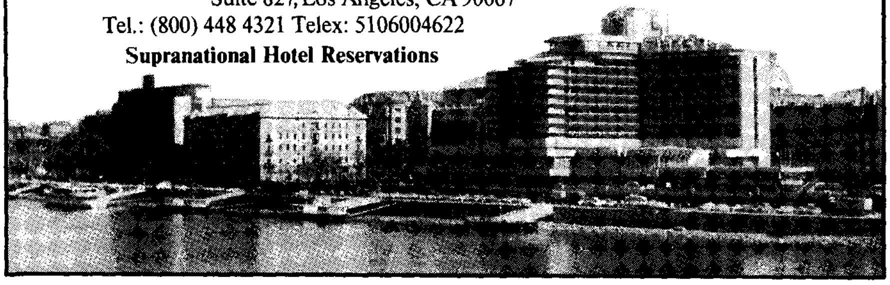

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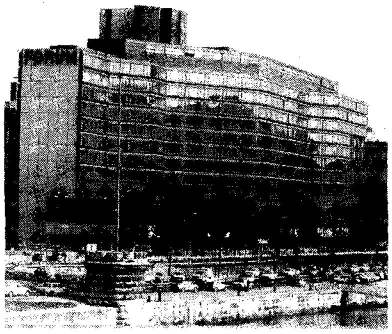

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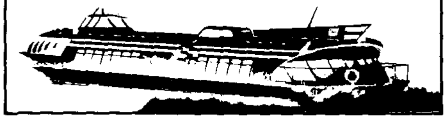

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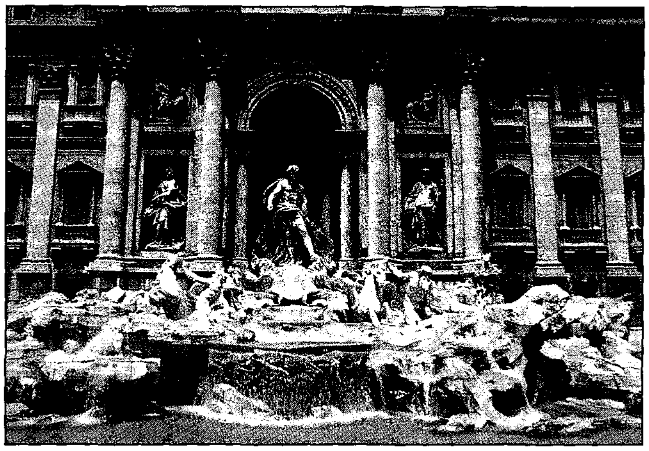
ROME

AND ITS INFLUENCE



Fontana di Trevi, Rome

Berenholtz/The Stock Market

Not to be overlooked on an architectural tour of Europe is Rome. Here are the sources of the Renaissance, Palladianism, the Baroque, Neoclassicism, Modernism, and even Post-Modernism. Here is where it all began.

When the Etruscans settled the south of Italy they brought with them a knowledge of Greek architecture. The early Romans not only copied Greek ideas such as lintels and pediments but also introduced important structural innovations such as the vault and the arch. Equipped with this knowledge they were able to embark on the first town plans. The Forum Romanorum encompasses temples, basilicas, shops, baths, and markets. Until the Middle Ages the Forum remained the heart of Rome.

Emperor Hadrian built the Pantheon on the site of an earlier temple in the 2nd century. It is the largest surviving ancient dome and on entering it you will find it difficult to believe that it is 1800 years old. It has served as both public meeting place and throne room.

In the Dark Ages and the medieval period little was built in Rome. Invading barbarians camped like dwarves in the great monuments of ancient Rome.

During the 15th century Rome was preoccupied with war and so the Renaissance only established itself in the early 16th century. In 1506 construction commenced on the greatest of the world's churches and the zenith of the High Renaissance: St. Peter's. One hundred twenty years later Pope Urban VIII consecrated a church whose design had involved some of the most brilliant architects of the Renaissance including Bramante, Raphael, Sangallo, and of course, Michelangelo.

The interior of St. Peter's, as well as the grand approach and the colonnades, is the work of Gianlorenzo Bernini in the mid-17th century. The style which Bernini, together with his rival Francesco Borromini, developed in Rome became known as the Baroque. It was a monumental version of Classic architecture much given to splendid vistas, colonnades, and sculpture. Many of the characteristics of Baroque can be seen at the Fontana di Trevi and Piazza Navona. The beautiful Baroque churches of Rome are too numerous to mention.

GENEVA

To those who think of Geneva only in terms of the lake and the Alps, the beauty of its architecture will be a pleasant surprise.

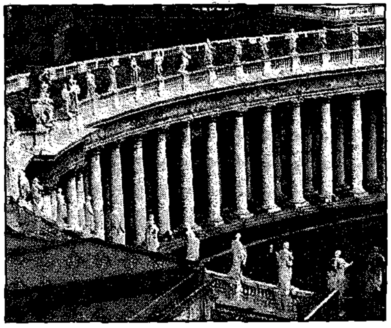
From the writings of Julius Caesar we know that Geneva was settled in Roman times. Excavations in the Old Town indicate that a church existed northwest of the present cathedral of St. Pierre in the 4th century.

Construction of the cathedral of St. Pierre started in the 12th century in Romanesque style. Several fires and the ravages of the Reformation left little but the shell of the building by the 16th when Calvin established himself in Geneva. In the 19th century, Alfieri replaced the Romanesque front facade with a Neoclassical one and Viollet le Duc, the Frenchman whose writings influenced both Art Nouveau architects and Modernists, restored the interior in Neo-Gothic. There is a fine view from one of the cathedral's two towers.

Renaissance architecture in Geneva is represented by the austere Hôtel de Ville. Like the cathedral it is in the charming Old Town.

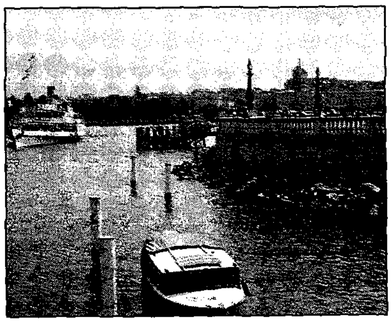
The strength of Calvinism in Geneva minimized the impact of the Italian Baroque on the city. To see the masterpiece of Swiss Baroque one has to travel to the Abbey at Einsideln where the stucco and frescoes of the Asam brothers reach colorful heights.

In Geneva itself there is only one building by Le Corbusier, Switzerland's most famous architect, the Maison Clart in rue St. Laurent. It was the first of Le Corbusier's housing blocks and he experimented with some of the ideas, such as prefabrication, that became part of his famous Unités d'habitation. More of Le Corbusier's work can be seen at La Chaux de Fonds, and the famous church of Ronchamps is just over the border in France. The Swiss Corbusier Centre in Zurich is housed in one of his very late buildings.



Vatican City, Rome

Robert Rattner



Cathedral of St. Pierre from the Quai du Mont Blanc

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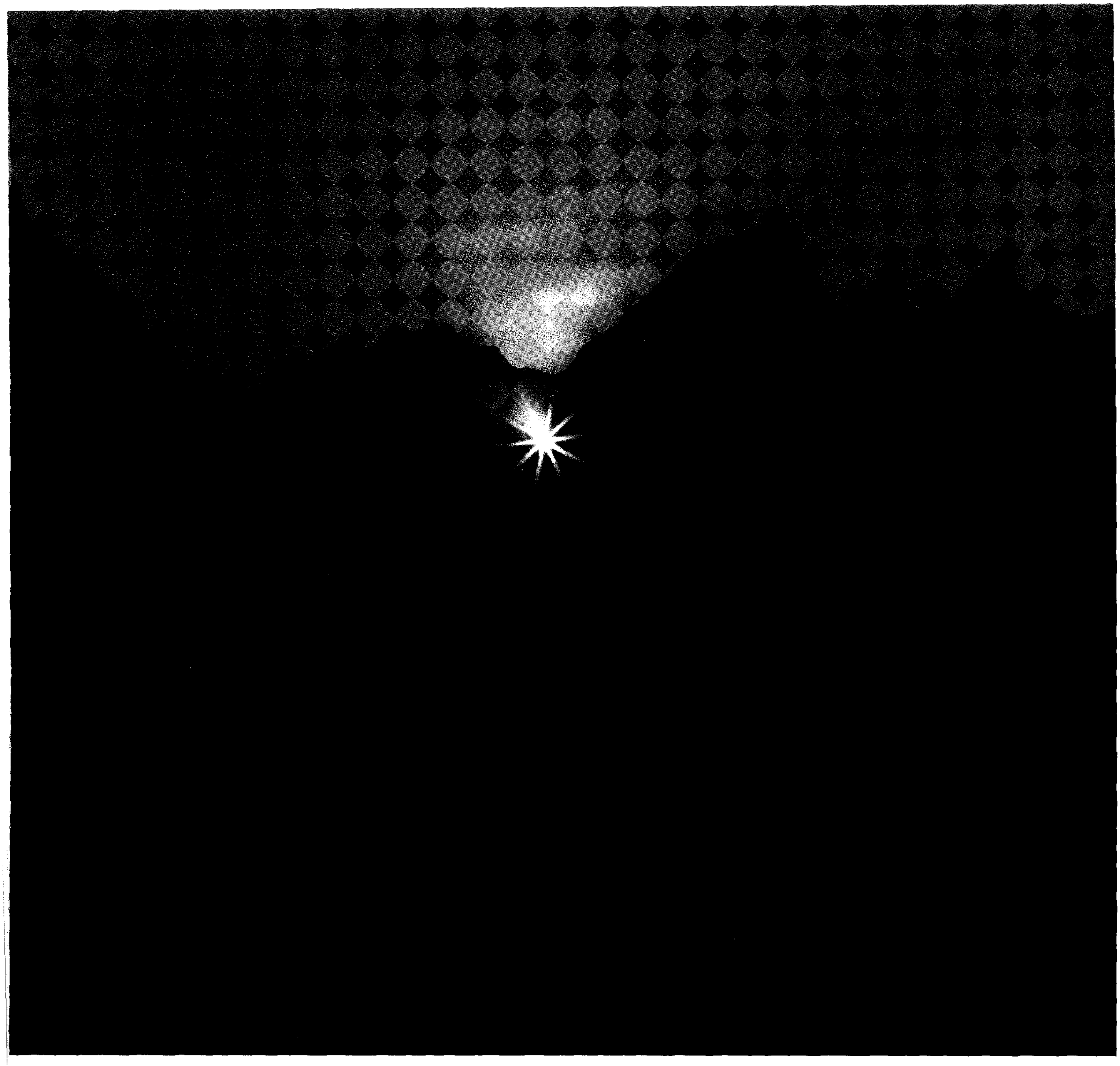

There's a hole in the rock face high over the village of Elm in the Glarus Alps. And on two days every year, at exactly the time predicted, the sun's rays shine through it, directly onto the village church tower. A reassuring reminder of the dependability of Nature.

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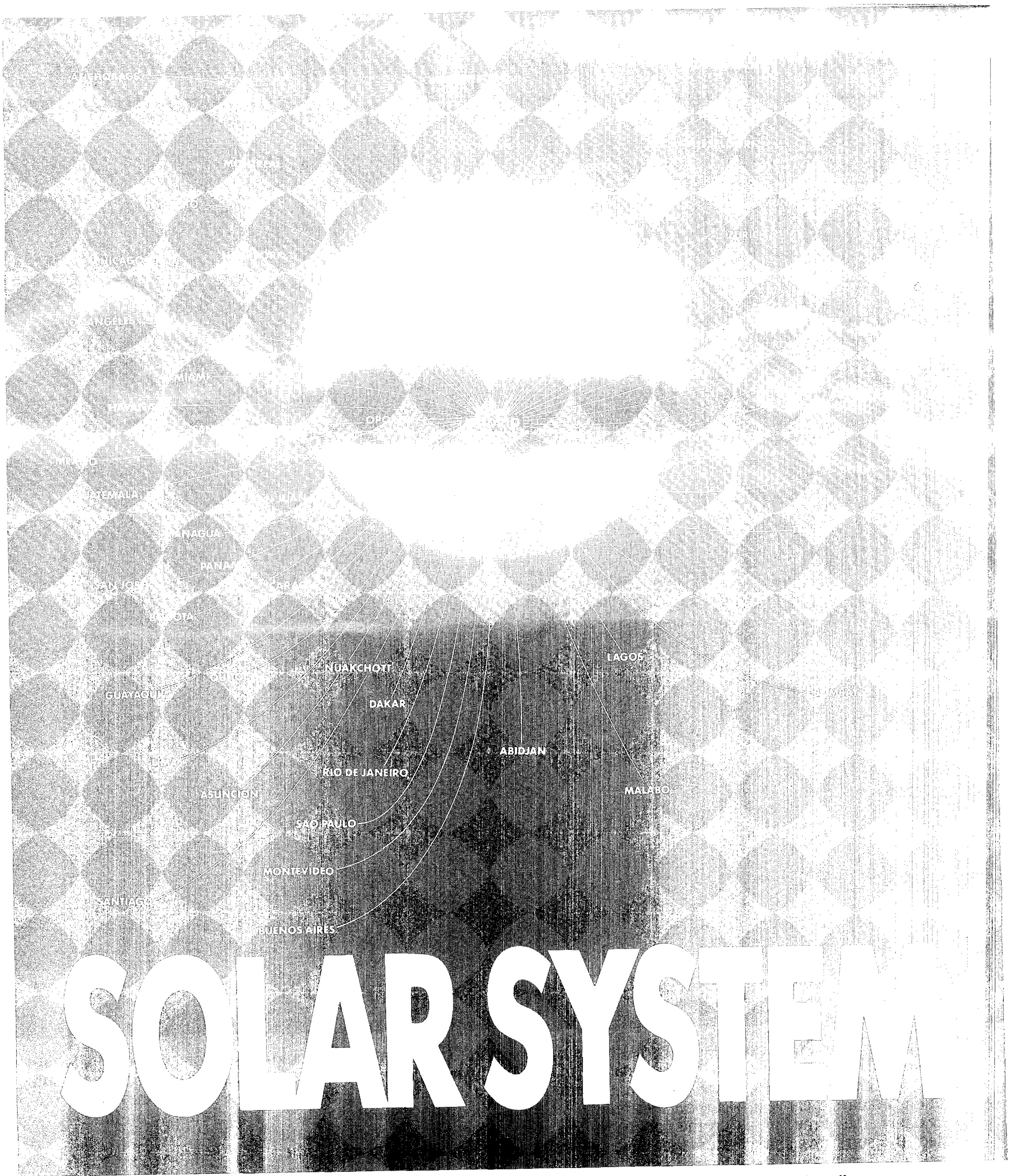

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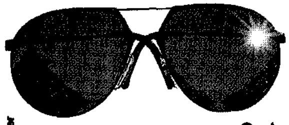

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BARCELONA

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Gaudí's Casa Milá

Capital of the fiercely independent Spanish province of Catalonia, Barcelona has a long tradition of original artistic activity. In medieval times Catalonia's famous craftsmen built Barcelona Cathedral while at the turn of the last century the city was home to artists Picasso, Dalí, and Miró and architects Gaudí Domènech, and Puig.

The Gothic quarter of Barcelona is sited on the foundations of a Roman city. Four columns from the Temple of Augustus are preserved behind the cathedral. The 14th-century cathedral, which dominates the Gothic quarter, is the finest example of the Catalan Gothic style. Characteristics of the style are a wide nave and no aisles. Barcelona Cathedral, however, because of its size, has aisles defined by slim columns. In contrast to the Cathedral's serene interior the Cloisters are a glorious hive of activity where you can buy souvenirs and watch geese swim in the pond.

Antoni Gaudí, Spain's major architect of the 20th century, built all of his important works in Barcelona—every one is worth visiting. A Catalan nationalist who was preoccupied with religion, Gaudí produced his greatest works for the church: the incomplete Temple of the Sagrada Familia and the chapel at Colonia Güell. Both structures exhibit Gaudí's preoccupation with natural forms, his debt to Gothic architecture, and his innovative construction methods.

Gaudí died following a tram accident and left Sagrada Familia unfinished. There has been much dispute about how to complete the work and some critics even question whether it should be completed at all.

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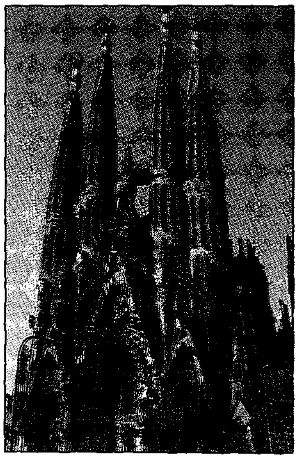
The work of Gaudí overshadows that of his near contemporaries Luis Domènech and Josep Puig. On the Paseo de Gracia, Gaudí's Casa Batlló physically dominates Puig's Casa Amatller and Domènech's Casa Morera. Gaudí's work was, in part, a reaction to their more bourgeois style which Gaudí considered agnostic and amoral.

As part of the preparations for the Olympic Games much construction is taking place in Barcelona. For students of architecture the most interesting development is the reconstruction of the Barcelona Pavilion by Mies van der Rohe, the great modernist who embraced "less is more"—which prompted Tom Wolfe's quip, "less is a bore." The Pavilion, built in 1929 for the Barcelona Exhibition, exhibits the cold, clean classical lines that later graced Mies' skyscrapers.

Luis S. Giner/Stock Market

Casa Batlló



Robert Frerck/Stock Market

Gaudí's Sagrada Familia

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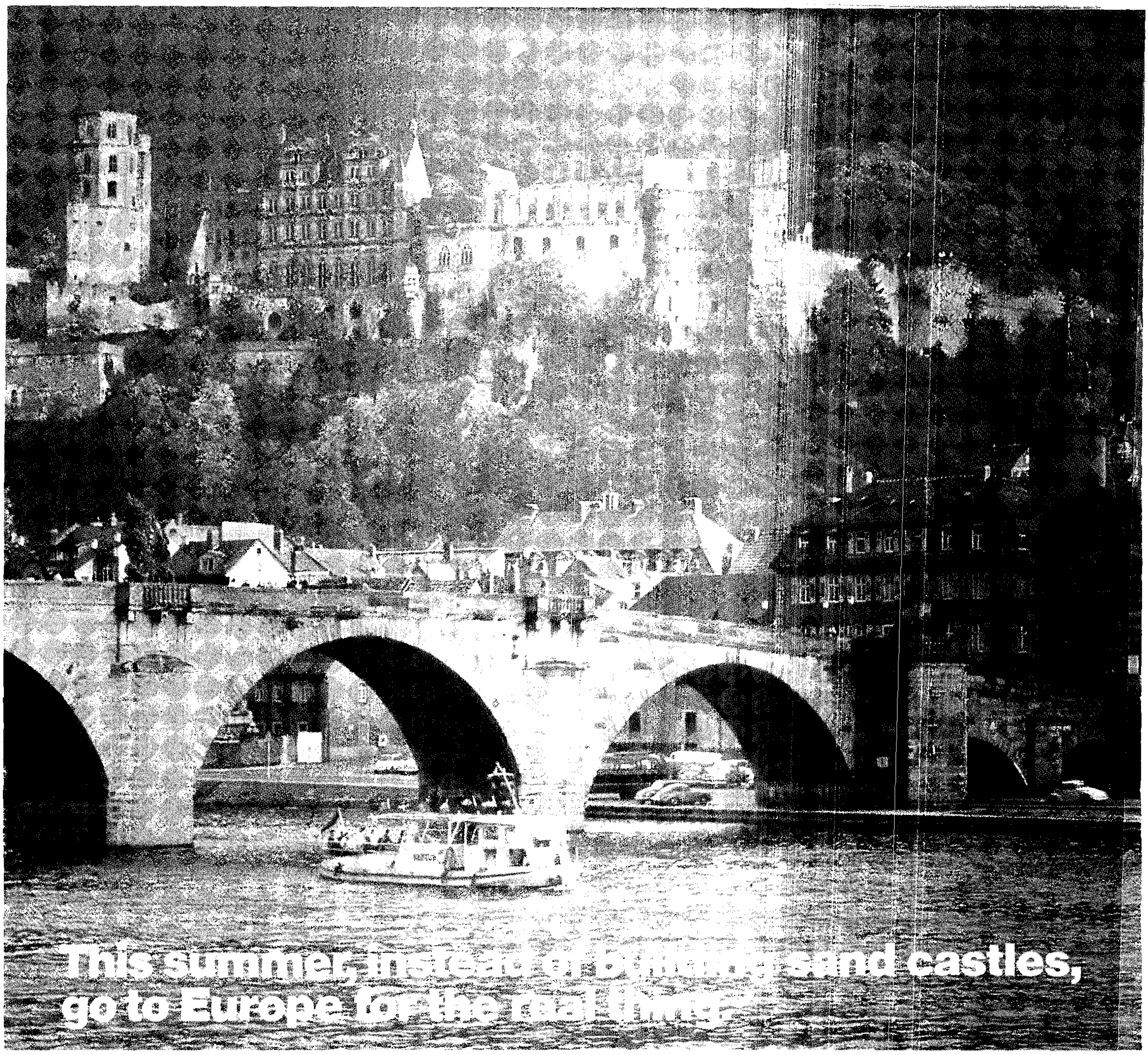
Another view of Casa Batlló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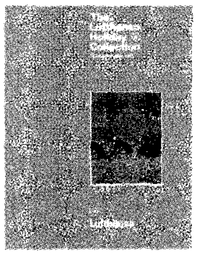

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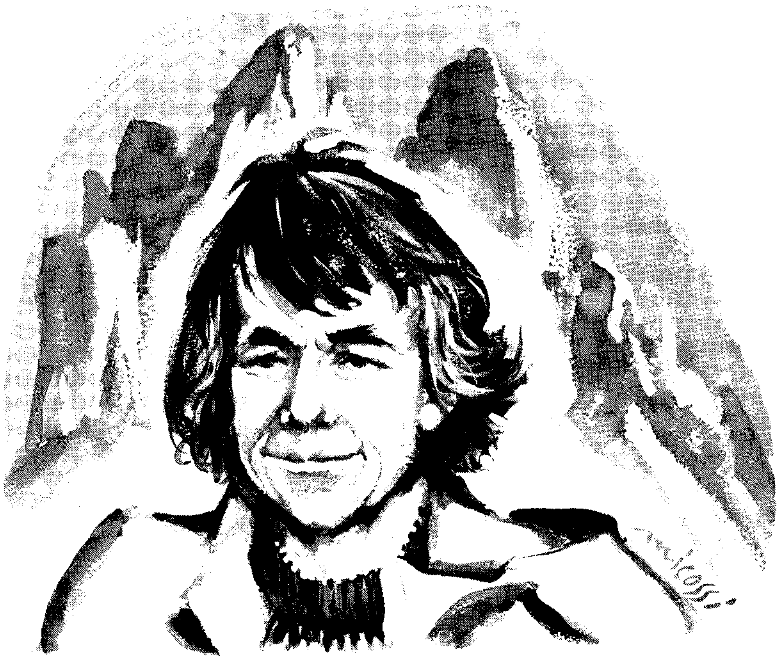


Mo Anthoine

LLANBERIS is a small, dank town squeezed between the uninviting waters of Llyn Padarn and the grassy lower slopes of Snowdon, the highest mountain in Wales. At the eastern end of town, opposite the stately Royal Victoria Hotel, is a railroad station, and in summer small trains loaded with tourists chug slowly from it to the top of Snowdon, where there is a gloomy café and a marvellous view. Snowdon and its railroad account for the fact that Llanberis has half a dozen hotels and at least twice as many guesthouses, as well as souvenir shops and a shop that sells Welsh handicrafts—mostly wool and sheepskin—and an elegant restaurant called Y Bistro, which has an ambitious chef and a menu in two languages, English and Welsh.

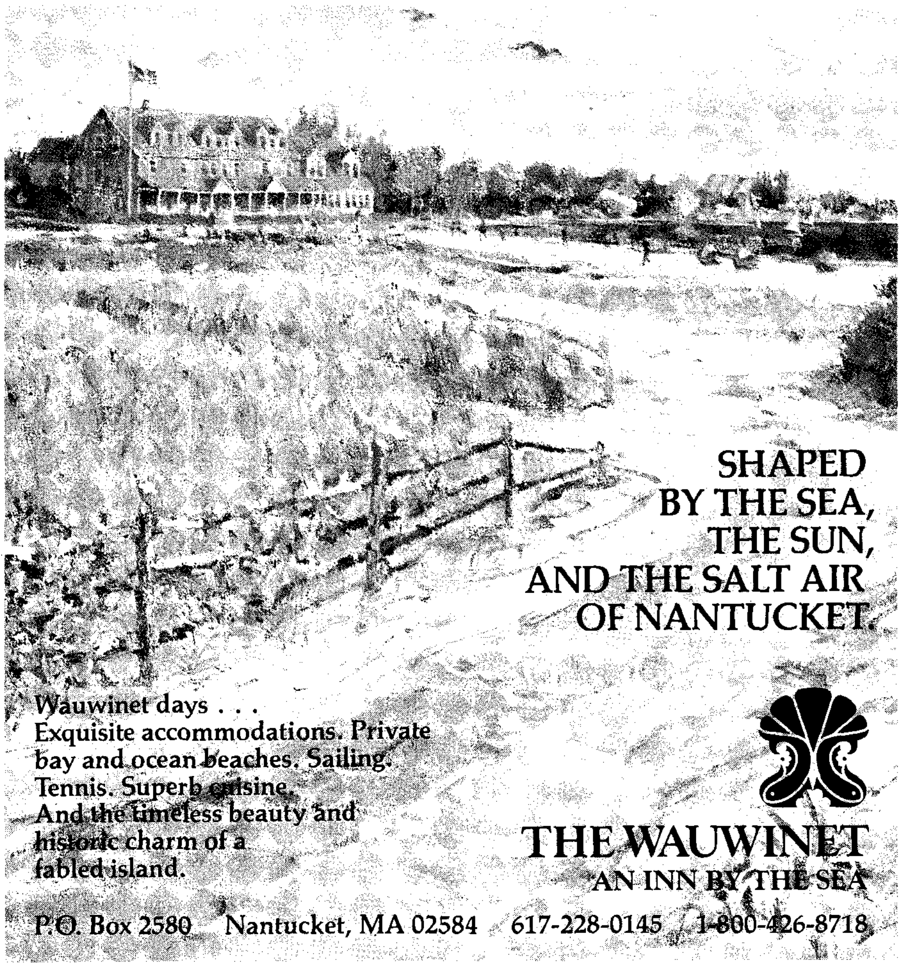
Llanberis has one other tourist attraction: Joe Brown's shop. It is a kind of Aladdin's cave for mountaineers, and most weekends—particularly when the weather is bad—the place is packed with young hopefuls covetously fingering the goods and gossiping in the closemouthed, bristly way that is peculiar to the climbing world. Llanberis was once the main source of slate for the British Isles; now it is the center of British climbing. Over the years, the native Welsh population has been steadily supplemented by a flow of young Englishmen—the majority of them from the north, and all of them self-made internal exiles, like the Russian dissidents—who have gone there to climb and then stayed on, taking odd jobs to keep themselves fed. Because climbers as a group tend to be highly motivated, competent, and independent (they would not otherwise survive in the hills), they are usually good at whatever work they take up. As a result, the plumbing, carpentry, bricklaying, roofing, and decorating are probably better, and certainly cheaper, in Llanberis than anywhere else in Britain. There is only one problem: climbing comes before money, so in good weather work gets delayed.

But there is not much else about Llanberis to attract tourists—least of all the weather, which is generally dreadful. In summer, the biggest employer in Llanberis is the Snowdon railway; for the rest of the year, the main source of work is a company called Snowdon Mouldings, which currently has a staff of twenty-three.

Snowdon Mouldings is owned and operated by Mo Anthoine and his wife, Jackie, and it has been growing steadily since 1968, when Mo and Joe Brown, the greatest of all British climbers, began making Joe Brown safety helmets in the cellar of Brown's house, in Llanberis. The company gradually spread into a nearby cottage, then subdivided into a converted chapel in the Scottish Highlands when Mo diversified into ice axes, and is now back in Llanberis in another converted chapel—this one much larger, in order to cope with a range of products that has expanded to include tents and all sorts of outdoor clothing.

Since 1966, Mo Anthoine (the name is pronounced "An-twan") has lived in the village of Nant Peris—a church, a pub, a general store, and a scattering of houses—a couple of miles east of Llanberis. He is now forty-eight years old, and his untidy mop of hair is graying at the edges. He is short—five feet seven inches—and slightly top-heavy in build: deep chest, arms like logs, surprisingly spindly legs. His shoulder muscles—the deltoids and the latissimus dorsi—are so highly developed that when he stretches out his arms he looks as if he were about to take off. He has a seventeen-inch neck and never wears a tie, because he is convinced that no shirt that fits his neck will fit him anywhere else. His head is big and square and intelligent, his chin is small, and his upper lip seems to be equipped with an extra set of muscles that enable it to twist and curl like the mouth of a rubber Halloween mask—apparently all by itself. He has blue eyes, but there is a fleck of brown in the left eye that looks disconcertingly like a spot of blood. Years ago, he had back trouble so severe that he finally, and with great misgiving, booked himself into a hospital for surgery on his spine; luckily for him, the disks fused together a few days before the operation, and the pain disappeared, but since that time he has walked like a sailor, with a rolling, swaybacked gait and no movement at all in the lower spine. He wears jeans, a T-shirt, and sneakers, whatever the weather, and owns only one suit, which he shares with Joe Brown. This means that they can never go to the same funeral or wedding. It is an arrangement that pleases them both.

Mo was christened Julian and ac-



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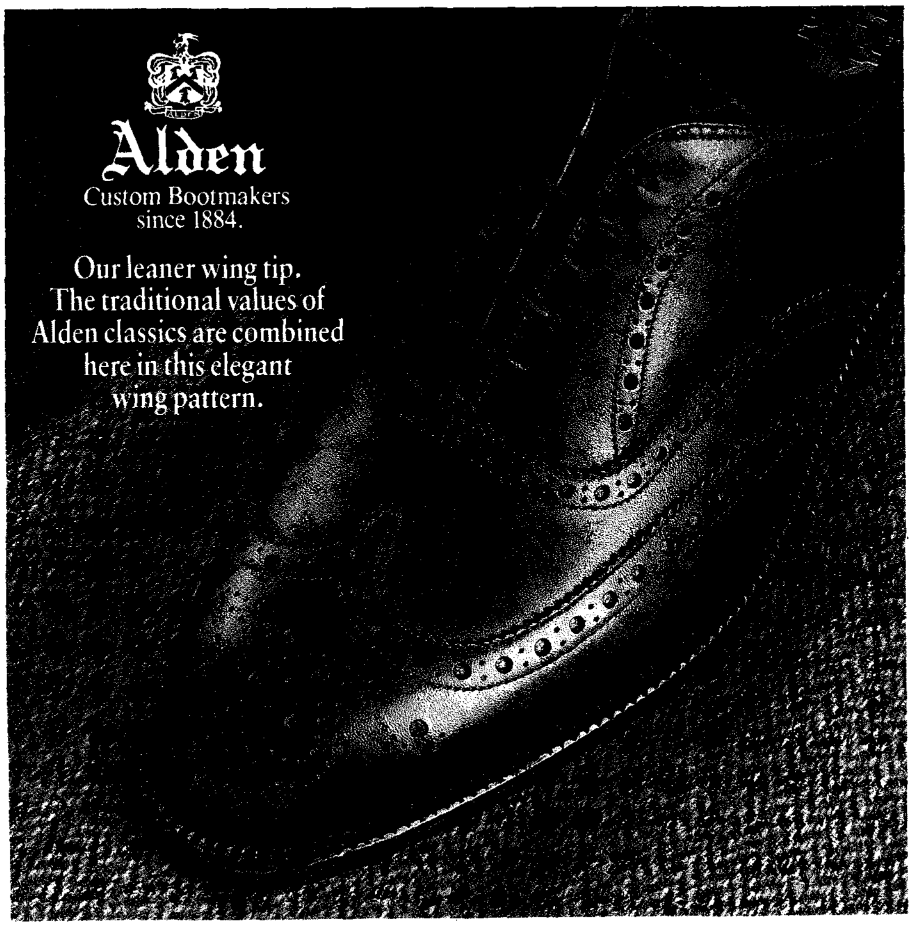

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quired his nickname when he was four years old. He got it from one of the Three Stooges—"the nasty one with the fringe," he says—and it stuck. He also says, "With a name like Julian, you'd want it to stick, wouldn't you?" He was born in Kidderminster in 1939, and, in a way, he has been going on expeditions since he was eleven years old. His mother died when he was four, and his stepmother was a Dickensian tyrant. "By the time I was eleven, I was doing all the dusting and Hoovering and ironing," he says. "I was cleaning the grate, polishing the shoes, peeling the potatoes. So anything that got me out of the house I leaped at. I joined the Boy Scouts, and they took me camping. That was a real breakthrough; it meant that I could get away from home and also enjoy myself. I got hold of a United States Army bivouac tent, and I used to go away every weekend. I'd pack a rucksack, go off on my own on Saturday morning, and not come back until Sunday night. And for some reason Win, my stepmother, never minded. Nowadays, of course, you'd never let a kid of eleven go off on his own, but thirty-seven years ago it didn't seem to be a problem."

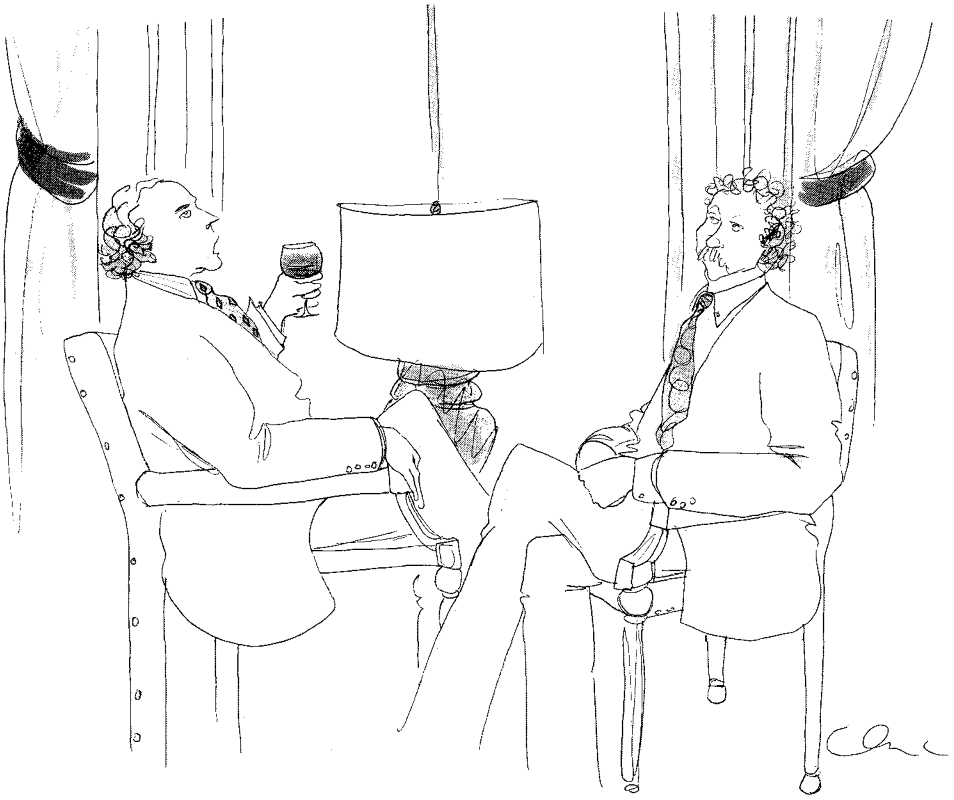
Like many children who are kept under at home, Mo was wild at school, and he dropped out just before he took the exams that would have qualified him for college. His father—a tiny, clever man, an amateur painter with a passion for music and chess—designed carpets, and Mo, after a few months with a civil-engineering firm in Birmingham joined him in the carpet industry, as a trainee manager. He was seventeen years old. Two years later, he discovered climbing. "As part of the management training, they sent you on an Outward Bound course," he says. "It was the daftest thing they ever did with me." For some people, climbing can be an addiction that alters the psyche's chemistry as surely as heroin alters the body's. At the end of the month at an Outward Bound school in Aberdovey, Mo was hooked. He began to climb every weekend, hitching rides up to Wales after work on Friday evening, returning Sunday night. Gradually, the weekends got longer, starting Thursday evening, ending Monday night. His employers did not complain, and perhaps did not notice, but, even so, when his summer holiday came round and he went off for the first time to the Alps that was the end of his career in carpets.

Mo had also decided that it was time to get away from home. He left a message on the kitchen table to say he wasn't coming back, and when the friends he had gone to the Alps with returned to England he set off, with twelve pounds in his pocket, to hitchhike to New Zealand, "to see what the ice climbing was like." From an atlas in the Kidderminster library he had compiled a list of the towns on the west coast of Africa—"so I'd know where to hitch to," he explains. "I thought that if I could get to Cape Town I could find a job, because they were English-speaking, and from there I'd get myself across to Australia and New Zealand." As it turned out, he got no farther than Casablanca, where everything he had was stolen except his passport. The surly British consul refused to help him, so he hitchhiked, starving, back to England. He spent the rest of the summer climbing in North Wales, and then took a job as an instructor at Ogwen Cottage, a climbing school below Tryfan, a mountain not far from Snowdon. The pay was ten shillings a week, plus his keep and all the climbing he could manage, and he took it on a strictly temporary basis. "I told myself that as soon as I got to regard instructing as being just a job I'd pack it in," he says. "I didn't want to lose my feeling for climbing—I didn't want it ruined."

Two years later, in 1961, he decided that he was indeed bored, and again set off to hitchhike to New Zealand, this time with thirty-five pounds in his pocket and a climbing rope in his rucksack. He went with a friend, and the journey there and back took them two years. They hitched across Europe, Turkey, and Iran, into Pakistan and India, up to Nepal, down into Burma, on to Thailand and Malaya, across to Australia, and, finally, on to the South Island of New Zealand for the ice climbing. They lived dirt cheap (in India, they budgeted on one shilling a day), refused on principle to pay for any transport except ships and the occasional flight, and took jobs where they could find them: an Iranian paid them to smuggle turquoise into Pakistan; they spent four months digging culverts for a new railroad in Queensland; they worked in a blue-asbestos mine in Wittenoon Gorge, in Western Australia. (Of that potentially lethal experience Mo now says philosophically, "It's a long incubation period, thank God. About twenty-six years. So I've still got a year or two years to go.") To get back home, they crewed on a yacht across the Indian Ocean, jumped ship in Aden, crossed to Djibouti, hitchhiked up through East Africa into Egypt, and went on through Cyprus into Greece. The last stage of the journey, from Athens to Ripley, in Derbyshire, took them a mere three and a half days—and that was just as well, since it was an unusually cold spring and by then Mo's wardrobe was reduced to a shirt, shorts, and a pair of leopardskin slippers he had had made in Khartoum for ten shillings.

Back in England, Mo decided to train as a teacher—teaching being an occupation that would guarantee him plenty of time off for climbing. He spent a probationary year teaching physical education and mathematics, to see if he liked the work, then three years, beginning in the fall of 1964, at the Coventry College of Education. I first met him in August of that year, in the Dolomites, at a run-down little hut directly below the south faces of the Tre Cime di Lavoredo. We had arrived there independently with partners who both decided, after one short route, that they preferred to lie in the sun outside the hut and leave the climbing to others. Mo was ten years younger than I was, and a much better climber, so I grabbed the chance to be led up some hard routes. As for him, he didn't seem to mind which routes he did as long as he climbed.

Rock climbing is one of the purest, least cluttered of sports, requiring a minimum of equipment: a pair of special boots, a rope, a safety helmet, and a collection of nylon slings and metal gear—carabiners (snap links), pitons, étriers (stirrups), and nuts (artificial chock stones)—with which you try to protect yourself against a fall. The whole lot costs relatively little, lasts for years, and hangs easily around your neck and from your waist. So climbing is unlike some sports in that if anything goes wrong the fault is usually in you, not in your gear. But, then, according to Mo, climbing isn't a sport at all. "It's a pastime," he says. "It involves pleasure. Whereas a sport, by definition, involves competition. In climbing, the only competition is with yourself"—that is, with your protesting muscles, your nerves, and, when things



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go wrong, your reserves of character. It is even, in its way, an intellectual activity, though with one important qualification: you have to think with your body. Each pitch is a series of specific local problems: which holds to use, and in which combinations, in order to get up safely and with the least expenditure of energy. Every move has to be worked out by a kind of physical strategy, in terms of effort, balance, and consequences. It is like playing chess with your body.

When Mo was in his twenties, he had a reputation as a wild man—"My mother died of cirrhosis of the liver and never drank a drop," he says, "so I did my best to redress the balance"—but there was nothing wild about the way he climbed. Our first route was the Spigolo Giallo, one of the most beautiful of all Dolomite climbs: straight up the south-facing "yellow edge" of the Anticima of the Cima Piccola di Lavoredo, about a thousand feet long and plumb vertical most of the way. Mo did the leading, and every so often he would pause and call down "That's an ace bit!" or "You're gonna love this!" That invariably meant that he had just done a hard move, but his progress was so steady that the difficulties, when I came to them, became part of the enjoyment, and I found that I was climbing better than I usually did. The last pitch was easy and spectacular—on big holds up a vertical wall, with nothing but air and the wheeling swallows between my feet and the scree far below. When I pulled over the top, Mo was propped against a boulder enjoying the afternoon sun, his shirt off and a cigarette in his mouth. "Happiness is a V.S. to Heaven," he said. (In those days, V.S., or Very Severe, was, in effect, the top grade but one in the British climbing classification, which went from Moderate, through Difficult, Very Difficult, Severe, and Very Severe, to Hard Very Severe, with just a handful of climbs classified as Extreme. Standards have since risen, and Extreme is now subdivided numerically into more grades than all the rest put together.) "A V.S. to Heaven" is as good a way as any of describing the sense of freedom and lightness, both mental and physical, that comes when everything is going as it should on rock that is hard but not too hard—when tension dissolves, movement seems effortless, every risk seems under control, and your own inner silence is like that of the mountains themselves.

A couple of days later, we went round to the other, more serious side of the Cima Grande, to try the classic Comici route up the north face. It is nearly twice as long as the Spigolo Giallo and technically harder. The first eight hundred feet of it lean steadily outward—a stone dropped from the top of this overhanging section would hit the scree thirty feet out from the base—and the upper part is like a huge open book of stone: a thousand-foot vertical crack in a corner. The night before, Mo had been "redressing the balance"—with my help—so we overslept, started late, were held up by two slow parties in front of us, and then were caught in a snowstorm when we were six hundred feet up the overhang and beyond any point of return. We spent the night belayed to a small ledge, a couple of feet long and eighteen inches wide, five hundred feet from the summit. Because this was August in Italy and the previous route had gone easily, we were climbing light—that is, we were carrying neither food nor extra clothing. A waterfall of melting snow was cascading down the long final crack, and although the ledge we finished on was protected by an overhang, we were soaked to the skin by the time we reached it. We took off our shirts, wrung them out, put them back on, and settled down for a long night, while the gunmetal clouds lifted, the stars came out, and the air froze. It was important not to sleep, because sleep lowers the body's temperature, so we talked, sang songs, swapped limericks. Even so, we kept dozing off, then waking, disoriented, to continue the singsong, hearing our voices become frailer and more impertinent in the engulfing darkness. Sometime around three o'clock, we woke again to find that something had changed. The moon was down, the valley far below was a pool of ink, the distant peaks were blue-black against the starry sky. But it was not just the quality of the darkness that had altered; the silence, too, had deepened, become impenetrable. We huddled together, trying to work out what had happened. Then Mo said, "The waterfall's frozen."

At that point, I concluded that our luck had run out and we, too, would soon be frozen. I didn't say so at the time, of course, but when I mentioned it to Mo months later he was astonished. "It was a bit parky," he said, "but it never occurred to me that we were in real trouble." His attitude was: We're all right for the moment, so we'd better do what we can to stay that way. We pummelled each other to restore the circulation, blew on our hands, and smoked continuously—both to allay our hunger and for the comfort of it. (It is amazing how warm tobacco feels when you are freezing.) The dawn was a long time coming: first a vague, pale shadow that might have been cloud at the edge of the rock wall that shut us in; then an infinitely slow seeping away of blackness into gray. The last five hundred feet to the top seemed disproportionately hard. There were plaques of verglas in some of the places where there should have been holds, and both of us were frostbitten—Mo in the feet, I in the fingers.

When we got to the summit, we lay for a while in the sun and watched our wet clothes steam. I felt exhausted beyond exhaustion and slightly lightheaded—surprised, I suppose, to be alive. As we set off to scramble down the easy south side of the mountain, Mo said, "Right. We're halfway there."

"Pardon?"

"This is when accidents happen," he said. "When you've got to the top and start relaxing."

It seemed odd how our roles had reversed completely. I was the one who was in his middle thirties, and Mo was supposed to be the wild man. Maybe Mo acquired his respect for danger, along with his self-reliance, when he went off camping on his own as a child and realized that if he did not take care of himself no one else would. Whatever its source, it is not something he has learned the hard way, by hurting himself. In thirty years of difficult routes, he has never once fallen off—in itself some kind of record in an activity that is second only to Formula One racing in its turnover of stars.

Safety, however, is not necessarily a quality that is admired by the general public. In 1970, Mo went on his first major expedition, to El Toro in the Peruvian Andes. The climbers got to within one rope length of the top, and all that was left was an easy-angled snow slope. But the snow was wholly unstable. "It was like powdery sugar,

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completely unconsolidated to a great depth," Mo says. "If you'd jumped into it, you'd have gone in up to your face and still not have packed anything down under your feet. It could have broken off anywhere at any moment, and there was no way of belaying ourselves. So we turned back." The expedition had been financed by a provincial newspaper group, United Newspapers, which was "very upset," Mo says. "They wanted either the summit or a death. Anything in between was a failure as far as they were concerned."

This death-or-glory attitude of sponsors and media men is utterly at odds with Mo's view of climbing as an anarchic pastime that is fun to do. If you ask him to define "good mountaineer," he quotes the late Don Whillans, a superlative climber who helped Joe Brown to transform the standards of British rock climbing and died in bed in 1985: "A good one is a live one."

Mo says that his own ambition is to die at the age of eighty-six, shot by an outraged husband, and then to have his ashes flushed down the whistling loo at the Alpine Club in London. "I've got a real, healthy respect for falling off, probably because I started climbing in the nineteen-fifties, when protection was rudimentary," he says. "Even with modern gear, I can't get myself into the state of mind where I feel I can afford to flirt off. That means I never climb at my maximum. If I get into a position where I think I might come off, I retreat or smack in a piton or stand in a sling. I don't think it's necessary to go flying a hundred and fifty feet through the air in order to prove that the move I'm trying to do is too hard for me. No one ever thinks he's going to die on a route; even the crazies imagine they've calculated the risk and are going to get away with it. But when you start pushing, so your safety margin becomes a fine edge, big things can go wrong. I like to leave a really thick edge. For me, my safety margin is my strength. It's not that I train like these dedicated modern lads who don't drink or smoke and spend hours each day on climbing walls. I'm too old for that stuff, and anyway half my climbing life has always been in the pub. But I'm lucky—I'm naturally strong. That's my safety margin, and I like to think there's loads left over. Of course, I've had epics on the hills, but I've never deliberately decided to risk one. I think it's a kind of selfishness. It's the easiest thing in the world to snuff it on a mountain, and the higher you get, the easier it is. But I don't think any hill is remotely worth it. No mountain is that important to me. Important, sure. But not that important."

In climbing parlance, an epic is a near-disaster that ends happily and makes a good story afterward. It is a concept that varies from climber to climber. That night out on the Cima Grande registered very high on my epic scale and hardly at all on Mo's. From the Dolomites he went straight on to Chamonix, and within a few days was having another hard time—on the Grand Capucin with an unfit partner, who kept passing out on the stances. The next year, 1965, he climbed, without incident, what were then two of the hardest climbs in Europe—the Phillip-Flamm, on the Civetta, and the Bonatti Pillar, in the Mont Blanc range—and then was caught in a whiteout on the south face of the Géant, during which he and his partner rescued two panicky and ungrateful Germans. ("When we got them to the Torino hut, they didn't even say thank you.") In 1966, on the Brenva, he and his partner waited to help some less experienced climbers and were caught in a three-day storm, during which one of the climbers died of exposure and Mo was so badly frostbitten in the feet that he had to spend weeks in a hyperbaric tank. "In those days, I assumed that every route you did in the Alps was an epic," he says. "Since I had one every time, I supposed everybody else did. Then I began to hear people saying, 'Such-and-such is a nice route.' And their knuckles weren't ripped to shreds and their eyes weren't out on stalks like chapel hat pegs, so I began to realize I was doing something wrong."

Part of what he was doing wrong had to do precisely with what he was doing right. To a degree that seems positively unhinged to the outsider, Mo, like all serious mountaineers, is willing to accept any kind of hardship as part of the normal day's work. Bad rock, bad weather, bad food, freezing bivouacs on stony ledges at the foot of nasty-looking faces or suspended from pitons halfway up them—all that is taken for granted, and, by some, is even reckoned to add to the enjoyment. Mo also has a realistic understanding of how much discomfort the human body can withstand. When I imagined we were going to freeze to death, he figured, correctly, that we were in for nothing more than a cold and uncomfortable night. But we were lucky on two counts: the route was relatively short, and the weather cleared. The following year, and the year after that—on the Géant and the Brenva—he was less lucky. At which point it became clear that his thick edge was someone else's thin.

To avoid this predicament, he could have climbed exclusively with people who were in his own league in terms of strength and technical ability. But because he is a sociable man, with a wide range of friends, that would have gone against the pleasure principle by which he has always regulated his climbing life. "Whenever I organize a trip, I want to go with my mates," he says. "When the hot young climbers pick a team, they invariably go for track record and technical expertise rather than for the people themselves. So if they make the summit they get a headline in *Mountain*, and that's it—it's over. But if you've been on a trip with great blokes you remember it for years and years. Even in Britain, I don't climb with people I don't know, because I don't get any pleasure from it. It's just going climbing. I can go up the Llanberis Pass and do a route I've done fifty times before with someone I like, and really enjoy myself. Then I come back home and forget all about it—it's just been a nice day out. But if I go out and do something that taxes me and it's with a mate I get on well with I come back and I savor it. I remember the moves, what the other bloke said—all the little details—for years after. It's the degree of commitment you put yourself to with someone else that defines what you get out of it afterward. That's what climbing is all about for me."

One of Mo's elementary precautions against unnecessary epics was to make sure that he and his partners were always properly equipped, and he became a stickler for good gear long before he began to manufacture it himself. I have come to dread the moment when he sorts contemptuously through my rucksack and shames me into throwing away slings and carabiners—and even, once, a rope—to which I have become unreasonably attached over the years. His self-propelled lip lifts at one corner and curls down at the other, his eyes become slits, his vowels shorten. "I wouldn't climb upstairs with this stuff," he says.

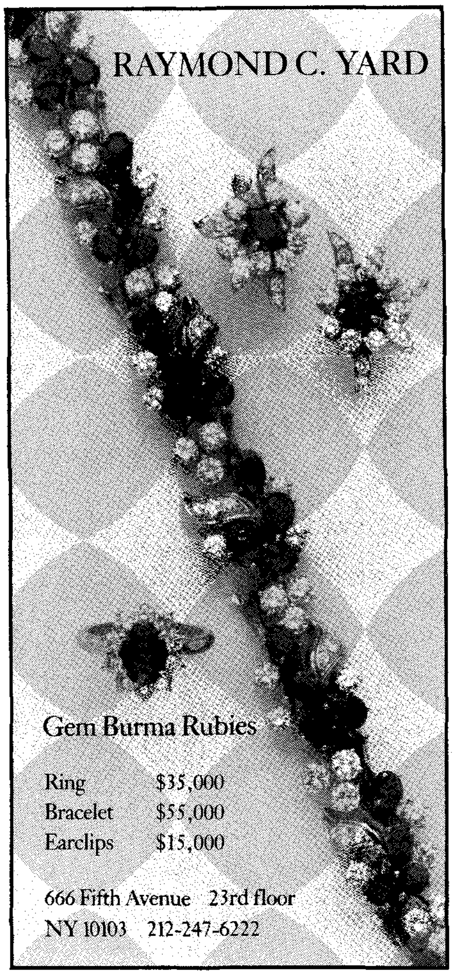
With years of practice, he has come to be an expert on how to equip an expedition, but his first attempt—for El Toro—was a triumph of overorganization and excess: three tons of gear and food for a mere six people—"enough to feed the Brigade of Guards for half a year," he says. That first expedition also had other excesses, peculiar to Mo. Because his slipped disks had not yet cured themselves, he took with him—and swallowed—a thousand codeine pills to dull the pain in his back; he also spent his whole time on the mountain strapped up in a whalebone corset. On the walk back through the foothills, he obtained an old skull from an expatriate Scot—it seemed, at the time, an appropriate memento of the trip. When he changed planes at Miami International Airport, a burly woman customs officer pulled the skull from his rucksack and then, with infinite distaste, the filthy corset. She arranged the two ghastly exhibits carefully on the table in front of her and shouted to a colleague, "Hey, Chuck, we got ourselves a kink!"

That was in 1970, and by then Mo's reputation as a wild man had modified considerably. He had behind him eight Alpine seasons of increasingly impressive routes; he had finished the three-year college course and one year of practical training that qualified him as a teacher; and for two years he had been in a business partnership with Joe Brown. Brown's suggestion that they team up to produce safety helmets had come in 1968, at more or less the same moment that Mo was offered what seemed the ideal teaching job—chief instructor at an Outdoor Pursuits center in mid-Wales. But when it came to choosing between steady work—with paid holidays, and a pension at the end of the long tunnel—and private enterprise with a mate there was no contest: "I thought, It's more risky, but I'll go in with Joe."

By then, Mo was married for a second time. His first marriage, in February of 1964, had lasted ten months. His second, to Jacqueline Phillippe, whom he met while they were both students at Coventry College of Education, is still going strong after twenty years. The popular image of a mountaineer's wife is probably like that of a frontier woman: large-boned and large-bosomed, leathery and patient. Jackie Anthoine is small, slim, and shapely. She has a soft face, big eyes, and a mass of curly brown hair, and in social situations she affects a giggly, slightly put-upon manner more appropriate to Blondie than to "Shane." In other words, she looks like the kind of young woman who would be more at home on a Mediterranean beach than in an Alpine climbing hut, except that she carries no fat and has the biceps and hard legs of an Olympic gymnast.

In the Alps, they became famous not only because she followed him up hard climbs more easily and in better style than many male climbers but also because on the long slog up to the high huts—always the most dismal part of Alpine climbing—it was invariably she who carried the heavier sack. In the days before the women's movement, this was considered eccentric on her part and not proper on his. Climbing wives tended to be indignant on her behalf, while climbing husbands reacted with a kind of wistfulness, compounded of secret admiration and simple disbelief at Mo's ability to get away with it. To both, his standard response was "If she can bear it, she can carry it!" The simple truth was that neither of them was much interested in coddling or being coddled. Also, they made each other laugh.

They needed to in order to cope with the one continuing epic of their married life, their house. It is called Tyn-y-Ffynnon—Welsh for "the house by the well"—and when they moved there, in 1966, the ancient holy well was the only thing on the property in working order. The house itself was a ruin: four walls of rough rhyolite blocks, some of them fallen; no roof, no doors, no windows. The earth floor was eighteen inches deep in sheep droppings, and an eight-foot tree grew in the center of what is now the living room. Because they were more or less penniless, they did the building work themselves, very slowly, driving up on



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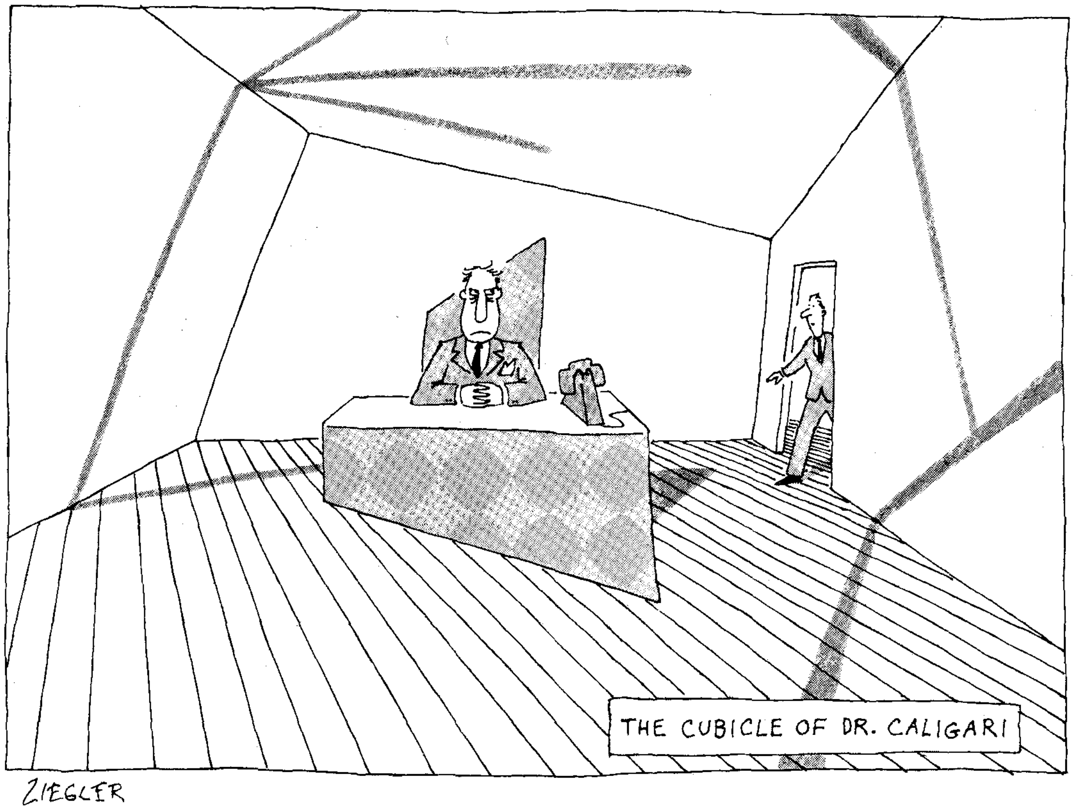
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Friday nights with the bag or two of cement they could afford that week and solemnly following the instructions in "The Reader's Digest Complete Do-It-Yourself Manual." It took them six to eight months to get a roof on and to put in a floor, a temporary kitchen, and a bathroom.

Rock climbing is essentially a lazy man's activity: concentrated bursts of effort on the rock face alternate with long rests on the stances when you lie back, smoke, admire the view, or mutter at the rain. As a result, climbers are strong on watching other people work, and the Anthoines' struggle to make Tyn-y-Ffynnon habitable became a long-standing attraction in the Llanberis Pass. Jackie was the star of the show as she shovelled sand into the cement mix or wrestled with wheelbarrows full of the boulders Mo was laboriously excavating from the house. Her cheerful, shapely, seemingly slight figure manhandling gigantic loads was a permanent source of astonishment to everyone who stopped by for a brew. Mo called her, tenderly, "the only cement mixer that runs on a handful of cereal a day."

THE 1970 attempt on El Toro gave Mo a taste for expeditions, because they combine the pleasures and trials of ordinary mountaineering and a wider style of adventure—fun with his mates with the added attractions of remote places and different cultures. In 1972, he joined what was grandly called an Anglo-American expedition ("The American side was one nineteen-year-old, Larry Derby, and an English lad, Ian Wade, who was living in the States," he says) and returned to South America, where they put up a new and very difficult route on Mt. Fitzroy, in Patagonia, an area famous for unspeakable weather and hundred-mile-an-hour winds, which have been known to perform an Alpine version of the Indian rope trick: they blow hundred-and-forty-foot lengths of full-weight eleven-millimetre Perlon rope vertically into the air.

The next year, it was South America yet again, this time with an all-star climbing team—it included Joe Brown, Don Whillans, and Hamish MacInnes—sponsored by the London *Observer* for what that normally restrained Sunday newspaper chose to call a "climb to the Lost World." The catchy name came from that Arthur Conan Doyle novel in which intrepid Edwardian explorers discover a pocket of Mesozoic prehistory, complete with monsters, surviving on the summit of Mt. Roraima, a nine-thousand-foot-high rock plateau with a prow that rises seventeen hundred feet vertically out of the jungle at the point where Guyana, Venezuela, and Brazil meet. Back in England, even I, who have never suffered from expedition fever, was envious; it sounded to me less like a mountaineering expedition than like a kind of tropical Hope-Crosby road film, with every expectation that Dorothy Lamour would be met along the way. In reality, it was one of the hardest trips any of them had ever been on.

The problem was the mountain itself. On the Guyana side, it launches out into the surrounding jungle like a great ship, but because the constant tropical rain makes waterfalls of the vertical faces the only way the climbers could get up the thing without drowning was to climb the hugely overhanging prow. The rock was a sandstone quartzite so compacted that long sections of it were blank, without cracks or other weaknesses—holds, for instance—and could be climbed only by bolting, a laborious and primitive procedure that entails hammering a hole into the rock with a star drill and then screwing in an expansion bolt. To insert twelve bolts a day, hammering at full stretch while dangling in étriers from an overhanging wall, is about as attractive a way of passing the time as cleaning out the Augean stables. On Roraima, the rock overhung sometimes by as much as thirty feet in a single hundred-and-twenty-foot pitch. There were tiny ledges on the way, but, because this was the tropics, great mustaches of vegetation hung from them. This meant that on the last six feet of many of the pitches the leader had to chop his way with his piton hammer through overhanging earth and plants while what Mo called "weird beasties" dropped down his neck and chest. The beasties were a variety of oversized insects, most of them shaped like earth-moving machines, and many so un-

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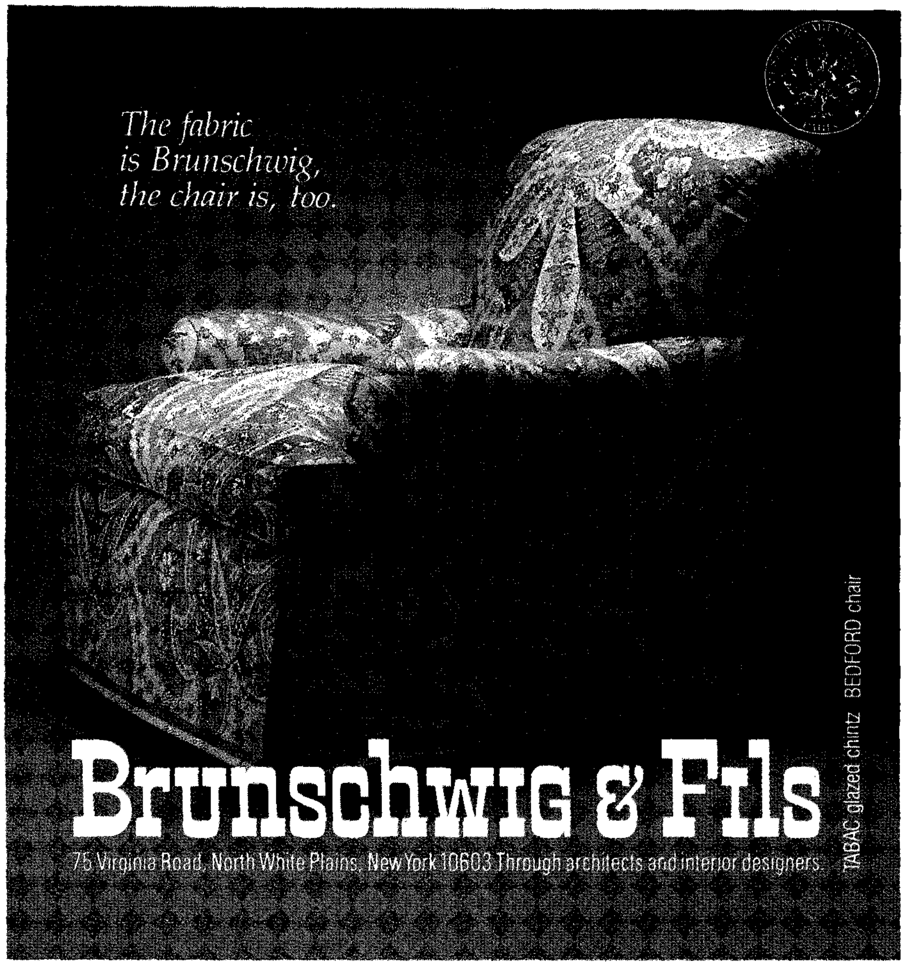
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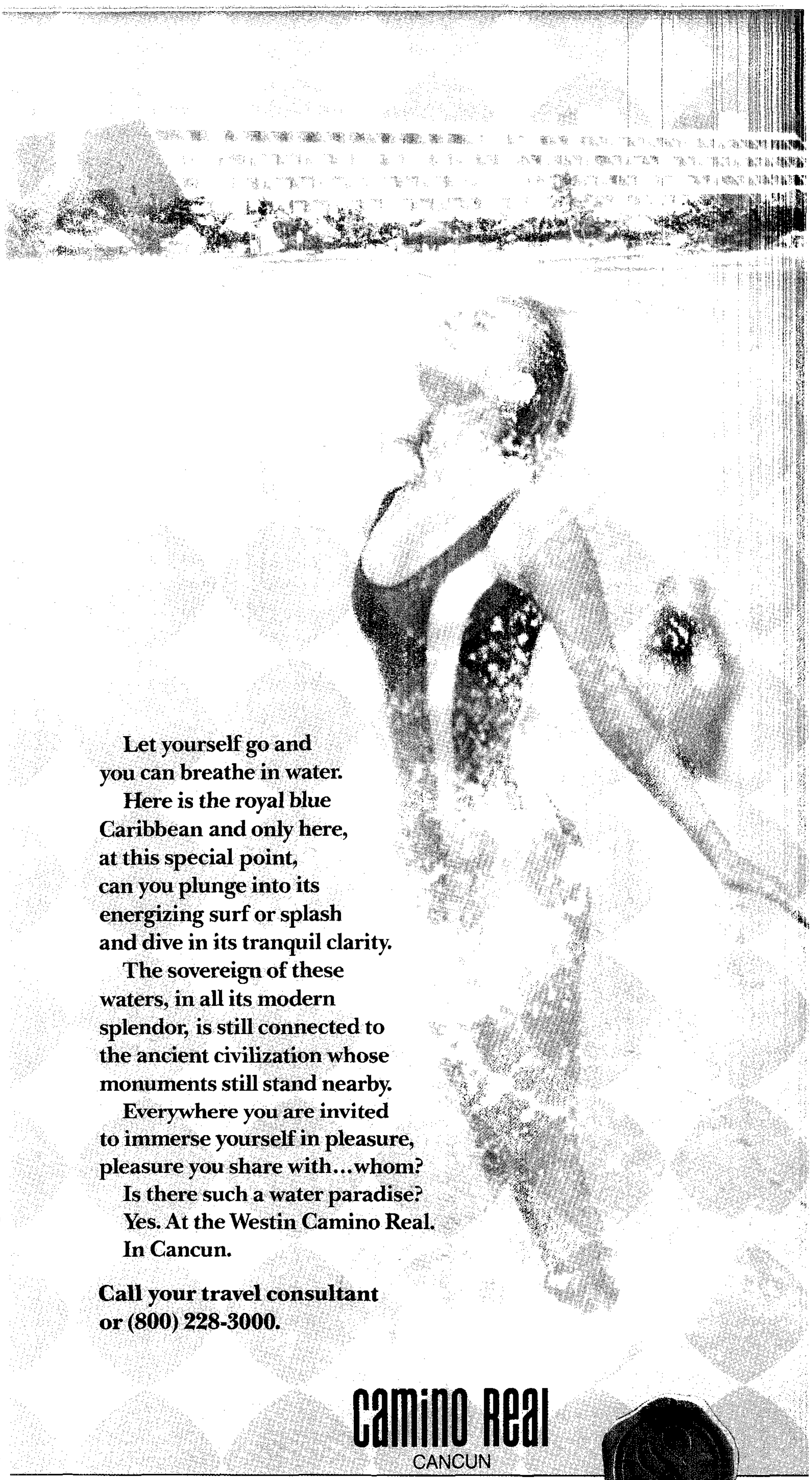
common that they had never been classified by entomologists. Despite the perpetual rain that bucketed down beyond the overhangs, the only drinkable water on the route was the moisture that collected in pitcher plants on two insect-infested but relatively spacious ledges, one near the bottom, the other eight hundred feet up. So at the end of each day the climbers had to abseil, or rappel, down over the huge overhangs like spiders letting themselves down on their own threads; they would then leave the ropes in place and jumar all the way up again to their previous high point the next morning. (A jumar—the word comes from the Swiss company that first made it—is a metal clamp with nylon loops attached to it to stand in and hold; it moves easily upward and locks when downward pressure is applied.) Jumarring is always a boring and exhausting process, and when it has to be repeated day after day on ropes that have begun to fray on sharp edges of rock it can, as Mo mildly put it, "play on your mind a bit." In fact, it played on their minds for over three weeks while they labored—soaked, filthy, and unnerved—up and down the face on increasingly frayed ropes as they made their way to the summit. During one dark night of their collective soul, when all of them had run out of reasons for being there, Mo came up with a comforting thought. "Well," he said, "it's better than descaling a boiler in Sheffield."

Mo has a vivid and precise expression for what drives him—and most other climbers—to court discomfort; he calls it "feeding the rat." When he got back from Roraima, his rat was well and truly fed, but he himself looked thinner and more wasted than I had ever seen him. Even so, within a few months he was brooding about another expedition. This time, however, Jackie complained strenuously about being left behind, so they decided to concoct a private trip with three friends—Will Barker, Malcolm Howells, and Ian Campbell—to the Langtang Himalaya, an area west of Everest. To save money, they drove overland from Wales to Kathmandu, via Afghanistan, and got a trekking permit rather than a permit for a full-scale expedition.

That was in 1974, and every summer from then until 1983 Mo returned to either the Himalaya or the Karakoram, which are the highest of all the mountain ranges. Most of these expeditions have been low-key affairs, financed mainly by the climbers themselves, occasionally with a little help from the Mount Everest Foundation and the British Mountaineering Council, but without media coverage and often not even reported in the trade papers—*Mountain*, *High*, and *Climber*—unless they made the summit. They were less like expeditions as the general public conceives of them than like extended versions of Mo's ideal of a day out with his mates. The sole exception was in 1977, when Mo was invited to take part in a six-man attempt on the Ogre, a twenty-three-thousand-nine-hundred-foot peak, which is the highest point in the Biafo Glacier region of the Karakoram. The route was long and technically demanding—it involved steep granite and steep ice that would be hard even in the Alps, at half the altitude—and had already defeated two British and two Japanese teams in the previous six years. In other words, it was a perfect way of feeding the rat.

Although Mo knew and liked the five other members of the team, only one, Clive Rowland, was a close friend. Two of them—Chris Bonington and Doug Scott—were full-time professional mountaineers. Bonington is probably the one British climber whose name is known to complete outsiders: he has written a number of books and organized several well-publicized expeditions to famous mountains, such as Everest and Annapurna; he appears regularly on television and has had his face in newspaper advertisements endorsing all kinds of non-mountaineering products. Scott, a huge, bearded man of phenomenal strength, is less well known and not at all part of the establishment (politically, he professes to be an anarchist), but he has made many spectacular first ascents, and he finances his climbing from the lecture circuit. Every climber—professional and nonprofessional alike—wants to get to the top of whatever route he is on, however small; that is what the game is about. For the professional, however, the summit has a special, personal intensity that it can never quite generate in non-professionals: it is, quite simply, his material. On the Ogre, they got their material with a vengeance, although the summit was the least of it.

By the time it came to the final push,



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the original party of six had been reduced to four: Paul (Tut) Braithwaite had been injured by a rockfall; Nick Estcourt was exhausted by a preliminary and unsuccessful bid for the top with Bonington. That left Scott, Bonington, Clive Rowland, and Mo on the mountain, with the two others at base camp, on the glacier, far below. The Ogre has two summits, the West and the Main—two hundred feet higher—connected by a long, jagged ridge. On July 12th, Mo and Rowland led up to the West Summit, and then the four climbers spent the night in an ice cave that they had dug in the southeast face, just below the ridge. The next morning, Scott and Bonington traversed below the ridge and began to climb the steep and difficult rocks of the Main Summit tower. Because Mo was filming the climb for the BBC, the plan was for him and Rowland to wait at the cave for an hour, taking pictures and keeping warm, and then to follow the others to the top. But when they reached the base of the final tower they found that Bonington, gripped by summit fever, had forgotten to leave the gear in place. Although they themselves were carrying no extra equipment, they managed to free-climb two hard pitches, until they were in shouting distance of the others. At that point, Scott had reached an area of blank rock at the top of a steep wall and was in the process of penduluming across to a crack that led to easier summit rocks. (The pendulum is a way of moving sidewise across holdless rock. The climber attaches the rope to the highest point he can reach, then lowers himself and swings back and forth, literally running across the rock face, until he has gathered enough momentum to reach another line of weakness. It is a technique sometimes needed on difficult rock climbs in places like Yosemite—the Nose on El Capitan involves a particularly spectacular pendulum—but is rarely used at high altitude.) Bonington called down to say that this was the last serious pitch, and when they were up it he would drop the others a rope. But by then there were only two hours of daylight left, so Mo and Rowland decided, reluctantly, to retreat to the ice cave and make their own summit bid the next day. Scott and Bonington reached the top, took the obligatory photographs, and started back down. By the time they reached the top of the steep pendulum pitch, the light had almost gone. Scott abseiled down it, steadily pushing himself across the face in order to reach the piton from which he had pendulumed on the way up. Later, in an article in *Mountain*, he described what happened next:

> I leaned across to fix myself onto a peg, pressing myself over with my feet. I stepped my right foot up against the wall, but, in the gathering darkness, unwittingly placed it on a veneer of water ice. Suddenly my foot shot off and I found myself swinging away into the gloom, clutching the end of the rope. I couldn't imagine why the swing was going on and on. I had not realized how far left of the abseil sling I was. And all the time I was swinging, a little exclamation of awe, surprise and fear was coming out from inside me, audible to Mo some two thousand feet away at the snow cave. And then the swing and the cry ended as I slammed into the opposite side of the gully.

The impact broke both his ankles. Bonington abseiled down to him. By then, it was dark. They abseiled farther down, to a large patch of snow—Scott keeping his back to the rock when he abseiled, and moving, when he had

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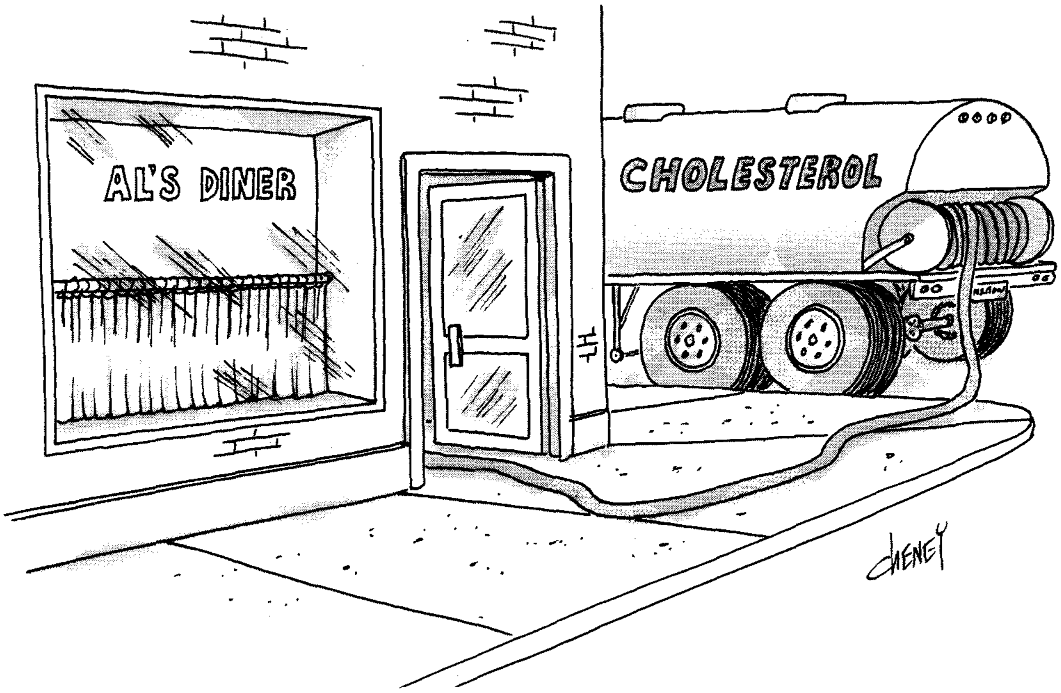
to walk, on his knees—where they bivouacked miserably.



Mo and Rowland had watched the accident, appalled, from the ice cave, knowing there was nothing they could do in the dark. At dawn, Mo left Rowland in the cave to brew tea while he traversed across to help the others. Scott, on his knees, greeted him cheerfully, saying, "I'll just nip back to the snow hole, youth." Then he asked, apparently quite seriously, "Are you and Clive going to the top?"

The printable part of Mo's answer was "I think we may have a bit of a job on here."

The major problem was that they were about nine thousand vertical feet above their base camp, and much of the route had been diagonal. Scott had relatively no trouble abseiling downward, and, because of his phenomenal strength, could manage to haul himself upward. But traversing on his knees—even downhill—was difficult and terribly painful. There was also a secondary problem: assuming that they would soon be heading back down the mountain, they had eaten nearly all their food the evening before the summit bid.

Back at the ice cave, they decided that, with the small amount of climbing gear they had left, their safest way off the mountain was to climb back to the top of the West Summit; from there it would be downhill most of the way, even though the downhill would involve a good deal of traversing. Until then, the weather, at least, had been perfect, but by the time they had made their plans clouds were rolling in—"just the way they always do in situations like this," Mo said—and by late afternoon it had started to snow fiercely. They ate their last food and spent an uneasy night trying to block the entrance of the ice cave to prevent snow from drifting in.

A blizzard blew all the next day. At ten in the morning, Rowland roped up and went out to try to force a way up to the West Summit. It took a half hour to go fifty feet; when he came back into the cave, his clothes were iced over and his hands were dead. An hour later, Mo went out to see what he could do. Although Rowland had plowed waist-deep through powder snow, there were no signs of his tracks. Mo made a mere thirty feet in the whiteout and then gave up. He, too, had lost all sensation in his hands; it was so cold that his eyelids froze to his eyeballs. They spent the rest of the day in the cave, listening to the blizzard and struggling to keep the entrance clear.

The storm was still blowing the following morning, although the wind had eased a little. But, whatever the weather, they had to move: their food was gone, they had only one gas canister left with which to melt snow for drinks, and they knew that at that altitude and in those conditions they would soon be too weak to move at all. Rowland led the way, slowly kicking up the deep, steeply angled powder snow to the West Summit; then came Scott, on his knees, hauling himself up the rope with jumars; Mo, like a sheep-dog, came behind him, while Bonington stayed in the ice cave until the last moment, in case they had to retreat. On the final, steepest section to the summit, the powder was so deep that Scott, despite his strength, found that he was simply plowing himself farther and farther in. So Mo climbed past him to help Rowland pull, Bonington got behind to shove, and, between them, they hauled Scott to the top.

Later, when I asked Mo if he had thought they might not survive, considering the storm and Scott's injuries, he answered, "It simply never occurred to me that we might die. Of course, I knew that if we stayed up there and did nothing, then, sure, we'd snuff it eventually, because no one was going to come and help us. But I thought that as long as we kept moving we'd survive. We were four tough blokes, and, fortunately, the toughest of us was the one who was injured. Perhaps it would have been different if it had been someone without Doug's physical strength who had broken his ankles. But Doug himself was quite cool about it, and although he was in pain he never once complained. When we talked about it afterward, he told me that in his mind there was no way he was going to die—no way at all. He said he knew he was in good hands and he reckoned he was strong enough."

It was midday by the time they were all on the West Summit, and the storm was still howling. But the visibility had improved to about fifty yards, and at least there would be no more vertical uphill fights. Because Mo and Rowland were not injured and had not had to bivouac at twenty-three and a half thousand feet without food or equipment, they were clearly in better physical shape than the two others. So from there on Mo took over the lead, finding the route, fixing the belays and abseils, while Rowland stayed with Scott, to help him over the awkward bits, and

Bonington brought up the rear. That day, their goal was a second ice cave, about a thousand feet below the West Summit. The abseils toward it were no great problem, but Mo was worried about a long, difficult traverse across steep ice immediately before the cave: because it was horizontal, there was no way for him to cross it without leading, and in the dreadful conditions that meant the possibility of falling off. "Fortunately, it had been preying on my mind all the way down," he said. "I was so keyed up by the time I got to it that I just whistled across. It's amazing what a bit of fear and adrenaline will do."

The night in the second ice cave was as miserable as the others had been. They spent most of the time massaging one another's feet and cradling them in their laps in the hope of restoring the circulation. The next morning, the storm had still not slackened. Below them was a thousand-foot rock pillar—the hardest section of the climb on the way up—and below that was Camp 3: two small tents, in which they hoped there might be food. So they set off despite the blizzard and the subzero temperatures—a whole day of abseiling with no possibility of shelter until they reached the tents. Halfway down, Bonington, bringing up the rear, shot off the end of an abseil rope, smashed into a boulder, and broke two ribs, one of which damaged his lungs. "Cold and getting colder, he had no alternative but to continue the descent," Scott wrote. "Mercifully, he did not at once start to experience the pain in his thorax that was to dog him later. It was a sorry little band that made the tents. Mo was the first and he had to reërect them, as they were both flattened under three feet of snow."

There was no food at Camp 3, but there were tea bags, fuel, and, most important, a pound bag of sugar. So when they woke on the fifth morning after the accident to find that two more feet of snow had fallen during the night and the storm was raging more violently than ever they decided to wait it out for one more day and hope that hot, sweet drinks would restore a little energy.

Bonington was in a bad way, coughing continually and bringing up an ominous-colored phlegm. He grew worse as the day went on, and gradually became convinced that the pains in his throat and under his ribs were symptoms of pulmonary edema—the occupational hazard of high-altitude mountaineering. If that was what he had, there was every chance that he might not survive unless he could get down the mountain quickly. The others listened critically to his coughs and wheezing, then tried to cheer him up by saying they couldn't hear the gurgling noises that are supposed to be characteristic of the illness. Bonington was not consoled.

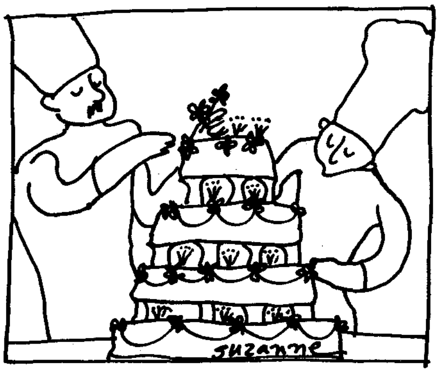
Bonington, among his other considerable gifts as a mountaineer, has prodigious reserves of fortitude. The question was how to tap them in his rapidly deteriorating condition. Mo keeps going by making fun of himself, and on Roraima he had rallied everyone's spirits with a deflating joke. Bonington's version of descaling a boiler in Sheffield was different but equally effective. He is a graduate of Sandhurst, the British equivalent of West Point, and his voice is usually loud and commanding, but by late afternoon on the fifth day of the storm twenty-four hours of coughing had reduced it to a sandpaper whisper. He rolled over in his sleeping bag and croaked to Mo, "We're going to make a fortune out of this."

"How come?"

"The book," said Bonington.

It was at that moment that Mo finally understood that he was not then and never had been a professional mountaineer.

The wind was still blowing the next morning, but the snow had stopped, and gradually the clouds rolled back and the sun appeared. It was now six days since the accident and they were still less than halfway down the mountain. They abseiled down to the West Col on fixed ropes they had left behind them on the ascent, then traversed across to their Camp 2, in the hope of finding food. Mo and Scott got there first, but all they could dig out from the snow was a packet of throat pastilles, one Tom & Jerry nougat bar, and a waste bag containing some scraps of rice mixed with cigarette ash. They gobbled the grains of rice guiltily, then divided the rest and left half for the others.



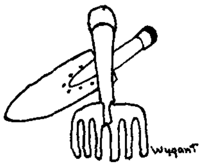
Below them was a mile and a half of deep snow, angling gently down to the top of the final steep section before advanced base camp. Partway down, Mo stopped for a rest, and Scott caught up with him and announced that he wanted to take his turn in front breaking the trail. Mo was carrying a larger sack than Scott, and a mass of slings and carabiners as well. "As he crept past, I thought, If he's crawling, he can carry a bit more," Mo said. "Anyway, he won't notice. So I clipped the slings onto him. Unfortunately, Clive Rowland was right behind me, and he captured that on camera."

They set up the tents above the fixed ropes on the last steep section. They were still two thousand feet above advanced base and about five thousand vertical feet and five miles from base camp. All of them were in bad shape, but, in Mo's words, "when you realize you are only a day, or two at most, from people and food you're not all that worried—it's when you're on the top with nothing to eat that you feel a bit peckish."

Because of the injured men, it was important to move quickly over the terrain below, so they agreed to lighten their sacks by abandoning everything that was not absolutely necessary: helmets, hardware, extra ropes, and, when the night was over, the tents. But when Bonington decided to leave behind an expensive camera Mo said, "I'll have that," and stuffed it swiftly into his sack before Bonington could change his mind. His excuse later was "I thought, I've thrown everything else away—I've got room for one little luxury."

At first light, Mo and Bonington set off down the fixed ropes, leaving Rowland to shepherd Scott when the day warmed up. At the bottom of the steep section, they found that advanced base had been abandoned, so they headed straight on down, first for a mile over crevassed snow, then down the long glacier—two and a half miles on ice, one mile over moraine. Scott said later that those last three and a half miles were for him the worst passage of all. He had four layers of clothing to protect his knees, and strips of plastic sleeping mat as well, but when he crawled into base camp at ten-thirty that night all the protection had worn away; his knees were numb and bloody and swollen to the size of melons.

Bonington was now near the end of his tether, coughing yellow phlegm and nodding off whenever he paused for a rest, so as soon as they reached the relatively safe ground of the ice glacier, where the crevasses were visible, Mo left him behind and made a dash for base camp to rally help. But base camp, too, had been abandoned. Nick Estcourt had waited there for a week, with six Balti porters, from Askole, while the storm raged on the mountain. When the climbers had not appeared by the second morning of fine weather, he had given them up for dead and gone down to the nearest village, Askole, to organize a search party. He had, in fact, set off that same morning, July 20th, leaving behind a bleak note that began, "If you get as far as reading this, then it presumably means that at least one of you is alive." He had also left a one-pound canned fruitcake, fifty nougat bars, and whatever bits and pieces he had been able to keep from the hungry porters.

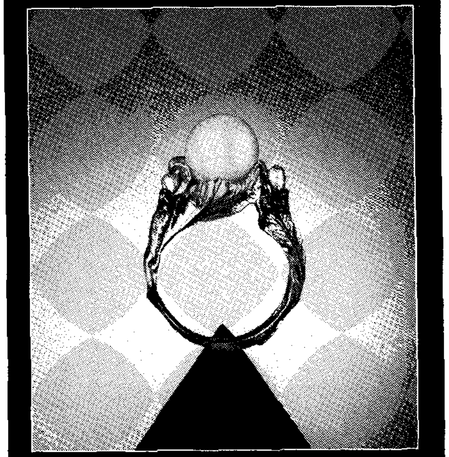


Mo took a quarter of the cake, a nougat bar, and half a packet of soup, left a note to say he was going on to Askole, and set off immediately. It was by then nearly five in the afternoon, and he had already been going for twelve hours. The distance to Askole was about thirty-five miles—twenty-five to Korophon, where the Biafo glacier ends, then ten along the bank of the Braldu River. A couple of times, Mo fell asleep on his feet and woke to find himself still walking. That unnerved him, so he set himself a routine: sixty minutes walking, then a five minute catnap. He walked until midnight, when the moon went down and he could no longer see where he was going, and then slept four or five hours, until first light. He kept walking all the next day—sixty minutes on, five minutes off—and was just past Korophon by midnight. From there on, the ground was relatively flat. But there was a rock step to negotiate, and by the time he reached it the moon was down again, so he slept for another few hours. When he walked into Askole, at seven o'clock the next morning, the first person he saw was the headman of the village, whom he knew from two expeditions to Trango, a mountain in the same area. "The Baltis don't normally show much emotion," Mo said. "But when he saw me he did a sort of vertical takeoff into the air, then dashed up and hugged me. Bloody hell, I thought. So I slogged on up the street, very slowly, because it was uphill, and when I came to the camp site there was Nick running toward me. I've never seen such pleasure on a bloke's face. He was convinced we were all dead."

Within a couple of hours, Estcourt and a dozen porters had set off for base camp. They made the long, uphill journey in just over twenty-four hours and brought Scott back down to Korophon on a stretcher. Meanwhile, a runner had gone to Skardu, the nearest town of any size, and the authorities there had radioed Rawalpindi for a helicopter to collect the injured men, one at a time, from Korophon.

Descending a long, difficult mountain in a six-day blizzard, without food and with two broken ankles, was an act of extraordinary courage on the part of Doug Scott, and, back in England, it made the headlines. It also earned Scott a trophy from a London casino, the Victoria Sporting Club, although when he discovered that no money went with the prize he turned it down. Without Scott's strength and uncomplaining endurance, there would certainly not have been a happy ending to the epic. Even so, the happy ending, like the climb and the descent, was entirely a team effort.

Yet between the rescue and the ensuing publicity a curious conjuring trick took place: Mo and Rowland virtually vanished from the story, although it had been they, in effect, who got the other two off the Ogre. Mountains do not normally make headlines; Everest apart, it is rare for them to rate more than two or three inches of an inner column on an inner page. The Ogre, however, and Scott's feat of endurance were given the full media treatment. The *Sunday Times*, for instance, ran a big center spread with a picture, a diagram, and plenty of death-or-glory detail. But even there Mo and Rowland appeared merely as spear-carriers, and in the downmarket papers they appeared not at all. In part, this was an application of the old Fleet



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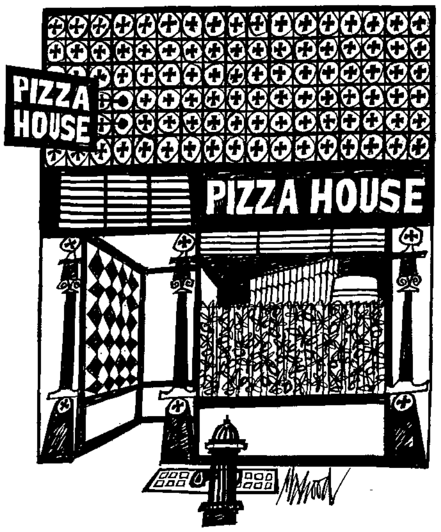
Street principle: big names make big copy. Someone remarked to me at the time, "It wouldn't do to say that two of the most famous climbers in the country had been hauled off a mountain by a couple of unknowns." And if the journalists had bothered to follow up the story they would probably not have been helped by either Mo or Rowland, for both have a distaste for publicity. "You're as famous as you want to make yourself," Mo said. "Doug and Chris have to be well known, because they need the cash if they're to climb all the time. They have no sources of income apart from lectures and writing. I've got a business, so I can afford not to push myself into the limelight."

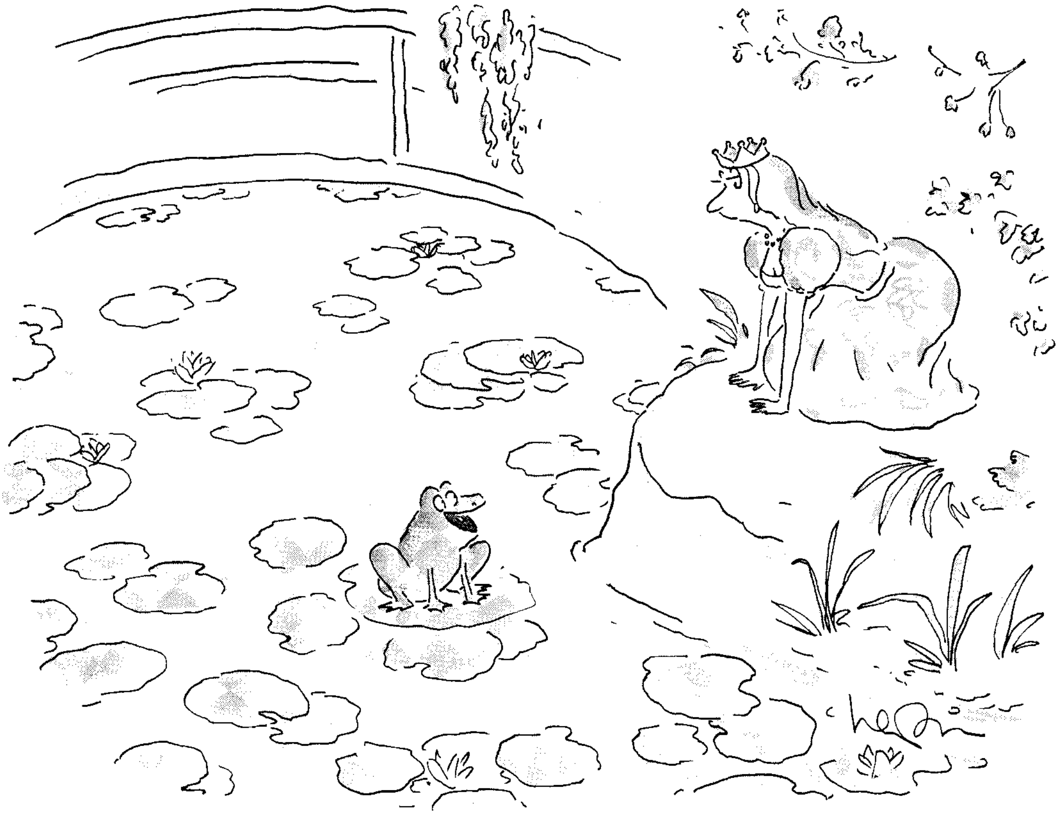
As though to prove his point, he wrote a deadpan account of the climb for the *Alpine Journal*, the staidest of all the trade papers, in which he dealt with the descent from the West Summit to base camp in sonnet length, a mere fourteen lines that included his considered opinion of the whole grim week: "Strangely enough it was not a frightening experience and while not pleasurable, it certainly did not lack in excitement." No mention of frostbite, no mention of his final two-day walk. It was one way to counteract media hype.

Even so, the Ogre proved to him again the truth he had learned six years before, after the expedition to El Toro: that there is an unbridgeable gap in expectations between the media and sponsors, on the one hand, and the climbers themselves, on the other. When he was invited to join an all-star expedition to K2 the following year, he said no. Instead, he went with three close friends—Martin Boysen, Bill Barker, and Pete Minks—to attempt the West Face of Gasherbrum 4. In 1976, the year before the Ogre epic, Boysen and Mo had climbed Trango, an elegant twenty-thousand-foot rock spire in the Karakoram. "From the top of Trango, I'd looked up the Baltoro glacier and seen this great car park full of peaks," Mo said. "It's an amazing sight, the best collection of mountains in the world—beautiful peaks, all of them. I thought, I must go up there. And the West Face of Gasherbrum 4 was just mouthwatering." In 1958, when the great Italian climber Walter Bonatti made the first ascent of Gasherbrum 4, by the East Ridge, he had peered down the ten-thousand-foot West Face and remarked with awe that maybe it was a route for the nineteen-eighties. By that estimate, Mo and friends were ten years premature. They did not get up it, although they might have if Minks had not fallen and broken his ankle. The three others kept climbing and reached twenty-three thousand feet—about three thousand feet from the summit—before the size and steepness of the face, rotten rock, technically difficult climbing, and sheer exhaustion stopped them. As it turned out, Bonatti was right: the West Face was finally climbed in 1985, and it is currently regarded as the hardest route on the Indian subcontinent.

After Gasherbrum, there were five further annual trips to the Himalaya or Karakoram. From 1970 to 1983, Mo racked up fourteen straight years of expeditions. Although his success rate was relatively low in terms of summits bagged, it adds up to a formidable amount of high-mountain experience. And between expeditions Mo put in several seasons of winter climbing in the French and Swiss Alps, where conditions are often even more dire than in the Himalaya. Yet since the Ogre none of Mo's mountaineering expeditions have been blessed by sponsors or newspapers. Mo and his friends have gone to the remote ranges in the same way they once took off in summer for the Alps: for a climbing holiday, providing their own gear, and paying their own way. It is a way of restoring amateur status to an increasingly professionalized activity, and it follows naturally from Mo's belief in the pleasure principle: "Expeditions are supposed to be enjoyable," he says. "Admittedly, they're bloody hard work and sometimes you get frightened, but primarily they should be fun. If there's publicity involved, then it may be that the climbers who need it will ride roughshod over the others, and everything gets sacrificed to the summit. Well, I don't think getting to the top is all that important. You can always have another go. The things you remember after a trip are not standing on the summit but what went on while you were on the route. On every expedition, you get extremes of selfishness and extremes of selflessness. The funny thing is you tend to forgive the selfishness—as long as it's not too exaggerated—because everyone suffers a lot."



For the outsider, the quotient of suffering seems so high that it is hard to imagine how any expedition to the Himalaya or the Karakoram could be classified as fun. The mountains are simply too big, too high, too remote. For someone who has climbed only in, say, North Wales, the first trip to a relatively big range like the Alps involves a whole apprenticeship in hardship and exhaustion and the continual need to cope with objective dangers beyond your control: bad rock, avalanches, stone falls, unreliable weather. But at least in the Alps there are towns and villages scattered throughout the valleys, and comfortable, well-maintained huts strategically placed among the mountains; in some areas, there are even cable cars to shorten the initial trek up from the valley. In the highest ranges, there are no conveniences, and all the other problems are magnified several times over by the huge scale of the mountains: approach marches measured in weeks, not hours, and routes measured in miles instead of feet. Added to that is the extreme cold and the debilitating effect of high altitude that reduces even the strongest to slow motion. There is also the more insidious debilitation of spending weeks on end in areas where nothing ever grows and there is only rock and snow and ice. And beyond all that hardship is the squalor and drudgery of expedition life. Mo speaking: "Some people find that they can't cope with things being so uncomfortable day after day. It just gets them down. And that, in fact, is how the average person reacts. Unfortunately, climbing is so élitist that when somebody reacts normally the others say, 'He doesn't go well at altitude.' But the truth is, people who do go well at altitude are a bit freaky. Your Boysens and Scotts who can perform on technically difficult rock very high up are exceptionally rare, because above twenty-odd thousand feet even easy rock feels extreme. And the ability to tolerate the perpetual squalor is equally freaky. For example, on Annapurna in 1970, Don Whillans spent five days in a tent, living on porridge and cigars. Most people would crack up in those conditions. I'm sure I would now—and Don, too, if he were still alive. It's not even that they crack up. They just think, I've had it; it's too uncomfortable; it's no pleasure; I didn't come out here not to enjoy myself. Well, I myself go out there with the idea that I'm not actually going to enjoy it at the time but I'm going to enjoy it afterward. I'm going to enjoy the experience I've had with my mates on the hill. If you get to the top, so much the better. But that's not the point. And if you're expecting joy every day forget it."



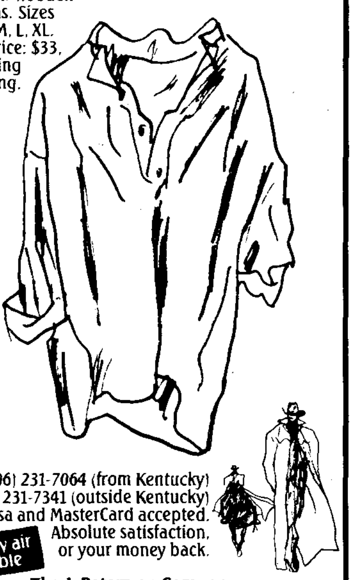
"Kiss me. I'm Claude Monet."

• •

ONCE, when we were talking about the trips Mo had made to Ecuador to search for Inca gold, he gave me, in passing, a simple explanation of his version of the pleasure principle. "I like adventures," he said. "And not just mountain adventures. I like jungle travel, river travel, exploring. I like going somewhere no one's ever been—places that are green on the map." That taste for adventure, combined with his proved ability to look after himself in any circumstances, has produced for him a sideline that someone less busy might have parlayed into a profitable career: he acts as safety officer and climbing cameraman for the rock spectaculars that are popular on British television and for feature movies set in the mountains. The Super 8 camera that Mo took with him to the Ogre did not win him the BBC's Mick Burke award, but it did teach him something about shooting film, and gave him a taste for it. The Ogre expedition was the supreme example of his dictum that when you get to the top you are only halfway there. On the Ogre, in fact, they were just beginning. Unfortunately, Mo used up his last reel of film shooting Scott and Bonington's arrival on the summit, and the epic descent went unrecorded.

After that, Mo took an 8-millimetre camera along on all his expeditions, trying to put on film what it really feels like to the climbers to attempt a major peak. Although his own elusive genuine expedition movie is still a long way from completion, the thousands of feet of film he has shot taught him lessons that the BBC put to use when it needed a face cameraman who would dangle down the cliff to film Joe Brown and Jackie climbing in Glencoe. After that, one thing led to another, as it often does in the movie world. In 1981, the film director Fred Zinnemann went to Switzerland to shoot an Alpine movie starring Sean Connery and called "Five Days One Summer." Mo was initially signed on as a safety officer. Then he was put through a crash course on the Arriflex camera and given a contract as an assistant cameraman. He, Joe Brown, and Hamish MacInnes spent most of the summer in the Swiss Alps, doctoring crevasses to make them safe for the film crew, manhandling equipment up and down rock faces and in and out of holes in the ice, acting as stand-ins in the climbing sequences, keeping a protective eye on everyone, and developing an expensive taste for champagne.

One thing went on leading to another. There was more television work, and another feature film with Sean Connery, this one called "The Highlander." Then, in 1985, when David Puttnam and Roland Joffé went out to the Iguazú Falls, in Argentina, to film "The Mission," they found they needed professional help to cope with the cliffs and the river and the vast waterfall itself. Once again, Brown, MacInnes, and Mo were sent for, and this time they did everything. They acted as climbers, safety men, stuntmen, and stand-ins, and even engineered some of the special effects. They climbed up through the waterfall both solo and with ropes, they heaved cameras and canoes up cliff faces, they fixed ropes from the riverbank to a rock on the lip of the two-hundred-foot falls. Besides their other duties, Brown doubled for Robert De Niro and Mo for Jeremy Irons. ("That's because I'm six foot two and blond," Mo explains.) Before the shooting was finished, the film men realized that on a



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dangerous location, where nerve and ingenuity are required, climbers are useful people to have around, even when there is not much climbing to be done. For the climbers themselves, movie work meant not just free air fare to exotic places, with good pay and generous expenses, but also lavish helpings of Mo's favorite dish, adventures. "What I like about the movies is that the best things always come suddenly, out of the blue," he said. "When you are sitting at home in Wales watching the rain, three years after the Falklands war, the last thing you'd expect is that a week later you'd be in Argentina—in one of the most beautiful places on earth—climbing waterfalls and dressed as a Jesuit priest."

WHEN Mo and I first climbed together, over twenty years ago, the ten years' difference in our ages did not seem to matter much. It mattered, of course, that he could get up climbs that I couldn't even start, but we solved that problem by keeping to routes that he thought were within my range. He also made sure that he did the leading. The agreement between us was unspoken but perfectly clear: it was my rat that was being fed, not his.

These days, my rat is dormant, and on the rare occasions when Mo climbs with me it is always on short, inconsequential routes, and for old times' sake. But secretly, I suppose, I still hankered to do one last serious climb with him, and maybe even have one last minor epic, before I hung up my boots. The chance came when a friend called me in the summer of 1985 to ask if I wanted to climb the Old Man of Hoy. The friend was George Band, who was a member of the first successful Everest expedition, in 1953. Since then, he has climbed equally effectively through the oil business, and he is now director-general of UKOOA, the United Kingdom Offshore Operators Association, which provides the companies involved in British offshore oil with a channel through which to communicate with the outside world, and with a forum for internal discussion. In other words, he is a man for whom the oil companies like doing favors. So when Occidental Oil invited him to visit its oil terminal on Flotta, one of the Orkney Islands, off the northeast tip of Scotland, and he countered with the suggestion that while he was at it he might as well bring some friends along and climb the Old Man of Hoy, Oxy immediately agreed to organize the trip. Band, who is my age—we were fifty-six at the time—invited his friend Richard Sykes, three years younger, and the twenty-year-old Peter Evans, whose father had been with Band on Everest in 1953. When Band called me, I suggested Mo, and Mo suggested the thirty-three-year-old Paul Trower, one of the most talented climbers among the self-exiled Englishmen in Llanberis. Whatever else we managed, we would at least be the Old Man's oldest men: two hundred and sixty-four years among the six of us, an average age of forty-four. Without Peter Evans, the average jumped to almost forty-nine. Oxy added two non-climbers to the party: a photographer named Chris Mikami, and a young man from the public-relations department, Alex Blake-Milton, to organize the logistics.

The Old Man is a sea stack, a rock tower rising out of the Atlantic on the northwest coast of the island of Hoy. I had seen it twice, in 1967 and 1984, but only on BBC television. Both times, it had looked like my ideal of climbing: a wild and beautiful place, steep rock, sunshine, the sea far below. But on first sight, from a distance, on a gray Saturday morning in September of 1985, it looked almost disappointing, certainly quite harmless. An hour and a half earlier, when we gathered on the dock at Stromness, the streets had gleamed with rain, the quayside had been patched with puddles. Then there had been a half-hour ride on a bucking ferry, past Graemsay lighthouse, still winking away in the morning air, across the mouth of Scapa Flow, toward the big, dark hump of Hoy, which alone among the low-lying Orkneys has real hills and steep cliffs dropping off into the sea. Behind Hoy, the clouds in the western sky were black, but as we rolled and pitched across the bay a low sun came slanting in from the east, picking out the granite houses of Stromness behind us. We sat in the stern of the boat and watched the wind whip the white horses across the water while Chris Mikami moved busily about, taking his official photographs.

"For the obituaries," Mo said.

The ferry deposited us at the little pier on Hoy and left in a hurry, as though the island were contaminated. By the pier was a small, locked building, like an outhouse, and beside it, on a post, stood a sternly worded metal notice board:

> Old Man of Hoy. Climbers are hereby warned that there is neither suitable rescue equipment nor experienced rock climbers in the vicinity. Climbers therefore proceed at their own risk.

Parked at the pier was a minivan, loaded with our equipment, that had been ferried over from Stromness the previous day. We drove across the island in silence, watching the rabbits scatter off the road into heather. It was raining again. Then the sun slid out through a hard blue slit in the clouds, and a great rainbow stood briefly between the hills that guard Rackwick, a scattered handful of stone cottages above a wide bay, with high yellowy-orange cliffs along its farther shore.

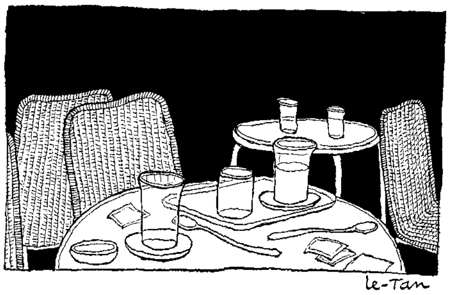
We parked the van by Rackwick Youth Hostel, loaded ourselves up with ropes and rucksacks, and plodded off on a long path that cuts upward across the flank of the hills behind the village to the blunt crest of a ridge. Beyond the ridge was a wide, curving moor—four parts heather to one part boggy peat—edged by cliffs that vanished into the sea. At its northwest corner, a mile or so away, beyond the farthest headland, the Old Man pointed into the air like a child's sketch of a factory chimney—a wobbly outline—but with a slanted, grassy top. It seemed a paltry little thing, no more than fifty feet higher than the adjacent headland. I wondered what all the fuss was about, and did not find out until I had trudged across the moor to the headland, gone to its edge, and looked down.

A hundred yards away, at the end of a rocky promontory that was once a rock arch and is now a jumble of boulders, the Old Man sticks straight up out of the Atlantic, like the admonishing finger of God. The plinth it stands on is granite (that explains why it was not swept long ago into the sea), but the Old Man itself is Orcadian sandstone, the color of terra-cotta, four hundred and fifty feet high and square-cut, its top roughly the same area as its base. Its central section, however, swells out a little, like middle-age spread, and that means that on whichever face you climb, at least one section will overhang significantly. It looked like a ramshackle and overhanging version of London's Post Office Tower. If I'd known I was going to climb *that*, I thought, I'd have done some training.

The sun had come out again, but a strong southwesterly was blowing in from the Atlantic, smashing the waves high up around the granite plinth, and far out to sea slanting gray columns of rain were moving steadily in our direction.

Our plan was to do the original and easiest route, up the east face. This was first climbed in 1966, by a strong three-man team—Rusty Baillie, Tom Patey, and Chris Bonington. But even they had climbed the crux—the long, overhanging second pitch—by artificial means: pitons, étriers, a tension traverse. Since then, the rules of the game have changed, and the whole route, including the overhang, is now climbed free, without artificial aids. The technical grade is 5a, Hard Very Severe, or about 5.8 in the American grading system, which runs from 5.0 to 5.13. "Just your style," Mo had assured me, meaning that it was mostly a matter of brute strength, not technique. And perhaps it would have been my style ten years before, when I was in my middle forties and still relatively fit. Now I wasn't so sure. I had just returned from a month in Italy, where, on the strength of what Mo had told me, I climbed for only a couple of days and spent the rest of the time practicing what Mo calls "Egyptian P.T.;" that is, I had been lying on my back in the sun with my eyes closed.

Both Paul and Mo had climbed the Old Man before: Paul once, ten years earlier; Mo several times in his capacity as a climbing cameraman for the second BBC spectacular. So they knew what was involved—a long and hard climb, a difficult descent, and three old duffers who probably shouldn't be trying it—and had made their plans accordingly. Paul, an exceptionally strong climber, would lead the whole route. Mo would follow him, cleaning out all the gear Paul used except what might be needed by the rest of us. Then the three others would follow, in descending order of decrepitude: I, George, Dick. Peter would come last, removing the protection that Mo had left in place. The plan was for the lead climbers to be on their way back down, fixing the abseils, before Dick and Peter reached the summit. With six people roped together, speed was important, since by the time we had changed into climbing boots, sorted the gear, and set off on the descent from the headland it was about eight-forty-five, and the ferry was due to collect us from the far side of the island at five-thirty; that meant being back at the bottom of the Old Man no later than four.



We scrambled cautiously down the steep, wet grass from the top of the headland to the little promontory that joins the Old Man to the rest of Hoy. From there, if you lie back on the boulders around the base and look up, only the bottom half of the sea stack is visible, bulging out like a great, roughly thrown terra-cotta pot. The weather report had predicted sunshine, showers, and hail, with southwesterly winds of between twenty-five and thirty knots, gusting to forty knots. From down below, it felt as if they had underestimated the strength of the wind (they had), but the rest seemed accurate. The rain had come and gone as we trudged up from Rackwick, then come and gone again, but now a bright sun shone and the sea had changed from dirty gray to a strong, deep blue. Out in the Atlantic, shafts of sunlight moved like searchlights across the water; farther out were slanting columns of rain. But at least our route, up the landward east face, would be out of the wind.

Paul checked the rack of gear at his waist, then put on a flimsy-looking safety helmet, white and ribbed, with a natty little brim.

"What's that?" I asked.

"A French piss pot. I wear it to upset Mo."

The first pitch goes up an eighty-foot pillar that leans against the Old Man's southeast corner. The climbing was steep and easy, although the curiously textured sandstone felt slippery and slightly unstable beneath the fingers, as if it had been dusted with hundreds-and-thousands, the colored grains of sugar used in decorating children's cakes. The ledge at the top of the pillar, where Mo and Paul were waiting, was large and comfortable but exposed to the full force of the southwesterly. As soon as I was belayed, Paul set off on the hard pitch while Mo paid out his rope and peered intermittently around the corner of the east face to watch his progress. Meanwhile, I brought up George, he brought up Dick, and Dick eventually brought up Peter, so the ledge was as crowded as a rush-hour bus and festooned with gear and bright-colored ropes. By that time, Mo was halfway up the next pitch.

The only description of the route I had read was by Chris Bonington, who is a fine mountaineer but not famous for his accurate memory. This is what he wrote of the difficult section:

> An airy downward traverse leads into a small niche roofed by a square-cut overhang; an awkward hand-jam enables the climber to pull over this onto another small ledge, where he is once again in balance.

"It's got one hard move," Mo had told me over the telephone before I left home. Later, on the stance, he emended that to "thirty difficult feet." Paying out the rope, I watched him climb down for ten feet, then move cautiously across the traverse to a niche below an overhang, which he went over smoothly, hardly pausing. He shouted, "There's a good layback hold on the edge round the corner!" Then he disappeared from sight.

The rope went out steadily again, then stopped, for what seemed to be a long time. That part is not supposed to be very hard, I thought; he must be having trouble taking out Paul's gear. From far above, where Paul was belayed on the second stance, a loop of rope hung down over the overhang, several feet clear of the rock face. Occasionally, the wind gusted around the corner and blew it out until it was almost horizontal. The sun came and went. Whenever it shone, the long shadow of the Old Man lay dark on the water, pointing to a distant headland, and the breakers, thundering in to the beach, flung rainbows back into the air.

The rope in my hands began to move again, but only very slowly. Another pause, then the slack rope between Mo and me was pulled in tight. Because of the wind and the roar of the breakers, there was no way to communicate with each other, but the photographer, Chris Mikami, who was lying on his back on the boulders below, lowered his camera for a moment and flapped his arms to indicate that it was time for me to move. Young Peter Evans, huddled against the wind in the farthest corner of the big ledge, fumbled in his anorak and pulled out a chicken leg wrapped in foil. He waved it triumphantly and shouted, "Packed lunches! This is the life!"

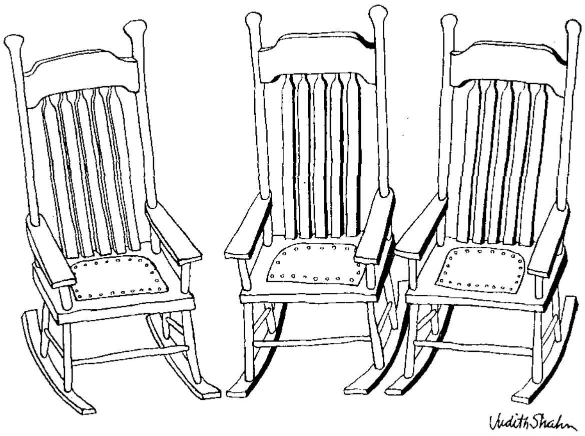
I stepped off the comfortable ledge and moved round the corner out of the wind. Although the first pitch had been a mere eighty feet long, the promontory below the east face drops sharply away, and the exposure was suddenly considerable: two hundred feet or more, straight down to the sea-washed boulders. I looked down once, then concentrated on the rock in front of my nose. Very carefully, I lowered myself ten feet to a line of small footholds that led across to the niche. The footholds were widely spaced, and there was only one obvious handhold, a little vertical slot at shoulder height. I slid the fingers of my right hand into it, pulled across, got my left hand, facing outward, where my right hand had been, and stood tentatively in balance. I could see a foothold a long step across to the right but no hold for the right hand. Just above my head was a small outward-sloping ledge, covered with hundreds-and-thousands, but when I tried to pull on it my fingers immediately slid off. I brushed it, tried again, moved my left fingers next to my right, and stepped across. Jesus. Because no one had mentioned the traverse and Mo had sauntered across it without bothering to take the cigarette out of his mouth, I assumed I was climbing badly. (Paul, who is as short as I am, later said he found that traverse as hard as anything on the climb.)

I was now in a niche capped by an overhang—just what Bonington had described. On the right wall was a slot. When I reached up for it, my fingers sank most of the way in, and its edge was good. I pulled, moved my feet up quickly on a couple of shadowy ledges, jammed my left hand in a crack above the overhang, found Mo's layback hold on the edge above, and was round the overhang, standing in balance at the foot of a steep corner with a crack at its back. If that's all there is to it, I thought, I'm home and dry.

Right in front of my nose, Mo's red-and-blue anorak and Paul's denim jacket were hanging from a piton in the crack. It seemed odd that they should have bothered to take them off *after* the crux. I looked up. A dozen feet above, the walls of the corner I was standing in closed inward and became a smooth, coffin-shaped, bottomless chimney capped by a rock roof that jutted out horizontally for about four feet. The rope from Mo to me came down through a crack on the left-hand side of this overhang, well clear of the rock face. Bonington's description was wrong: there were two overhung niches, not one, and it was the second that meant business.

I wormed my way up the corner until my helmet was scraping against the roof. Then I wriggled round so that I was facing outward, and jammed myself between the vertical walls to consider the situation. What was now the left-hand wall was blank except for a small indentation high up under the roof that might serve as a toehold. There were no holds at all on the other wall, but two slings dangled from the crack above it. One was threaded through an ancient wooden wedge that had probably been put there on the first ascent, nineteen years before; the other had been inserted by Paul. I rested again, staring out at the view. The young man from Occidental Oil was standing on the headland, leaning sharply forward into the wind. Down on the promontory, the photographer was still lying on a boulder and peering up through the viewfinder of his camera. Off to my left, the breakers crashed into the shore, creamy against the green water.

I wriggled round until I was facing the rock again. The proper way to climb the overhang was to jam my left



fist into the crack from which the slings dangled and use it to pull around the lip. But when I tried that my hand could get no proper purchase and my fist slid out. I told myself that speed mattered more than style, and took hold of both slings and pulled, trying to get my right toe to stick on the shadowy indentation high on the wall. On the left of the overhang, at eye level, was an outward-sloping foothold. The crack above, with the wooden wedge jammed in it, looked wide and reassuring. I heaved and swung my left foot up onto the high hold. But as I did so my right foot slipped off the little indentation. I lurched back down on the slings and jammed myself again across the corner. I simply could not see how I was going to make the move.

I knew what was needed: a big pull with the arms, a wide straddle with the feet, a dynamic upward movement, then a rest in balance. Just my style, as Mo had said, remembering the old days. I should have trained for this, I thought. It's a serious climb and I haven't taken it seriously. But in your middle fifties training isn't something you can take seriously, either. Then I realized that the rope coming down to me was as solid as the rock itself. With Mo above me, I wasn't going anywhere but up.

Before we started, I had taken the precaution of clipping into my waist harness a "cow's tail," a loop of nylon cord with a fiffi hook at one end. A fiffi hook is about the size of a crooked finger, and when it is slipped into a piton or a sling it will take your weight and allow you to rest. It is a Continental device for use on artificial-aid routes, where you climb from piton to piton, and it is not approved of by British free-climbing purists. But where I was, jammed beneath a holdless four-foot overhang, climbing ethics were the least of my problems. I wormed my way up until my shoulders were pressed against the roof and I could slip the fiffi hook into one of the slings that dangled in front of my nose. I rested again, hanging there like a sack of coal, until the feeling began to come back into my fingers. Then, with most of my weight supported by the sling, I plastered my right foot onto the little indentation, grabbed the other sling, and, pivoting on the cow's tail, heaved myself around the lip of the overhang, swung my other foot up onto the high left hold, and got my left hand comfortingly around the wooden wedge in the crack above. For the first time in what seemed hours—it was probably ten minutes—I was standing in balance again, leaning into the rock and panting like an old dog. When I looked down, all I could see was the water swaying around the base of the tower far below my feet. Above me, the crack went straight up, gently overhanging, for fifty feet. At its top, craning down at me, was Mo's grinning face. He waved.

"Watch the rope!" I shouted.

The crack was too wide for comfortable hand jams, and the walls on either side of it bulged slightly outward. But at least they were broken by occasional sloping ledges. My arms were pumped up by the struggle with the overhang, my shoulders ached, my fingers felt like ripe bananas. I had no alternative but to use my feet—and what little technique I could muster. I bridged tentatively up the corner, trying to do nothing that would strain my fingers, while Mo, to his everlasting credit, kept the rope as tight as a cello string.

When I finally wobbled onto the ledge where he and Paul were belayed, he looked at my drained face, grinned evilly, and said, "I knew you'd love it."

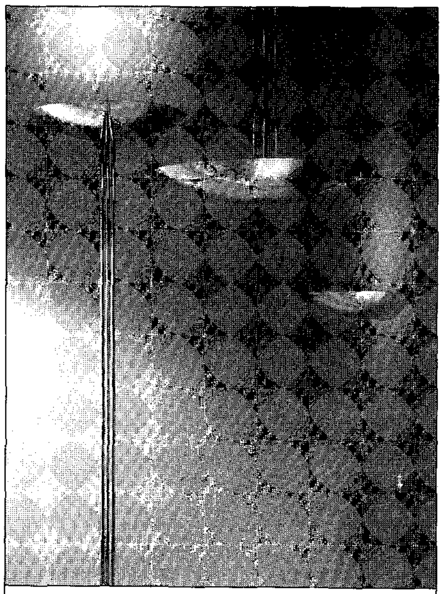
"You told me one move."

"I told you thirty feet."

"I psyched myself up for the wrong bit."

"That's what comes of reading guidebooks. At your age, you should know better."

Paul was already off again, moving up rounded, muddy-looking rocks above. The rope went out quickly and the angle seemed easier, but that did not necessarily mean much. Paul is small and skinny, and looks like a rather intellectual pirate: a dark, unshaven face below a high and narrow forehead; intelligent eyes; a gold ring in one ear. He and Mo once set some kind of record when they spent three days on the north face of the Midi in midwinter, not because the conditions were bad but because they had started with dreadful hangovers and kept oversleeping on the bivouacs. Although Paul appears slight enough to be blown away by any wind, he climbs



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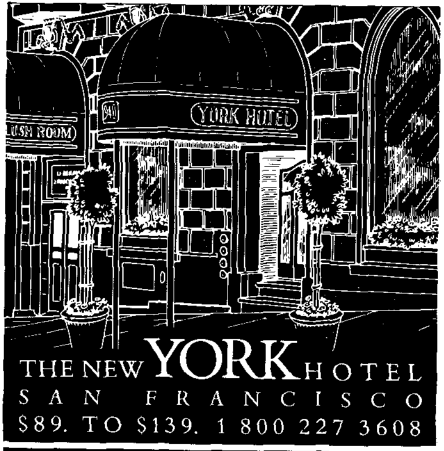

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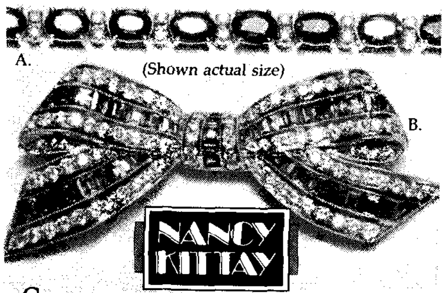

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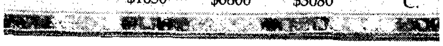


without noticeable effort—smoothly, precisely, unconcerned. It was like having a greyhound on a long lead, with Mo—more deliberate and more obviously powerful—as the keeper reining him in.

While Paul picked his way delicately up the next pitch, I pulled in the rope between me and the next geriatric, George Band. Down on the promontory, the photographer waved his arms to tell George his time had come, then applied himself again to his viewfinder. “It’s a long climb,” Mo had said. “A long day. We’ve got to keep moving.” But, lounging on the comfortable ledge, with the hardest part over and nothing to do except to keep the rope to George tight, I began finally to relax. The day darkened, a squall of rain hissed down. I pulled up the hood of my anorak and hunched over to light my pipe. By the time it was going, the shower had passed. The bay below was full of pale, shapeless blobs of seaweed, like brain matter, that swayed backward and forward, merged into the foam of the breakers, then reappeared. The roar of the waves and the howling wind isolated each of us in his own world. When Mo, who was sitting next to me, asked for a light, he had to shout. When I looked round again, he was halfway up the next pitch, climbing toward Paul.

Climbers have a curiously Oriental attitude toward their sport: except in extreme circumstances, they are less bothered about losing their lives than about losing face. They don’t think of falling off in terms of broken limbs; falling off is a way of looking foolish to your peers, and a broken arm or leg is an outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual disgrace. Whenever climbers watch one another perform, schadenfreude is high on their list of satisfactions. So although I should have been worrying about speed I was secretly relieved when the rope between me and George, who is my exact contemporary, came in inch by inch and with long pauses. I juggled with it occasionally, while I flexed my aching fingers, but only when I was sure I had it as taut as Mo had kept it for me. That, too, was part of an unspoken agreement. All three of us old men were climbing out of our class, so it was important to help one another out—unobtrusively, in order to keep our united face.

Before we started, Paul had said, “At the top of the hard pitch, there’s the best belay in the world: a big thread with five million tapes round it.” Mo said, “When we’re done, there’ll be five million and one.” The thread was indeed a miniature geological-mountaineering marvel: a little pillar four inches in diameter, bridging an open mouth of rock from upper lip to lower lip. Around it was a great mass of slings, of all ages and colors: nylon-webbing tapes, old bits of full-weight rope, loops of Perlon cord of varying thicknesses. Some of them had been there so long that the weather had washed their color away, leaving them gray and furry. Each party must have contributed at least one new sling for the abseil down. I began idly to count them but had reached only twenty when George’s white helmet appeared at the edge of the overhang below and his strained face peered grimly up at me. He seemed dismayed at what he saw. His face disappeared, but one arm, like a snail’s feeler, groped blindly for the wooden wedge in the crack. I leaned back on the rope to take his weight. Another pause, then the rope began to come in again, inch by inch by inch. When he finally pulled himself wearily onto the belay ledge, he was grinning like a schoolboy. All he said was “Blimey!”

The next two pitches threaded their way quite easily through the muddy-textured but more gently angled rock that forms the Old Man’s waist. The moment I reached Mo, at the third belay, Paul was off again to a stance at the foot of the steep final pitch. Mo had joined him there, and Paul had climbed to the summit and roped back down to Mo, while I still waited for Dick to join George at the top of the hard pitch.

Another squall of rain came and went. I watched the photographer lug his heavy bag of gear painfully up the precipitous grass to the headland. When he reached the top, he collapsed face down in the heather, where Alex Blake-Milton, the public-relations man, was patiently waiting.

The sun returned, but had gone again by the time George reached me at the third stance. The air was darkening steadily as I climbed toward the foot of the last pitch. It was a clean-cut crack up a corner, plumb vertical, leading straight to the summit, and, like everything else on the Old Man of Hoy, it looked intimidating. But Mo climbed it as fast as if he were running upstairs, pausing only once, straddled across the corner, to shout down to me, “You’re gonna love this!” By then, the sky had darkened still more, and hail was lashing down like pellets from an air gun. Over on the unprotected headland, the two spectators huddled miserably together, their backs to us and the storm.

The rope at my waist went tight. I glanced up, saw Mo wave at me, then ducked my head while the hail zinged off my helmet. Yet the pitch, after all, was beautiful: sharp handholds in the crack and, on either side of it, little ledges for the feet to bridge on. About ten feet up, I was suddenly pushed outward by the wind. In its top three-quarters, the crack goes clean through the whole tower, as if a giant had tried to split the Old Man with an axe. When I applied my eye to the crack, I could see right through to where thick veils of hail swayed over the Atlantic.

Mo was hunched on a ledge a few feet below the top. In his red helmet, he looked like a despondent garden gnome.

I said, “What about the summit?”

“Been there before,” he answered. “Be my guest.”

I scrambled up to the top and rested my backside briefly on the wiry grass. The wind howled around me, and when I tried to look out to sea I got a faceful of hail. By the time I was back on the ledge, Mo had fixed the rope for the abseil down.

“We’re getting a whole year’s weather in one day,” I said. “Everything but snow and fog.”

“It’s not over yet.”

“Don’t tell me—we’re halfway there.”

“On this bugger, not even half.”

Mo attached himself to the abseil rope and swung briskly down. The moment he reached the stance below, Paul was off on the next abseil, as though he and Mo were running a relay race.

Although abseiling looks like the most spectacular of all mountaineering procedures, it is in fact the simplest. The climber clips a doubled rope into a belay sling, threads it through a braking device, called a descendeur, that is attached to his waist harness—in Britain the device is usually an alloy figure-eight—then slides down the rope, using his left hand to steady himself on the rope above and, with his right, paying out the rope from below through the descendeur. As he slides down, he pushes himself away from the rock with his feet. To the outsider, it looks like a daring and improbable feat. In practice, even a beginner can pick up the knack in minutes, once he has swallowed his fear of launching himself out into space and has learned to trust his gear.

The first three abseils from the summit of the Old Man were simple. The only problem was the big, hard pitch. Not only did it overhang considerably—so that on the way back down we would be dangling well clear of the rock—but it also involved a traverse: as we faced the rock, the stance we were aiming for was twenty feet or more off to the left. Paul had solved that problem by climbing the pitch with a spare rope trailing free behind him. He had attached it to the second belay, and Mo had made the bottom end fast below, leaving a fixed rope running diagonally across the pitch between the first and second stances. On the descent, Paul would use this rope to guide himself down and pull across to the lower belay. Mo would release the fixed rope before he followed, and Paul would simply pull him and the rest of us across with the free end of the abseil rope.

Mo was preparing to leave the stance above the hard pitch when I arrived. Our new sling had been added to the dozens already in place around the giant thread, and Mo leaned out against it, double-checking for safety.

"Whatever you do, try not to bounce around too much," he said.

Then he disappeared down the climb. A couple of minutes later, I felt the abseil rope go slack: he had arrived at the stance below.

I clipped into the rope and began to slide down, my feet only just in contact with the walls of the steep corner above the overhang. I noticed that I was not quite as upright as I should have been, and paused for a moment on the lip of the big overhang to try to get a better balance. Then I stepped off into space and slid on down, hanging free. But as I did so my feet tipped up until I was almost horizontal, and I began to gyrate slowly, so that I was facing away from the rock, with my boots pointing toward the land. I tried to pull myself up with my left hand, but to do that I needed to ease some of the downward part of the rope through the descendeur; and the downward rope was held tight by Paul, who was trying to pull me across to the stance. I went on turning in the breeze while my feet began to tilt—very slowly, very gently—above my head.

"Try not to bounce around too much," Mo had said. But he hadn't mentioned anything about turning upside down. For one long minute, I thought I was going to slide head first out of my harness.

"Perfect love casteth out fear," they say. And perfect fear casteth out exhaustion. I pulled with all the strength that remained in my left arm until my head was just above the axis of my feet. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Paul, on the stance, staring at me in astonishment. He shouted over his shoulder to Mo, "Come and talk to Al! He's gone horizontal!"

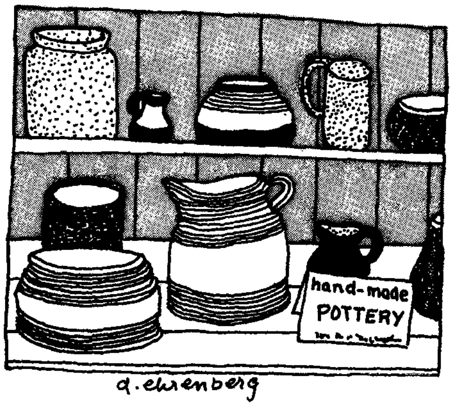
From the comfort of the big ledge, Mo's voice wafted back: "Any excuse to put his feet up!"

Together they heaved on the rope and manhandled me, feet first, round the corner and onto the ledge.

I lay on my back, puffing like a walrus and knowing, finally, that I was too old for long, serious climbs. My left hand was so numb from my one-arm pullup that I could scarcely hold my pipe to light it.

Mo looked at me solemnly. "The youth hostels run courses on abseiling," he said. "If you pass, they give you a nice badge."

When I at last managed to stagger to my feet, I saw what had gone wrong. At the start of the climb, I had fastened my waist harness over my anorak and pile jacket, to keep myself warm during the long wait on the windy first stance. As I climbed, I had unzipped my anorak and jacket and pulled them free, but I had forgotten to tighten the belt of the harness. During the abseil, the harness had slipped from my waist to my upper thighs, shifting my center of gravity.



I pulled up my harness and tightened it, then roped down the easy first pitch while the two others waited on the stance to help George over the difficult abseil. On the promontory, I paused to look back up the climb. Up and up and up. My neck creaked with the effort. I was too weary even to feel pleased at having got up the brute. Peter and Dick were still sorting out ropes at the foot of the top pitch. It would be a long time yet. I had not brought a watch with me, and the sun had long vanished behind clouds, but the day felt grayer and later than it should have if we were to meet the ferry at half past five. I picked up a rucksack full of spare gear and began to slog back up the steep, slippery grass to the headland. When I thought I was out of sight of those still on the Old Man, I stopped to rest, and went on stopping every few steps all the way to the top. Unfortunately, Mo spotted me as I crept upward. "Your speed was barely discernible," he said later. "It was like watching a sundial."

Chris Mikami and Alex Blake-Milton were waiting on the headland, cold and wet and irritable. The first thing I said was "What's the time?" It was five-fifteen, and we were still an hour away from the pier. The captain of the ferry had agreed to come back at six-thirty if we didn't show on time, but the others were not yet off the climb. (I could see Peter roping down the third pitch while Dick got ready to reverse the big overhang.) There is no hotel on Hoy, or even a pub, and we hadn't brought sleeping bags. The best we could hope for was a cold, hungry night in the Youth Hostel barn.

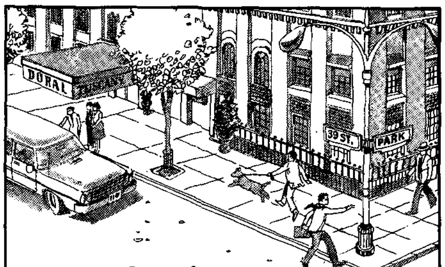
"We'd better get motoring," I said.

"What about my group shot with the Old Man in the background?" the photographer asked.

"What about a beer and a meal and a comfortable bed?"

They set off unwillingly while I sat with my back to the gale and ate some of my packed lunch. Then I trudged after them across the bog.

It seemed a long way. The rain had



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made the track even muddier than before, and I kept coming down on my backside in the ooze. Even the downhill stretch to the stone cottages at Rackwick felt endless. Another squall of rain came and went. Then the evening sun appeared, and, with it, a vivid, perfect rainbow, with one foot on the eastern hills, the other on the beach at Rackwick Bay.

The van was waiting with its engine running and its heater on. Even before I asked, Blake-Milton said, "It's six-thirty now, but don't worry. I called the Coast Guard, and the ferry is picking us up at half past seven."

The others—fitter than I was and just as anxious not to miss the boat—arrived within twenty minutes. We were across the island and at the pier with half an hour to spare.

At seven-twenty-five, we emptied the van, locked it, and lugged our gear onto the pier. The last light had almost gone, the wind had risen, and it had begun to rain again. The beam from the lighthouse on Graemsay flashed across the bay; beyond it, a few lights glimmered on the main island, west of Stromness. There was no sign of the boat. Then, suddenly, the ferry was quite close, a dark shape on the dark water, a red light and a green light moving briskly toward us. Within two minutes of its touching the pier, we were on board with all our gear and the boat was off again, bucking and rolling as the rain built swiftly into another squall. In the ferry's cabin, below decks, the three oldies slumped on benches, too exhausted to speak, while Mo and Paul did one-arm pullups on the roof beams in celebration.

As we sidled up to the jetty in Stromness, Mo said, "How's your rat, then?"

"He overate," I answered. "I think he just died."

THERE were sixteen climbers in the 1986 British Northeast Ridge of Everest Expedition—a name, Mo remarked, that "fair trips off the tongue." The leader was Bryan (Brummie) Stokes, who had been to the top of Everest in 1976 and had lost all his toes to frostbite on the way down. Stokes had been a sergeant major in the Special Air Service, the British equivalent of the American Delta Force, and eight of his 1986 Everest team had also served in the Army, either in the S.A.S. or the Royal Marines. The civilians included Mo, Joe Brown, Bill Barker, Clive Rowland, and Paul Nunn. All fifteen were selected on the principle that Mo has always applied to his own trips: "Their faces had to fit before they were even asked." Among them, they had a great deal of big-mountain experience and also—for Everest—an unusual number of years spent in acquiring it. Joe celebrated his fifty-sixth birthday on the mountain and Mo had his forty-seventh in Peking, on the way in. "A dismal affair," he said. "I sat there with a bottle of beer singing 'Happy birthday to me.' Everyone else had gone to bed."

The expedition left England on July 31, 1986, and reached Everest, via Peking and Lhasa, on August 8th. By modern standards, a sixteen-man team is very large, and has drawbacks Mo had never encountered before. "It can become kind of impersonal," he told me. "You find you're working for long periods of time without seeing three-quarters of the expedition. At the beginning, for example, Joe, Bill Barker, Paddy Freany, and myself went out to establish advanced base camp and we were away two weeks without seeing hardly anyone. After we'd got advanced base in and were near where Camp 1 would be, it was time to go down for a rest. On the way back to base camp, we passed Paul Moores and Sam Roberts coming uphill. We spent an evening with them in the crossing camp, and that was it. Then they were on the hill putting in Camps 1 and 2, and by the time we got back up to advanced base they were on their way down again. And so it goes. For me, an expedition loses something when that happens."

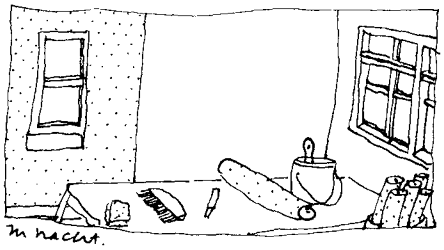
The second drawback was the result of the Chinese refusal to provide porters. "To place one bottle of oxygen in the top camp, about twenty loads have to leave base camp," Mo said. "You need fixed ropes for the steep bits, tents for the intermediate camps, food and fuel to stock them, more oxygen cylinders to get up to the top camp, and so on. To put one person on the summit requires a very broad-based triangle of support. Then, when you've worked out the number of loads each member of the team is going to have to carry, you find that, say, fifty per cent of the people are unfit for carrying, so your load goes up and up. It's a mammoth task. I laughed when I read that the

Chinese had used three or four hundred porters on their first ascent, in 1960, but now I see why. Humping all those loads is not only tedious in the extreme, it also wears you out for no increase in height. Apart from depriving the Sherpas of a job, all you're doing is exhausting yourself. And that can mean the failure of the expedition, because if you all get knackered carrying loads, you're going to end up with no one who is fit enough to bat out the trail and go for the summit."

As it happened, the 1986 Northeast Ridge Expedition failed to reach the summit of Everest, but not because of the lack of porters. Camp 2 had been established at around twenty-four thousand feet, and the lead climbers had reached a point about two thousand feet higher when bad weather set in. "Snow and very high winds," Mo said. "Not just blasts of wind but a steady gale, blowing non-stop." They waited a week at advanced base for the storm to blow itself out, then dropped back down to base camp and waited another fortnight. But the wind still did not drop. Finally, after three weeks, they went back up the mountain, and two climbers, Trevor Pilling and Harry Taylor, used a faint lull in the weather to struggle to the foot of the notorious pillars. Then the wind came up again, and they had to retreat. Mo's last view of Everest was from a lorry, driving back to Lhasa: "I looked back and saw what seemed to be smoke coming out of a chimney on the summit. It was a five-mile tail of powder snow being blown off the top. When we arrived in August, I thought we'd be able to see all the rock bands on the north side. Instead, Everest was like a Christmas cake, completely white. When we left, in October, it was black again. You'd think the cladding would come in winter, but the opposite is true. Most of the snow falls during the monsoon and gets blown away in winter."

What had happened was quite simple. In 1986, the Himalayan winter came in a month early, and in winter the jet stream that blows continually in the upper atmosphere drops from about thirty thousand feet to about twenty-six thousand. "The jet stream dictates when and where you can climb," Mo said. "You can be in a howling gale on Everest while somebody else on a nearby peak a bit lower is having reasonable weather. Climbing Everest in winter, when the jet stream has dropped, is a very different ballgame from climbing it pre- or post-monsoon. The weather is far, far harsher, so your gear needs to be that much warmer—boots, gloves, down suits, tents, everything. It suddenly becomes much harder to survive than it is in normal Everest conditions. Those aren't exactly jolly, but they're an absolute doddle compared with what you get when it's really cold. I mean, the simple physical act of standing up in those winds is desperate. If you want to climb Everest in winter, you have to wait for a weather window, when the jet stream lifts for a bit. We waited twenty-odd days, and the window never opened." That season, all the eight-thousand-metre peaks were affected by the premature arrival of winter. On K2, thirteen climbers died.

Nobody died on the Northeast Ridge of Everest, but nobody seems to have had a lot of laughs, either, despite the care with which the team was chosen. Indeed, the whole expedition seemed so different from Mo's usual style that it was not altogether clear why he'd gone. "I went because it was Everest," he said. "If the peak had been a couple of hundred feet lower, I'd have steered clear of a big expedition like that, no matter how much I liked the people who were going. But I'd always thought it would be nice to stand on the highest point in the world. I don't believe there is any climber who wouldn't want to do that. The question is whether or not standing there justifies the effort. There is no way I'm going to be asked on one of those modern-style trips where half a dozen young hotshots do it oxygen-free. I'm too old for that, not fit enough, not good enough. So when Brummie invited me I thought, I won't have many more opportunities to go for the top and in a couple of years I may not even want to. I ought to get it done now, while I can. And of all the routes on Everest the Northeast Ridge was the one that appealed most because it's unclimbed and it looked as if it would be fairly hard. If it had just been the South Col trade route, I don't think I'd have been interested.



"I had a preconceived idea that Everest was a boring mountain, and my first sight of it didn't make me change my mind. We drove over a pass, and there in the distance was this row of peaks with one marginally higher than the others. Everybody pulled out a camera and started clicking away. But it didn't give me any buzz at all. Once you're on the hill, however, all that changes. Everest has a special atmosphere, an atmosphere like that of no other mountain, and gradually it gets to you. It's just so bloody big you feel you have to climb it. You see these huge expanses of rock and ice and you think, That one small flank is bigger than any of the mountains I've ever been on. It's difficult even to begin to comprehend the size until you draw back and work out what is where. For example, you're in base camp at seventeen thousand feet and you look up at the North Col, which is around twenty-three thousand, and realize that there's six thousand feet beyond that to the summit. But because there's a lot of foreshortening on a mountain the distance between the col and the summit looks about a fifth of the distance between you and the col, and it just doesn't seem possible that the two could be the same. The scale is simply too large to take in. It's a massive presence—the biggest thing in the world. I think that is why it fascinates people and makes them go back again and again. But I didn't find it a tense type of hill. Gasherbrum, for instance, was dangerous and gripping, and I expended an immense amount of nervous energy on it. Everest was far more relaxed. It's the height that gets you, and the size. You're gasping away at twenty-four thousand feet and then you think, I've still got five thousand more to go! On the Northeast Ridge route, everyone talks about the pillars: once you're up them, you've cracked it, they say. Not true. You're still seven hundred vertical feet and three-quarters of a mile in distance from the summit, and that's a long, long way when you're above twenty-eight thousand. I mean, there are only a couple of other places in the world that high. So it's by no means over when you've done the pillars. You've still got a full day to go."

Apart from the scale of the moun-

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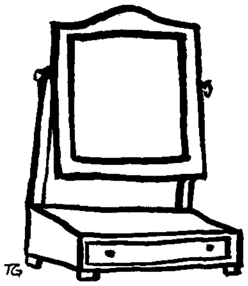
tain, I asked, had the climbing been interesting?

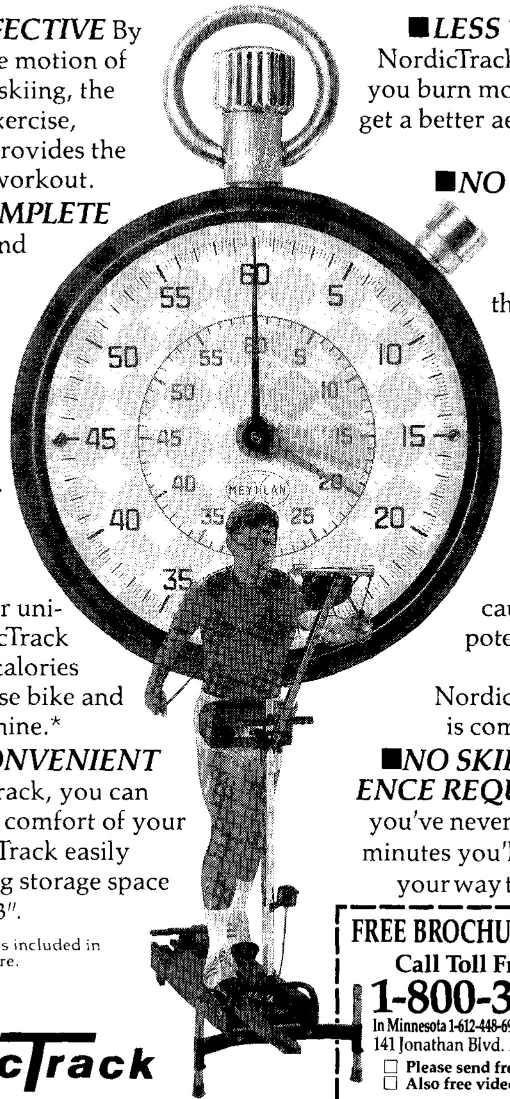
"Bits of it were O.K.," Mo said. "But in general you're so knackered that the interesting parts are interesting only in retrospect. At the time, they're a pain in the ass, because suddenly you've got to have your wits about you; you can't just go into overdrive and stamp up, you've got to start thinking; and thinking up there isn't easy. It's only afterward, when you come down and look back up to where you've been, that you think, That was a good pitch. At that altitude, when you're faced with a technical challenge, all you want to do is get it out of the way. The easier the climbing is, the easier your path to the summit will be. In a way, you're arguing against yourself. You pick a route because it is interesting and difficult, but when you get to the interesting bits the altitude makes you wish they weren't there. This doesn't happen on lower peaks where you actually enjoy the climbing. But altitude slows you down, both physically and mentally. The only time it's pleasant is when you stop. You know this, of course, but you also know that the only way you're going to get up the thing is by moving. So it's a constant battle with yourself. You say to yourself, I'll do another hundred paces. Then you say, No, I'll do two hundred. I've always been a great counter. When I first climbed in the Alps, I realized that if I had a rest whenever I felt sorry for myself I'd have too many rests. So I set myself targets. I'd say, Right, I'll do five hundred paces. And I'd work out a position on the mountain where I thought five hundred paces would get me. I was always wrong. I'd do my five hundred and find I was about halfway. So I'd think, Right, I won't rest after five hundred, I'll rest when I get there. So I'd do a thousand paces. Then I'd think, Now I'll go a thousand paces between rests. Naturally, I'd cheat. If a step collapsed on me, I'd think, Shall I count that as one or shall I miss it out? No, I can't do that because all the odd numbers are on the left foot and that would blow the system. All these stupid things would be going through my head as I trudged upward.



"When I'm not counting, I time myself, like on that walk back from the Ogre. Both are ways of finding out if I am performing properly. And that's very important when you're at altitude. Making a cup of tea at twenty-five thousand feet can be a two-hour job: you have to get out of your warm sleeping bag in the dark, in horrible conditions, chip off ice and put it into the pot with your bare hands. It's all so much effort that you say, 'Sod it, I won't bother.' And it's easy to say 'Sod it' to all the hundred and one little jobs you have to do on a trip—basic things, like keeping your sleeping bag dry. But if you don't do them you start to go downhill both physically and mentally. The mere size of a Himalayan peak is demoralizing. If you look up to the top and see that you've still got six or seven thousand feet to go, it can overpower you. You just have to get used to looking at the next rope length and make sure you climb that properly. For me, counting and timing myself help me concentrate on what is in front of my nose. They are ways of keeping up my morale."

I asked how long Mo thought he would keep going on expeditions. He answered, "I can see a time might come when I'll say, 'I've had enough of this, I can't hack it anymore.' But not yet. There are still all sorts of things I want to do and they don't necessarily involve hard routes on big peaks. The filming-climbing business interests me a lot. It would also be nice to wander around the Himalaya, going places where nobody's been and weighing up the star routes that are left; then you could go along to the young lads and say, 'Here's a list that'll save you a lot of work.' And there are even eight-thousand-metre mountains, like Broad Peak, that I'm sure I'll be able to walk up when I'm sixty. Outside the big ranges, there are plenty of places I want to go: Foula in the Shetlands, where I went ten years ago, and the Faeroes, and the South American jungle again, and the islands in the Pacific—I bet they have acres of rock that no one has ever touched. Then there are things that have nothing to do with climbing. I'd like to go back to Alaska and have a go at one of the dogsled races. There's also a round-the-world single-handed driving record that I think would be easy to break. All sorts of things. After all, there are different grades of fitness. If you want to climb an eight thousander in modern Alpine style, then you have to be very fit, mentally and physically. But if you want to go for a geriatric walk up Broad Peak then the degree of fitness is far less. All I'm saying is that as you get older you tail off your objectives. There are some people who say, 'If I can't climb the hardest routes, then I'm not going to climb anything.' Well, fifteen years ago I used to climb semi-hard, but now my standard has dropped, and it doesn't bother me at all. Eventually, I suppose, all I'll be capable of is pootly old walks, but I don't think there'll be any definite cutoff point. I can't see that happening, because I don't know what else I'd do except become incredibly bored.

"The truth is, I like an unforgiving climate where if you make mistakes you suffer for it. That's what turns me on. It's like the difference between windsurfing off the coast of Maine in winter and on Lake Como in the summer. One is a challenge, the other is a soft option, something you do weekends when you want to have a good time. But every year you need to flush out your system and do a bit of suffering. It does you a power of good. I think it's because there is always a question mark about how you would perform. You have an idea of yourself and it can be quite a shock when you don't come up to your own expectations. If you just tootle along, you can think you're a pretty slick bloke until things go wrong and you find you're nothing like what you imagined yourself to be. But if you deliberately put yourself in difficult situations then you get a pretty good idea of how you are going. That's why I like feeding the rat. It's a sort of annual checkup on myself. The rat is you, really. It's the other you, and it's being fed by the you that you think you are. And they are often very different people. But when they come close to each other, that's smashing, that is. Then the rat's had a good meal and you come away feeling terrific. It's a fairly rare thing, but you have to keep feeding the brute, just for your own peace of mind. And even if you did blow it at least there wouldn't be that great unknown. But to snuff it without knowing who you are and what you are capable of—I can't think of anything sadder than that." —A. ALVAREZ



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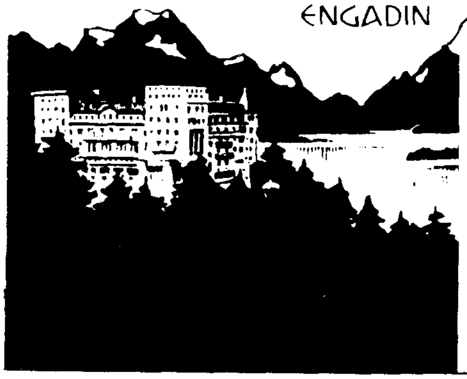

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Two Festivals

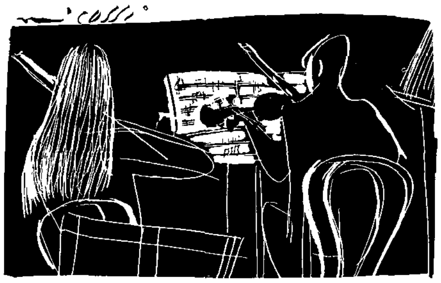
A REMARKABLE three-week festival, Making Music Together, was held in Boston in March and early April. It was a Soviet-American joint venture on a scale not attempted before. The artistic director was Sarah Caldwell, the head of the Opera Company of Boston. Nearly three hundred Soviet artists were staying in the city: many of the country's leading composers, among them Alfred Schnittke, Sofia Gubaidulina, Rodion Shchedrin, Giya Kancheli, Karen Khachaturian, Georgi Dmitriev, Vitautas Laurushas, and Andrei Petrov; the Bolshoi Ballet, led by Maya Plisetskaya; the Instrumental Soloists of the Bolshoi Theatre, a chamber orchestra, versed in contemporary music, drawn from the Bolshoi pit orchestra; eminent instrumentalists, who worked with American students; a large group of students from the Moscow State Conservatory, who worked and played with students of the New England Conservatory and Boston University. The poets Bella Akhmadulina and Andrei Voznesensky read their poems. Every day, there were two, three, four, or five events at which contemporary Soviet music was performed; in most of them, Soviet and American musicians coöperated. Next year, the festival is to be held in Moscow, with a comparable cohort of American musicians in attendance. Russian audiences will be able to discover much of what is going on in American music today.

Anyone who lives in Boston could have gained a good idea of what is going on in Soviet music today. I report on a three-day visit, during which Schnittke was the composer most in evidence. I heard his Requiem, Fourth Symphony, and Concerto Grosso No. 1, the ballet "Sketches," and some chamber music.

The Requiem, conducted by Miss Caldwell, was given in Holy Cross, the Roman Catholic cathedral—a huge Gothic building, as big as Westminster Abbey, by Patrick Keeley. The New England Conservatory Chorus and Orchestra, the Holy Cross Choir, and a Soviet-American quartet of soloists took part. The work ranges through many manners. A bell chimes E on the first beat of each measure of the opening movement. A chantlike melody climbs from E to C, over and over again. Once, at "Te decet hymnus," the C becomes C-sharp; once, at "Tibi reddetur votum," the melody (still over the E pedal) shifts up a semitone. The Kyrie alternates a leaping twelve-note theme with block chords; organ, vibraphone, piano, electric and bass guitars accompany. The Dies Irae moves into shouted cluster chords. A flexatone twangs in the "Tuba mirum." The Sanctus has sinuous, Rimskian melismas from the soloists. A truncated setting of the Credo (not usually part of the Requiem) starts low in the bass and rises to an "Osanna" cried on high C.

In an interview last year in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, Schnittke was asked about his faith, and replied, "I am half Jewish, half German. My mother was a Catholic Volga-German. I have long been a baptized Catholic. I share the beliefs of my German forebears." The Requiem was followed in Boston by the Fourth Symphony, which is built from various kinds of religious music: Slavonic and Gregorian chant, Lutheran chorale, synagogue cantillation. They mingle in an ecumenical coda. There is a prominent piano-solo part (it was played by Vassily Lobanov) and a chorus. The Instrumental Soloists of the Bolshoi were conducted by Alexander Lazarev. Arkady Pruzhansky was a sweet, high tenor soloist.

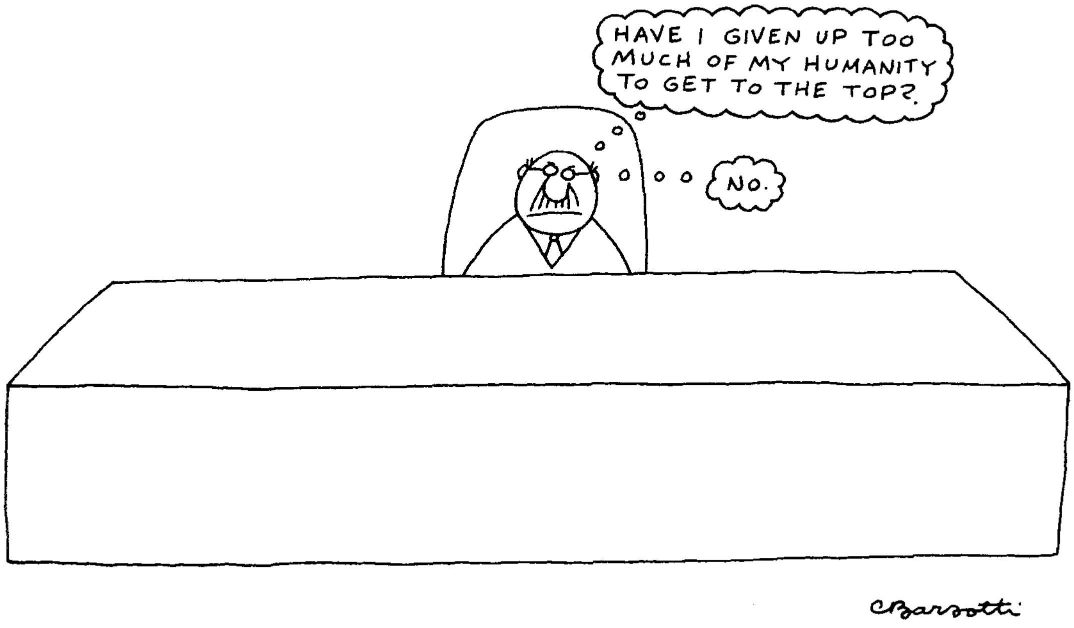
Schnittke often uses what he calls "polystylistics" in an endeavor "to bring together various musical epochs by detecting their points of contiguity." His eighty-minute First Symphony, for huge orchestra, is a "structural collage" in which strains of medieval music, Haydn, Beethoven, Chopin, Stravinsky, Webern are heard. His Third Symphony is a "survey" of German music from Bach to the present day. Musical collages, whether assembled from actual quotations or from mimicked styles, can have musical merit, as Charles Ives, Bernd Alois Zimmermann, and Luciano Berio have shown. A bold, distinctive voice can sound in them. But I thought Schnittke's forty-five-minute Fourth Symphony rather boring. Ideas gleaned from Berg, Stravinsky, and Ives, perhaps from Cage, Penderecki, Ligeti, even from the minimalists, were earnestly explored. John Adams' "Harmonielehre," I am told, is studied in Moscow.



The Concerto Grosso, which was played, in Jordan Hall, by an orchestra of New England and Moscow students, conducted by Pavel Kogan, contained a Bergian wrong-note chorale (clanked out on a prepared piano), much neoclassical scrubbing, a rondo apparently set in Hernando's Hideaway, and a postlude with strange light, high mewings. A bit of this, a bit of that can be a heady formula. At the least, Schnittke has broken down barriers of convention and brought mid-century sounds and procedures into Soviet concert halls. The score for "Sketches," a "choreographic fantasy" on episodes from various Gogol works, was compiled and arranged by Gennady Rozhdestvensky from Schnittke incidental music. It had an anything-Shchedrin-can-do quality.

Shchedrin is an officially favored Soviet composer. In Boston, the Bolshoi Ballet danced to his scores for "Carmen Suite," "The Lady with a Small Dog," "The Seagull," and "Anna Karenina." His opera "Dead Souls" was performed by a Soviet-American company, with Igor Morozov as Chichikov; Alexander Dedik, Boris Morozov, Nina Gaponova, and Galina Borisova among the Soviet singers; and Sarah Reese, Noel Velasco, John Moulson, and Richard Crist among the Americans. The production, by Alexei Maslennikov, was based on Boris Pokrovsky's for the Bolshoi in 1977. There was excellent scenery, by Valery Levental. Dzhansug Khahidze conducted.

Many of Gogol's shorter works


HAVE I GIVEN UP TOO MUCH OF MY HUMANITY TO GET TO THE TOP?
NO.
CBarsotti

have been used for operas: notably by Mussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Tchaikovsky, and, in more recent times, Shostakovich ("The Nose"), Werner Egk ("The Government Inspector"), and Humphrey Searle ("Diary of a Madman"). Shchedrin's seems to be the first "Dead Souls" opera. The libretto, the composer's own, is skillfully fashioned. The work, called "operatic scenes," is an opera for people who already know the book. There is no connected narrative, no clear exposition of who anyone is. Episodes—mostly encounters and conversations from Part One—are enacted in summary. Between them, there are passages inspired by Gogol's encomiums to "the road" and the great country through which it travels. These are performed sometimes by three folk singers and a chorus in the pit, sometimes onstage. They are composed in a folk-music style. The city characters are given sharp, satirical, occasionally sentimental music, with a characterizing instrument assigned to each of them.

The staging was both capable and imaginative. There were some good performances—the most arresting Miss Borisova's as the eccentric miser Plyushkin. The timbre of the folk singers was plangent and exciting. "Dead Souls" offered a good evening in the theatre. But, since Shchedrin is a composer of small distinction, the result from a musical point of view suggested an exercise competently worked out, not a stirring artistic adventure.

BUFFALO, architecturally an explorable city, is also, as American Grove says, "a center of contemporary music in the USA." Many eminent composers, American and foreign, have been resident on the State University of New York campus at Buffalo. The North American New Music Festival is presented by the SUNY Music Department. This year's festival, the sixth, consisted of ten March days holding twenty-six events: sixteen concerts, four late-night cabarets, and six "encounters," at which composers—among them Elliott Carter, John Cage, and Lou Harrison—discussed their work. The festival directors are Jan Williams and Yvar Mikhashoff. Mr. Mikhashoff is also a director of London's monthlong Almeida Festival; some Almeida enthusiasms—Cage, Mauricio Kagel, Sylvano Bussotti, Giacinto Scelsi—were represented in the Buffalo programs, though by a few works only, not by a series of concerts devoted to each of them. That full treatment was reserved for Carter. At the opening concert, the Buffalo Philharmonic played his Holiday Overture (1944) and his 1987 fanfare. Two days later, the bulk of Carter's chamber music could be heard: the four string quartets; the Piano Sonata and the Cello Sonata; the Pastoral (1940) and the Elegy (1943) in both its viola-and-piano and its string-quartet versions; four of the exquisitely fashioned occasional-piece "miniatures;" three of the solo-timpani pieces; and, for good measure, the Elizabeth Bishop song cycle, "A Mirror on Which to Dwell." This was distributed across three programs, which were given in three different halls—two of them downtown, the third a dozen miles away—at two-, five-, and eight-o'clock concerts. No Almeida compactness here! One needed a car. But the diversity of sites—the festival used a dozen in all—brought its own interest.

The first chamber concert was given in the Nina Freudenheim Gallery, a tall, light, white, balconied room, Shaker-like in its simple, pleasing aspect. It was built in 1867 as a girls'-school gym; the circling balcony was the running track. Here the Arditti String Quartet played Carter's Second and Third Quartets, and one listened, rapt, to their discourse. The late-afternoon concert was given in Hallwalls, a shabby, black-hued performing space, without windows: a hot, serious, unpretentious but almost defiantly graceless room, which insulates what happens within it from the world outside and invites concentration on nothing but the art. This concert began with the Piano Sonata, of which Stephen Manes gave a purposeful, intelligent, but somewhat uncharming performance, and ended with the Cello Sonata, freely and passionately done by Rohan de Saram, the splendid Arditti cellist, and Mr. Mikhashoff, a vigorous and enthusiastic pianist. Between the sonatas, Arditti members and Mr. Mikhashoff played through some of the smaller pieces. Only the Canon for Three seemed a performance fully rehearsed and worked out.

The evening concert was given in the Slee Concert Hall of the new SUNY campus. The decision to build this campus on swampy acres out at Amherst when a downtown waterfront site was available has been criticized. Buffalo, like Oxford, is a town-and-gown, automobile-cum-university city; Albert Kahn buildings for Ford, Chevrolet, and Pierce-Arrow are among its monuments. But one succumbs readily to the monastic spell of a self-contained, isolate university; I have spent happy

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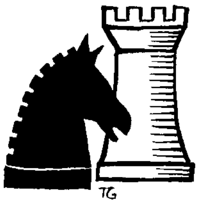
days on the campuses of York and SUNY Purchase. The approach to the final Carter concert was rather depressing: threading roadways, reading signs through dark, deserted campus acres. But the point of arrival, Ulrich Franzen's Slee Hall, was a spacious, pleasing place with full, clear sound. Holding about seven hundred people, it was too large for the audience it attracted, but those who made the journey were rewarded by an excellent concert. The Arditti played the Fourth and First Quartets. Mr. Williams played timpani pieces. Artists from Buffalo and elsewhere joined in the other works.

The four string quartets formed the main substance of this rich—too rich—day. They span thirty-five years (1951-1986) and contain some of Carter's most challenging, intimate, and profound music. I have written about them individually. Hearing all four within hours was exciting but taxing, and it provided perhaps not so much a revelation as a confirmation of what one knew: that each has its own character; that each takes up ideas (about "time and motion," harmony, self-generating structures) adumbrated in preceding works and develops them toward something unheard before, thereby acquiring both a summative and a prophetic character; that the First and Second Quartets remain as vital and fascinating as ever, unfaded masterworks; that the brilliant Third—the double duo—while always exhilarating to hear, remains hard to grasp, and takes a play of conflicting simultaneities to the brink of a listener's acceptance; that the Fourth is one of the most beautiful and poetic compositions of our day. The Arditti played with grace, verve, unflagging concentration, and unfailing beauty of tone and phrase.



Other high points in a day that left one little time to draw breath and no time to ponder were: Mr. Williams' virtuoso presentation of three of the Eight Pieces for Four Timpani: "Saëta" and the two dedicated to him, "Adagio" and "Canto." (They were offered as *intermedi*, delivered from a battery set up on one side of the ample Slee platform. I would gladly have heard Mr. Williams play all eight; in six of them, uncommonly interesting, varied music, in point of rhythms and timbres, is made from just four notes. "Adagio" and "Canto" use pedal timpani with shifting pitches.) A bright, witty account of "Esprit Rude/Esprit Doux" by Ann LaBerge (flute) and James Perone (clarinet). A well-balanced, eloquent account of the Canon for Four, by Miss LaBerge, Mr. Perone, Karen Bentley (violin), and David Sims (cello). And a very deft "Mirror," conducted by Mr. Williams, with Carol Plantamura a vivid if vocally uneven soloist.

The next afternoon, the Arditti gave another concert, its program five modern string quartets—two American and three British. This was played in the auditorium of the Albright-Knox Art Gallery—an elegant pavilion, designed by Gordon Bunshaft, beside the noble Athenian museum. Walls of glass on three sides look to an Olmsted park. It is a pleasant place to be in. The acoustics, alas, are rather fierce and dry. "Pentamenta" (1982), by Bernadette Speach, who studied composition at Buffalo, proved long and dull. "Third Face" (1987), by David Felder, a composer on the faculty, was brief—ten minutes—and eventful. I have not heard much Felder music, but what I have heard has been exciting; the Philharmonic should look at his "Three Lines from Twenty Poems," which the Buffalo Philharmonic played last year. The British works were Peter Paul Nash's String Quartet (1987), a "narrative" work, agreeable to follow; Vic Hoyland's String Quartet (1985), a compelling but somewhat ruthless piece (except in the third of its four movements), which the Arditti has toured through Europe; and Brian Ferneyhough's dense, emotionally charged Third String Quartet (1987).

After the concert, I was tempted to follow the Arditti across the border to hear the Felder again when it was played in Toronto that evening but stayed on for a festival concert, in Hallwalls, of music from Latin America. The most engaging pieces here were Ricardo Lorenz's crisp "Bachango," played by Anthony de Mare, who is a lively, captivating pianist; and William Ortiz-Alvarado's showy, inventive percussion solo "Urbanización," which Anthony Miranda played with spirit.

—ANDREW PORTER

THE CURRENT CINEMA

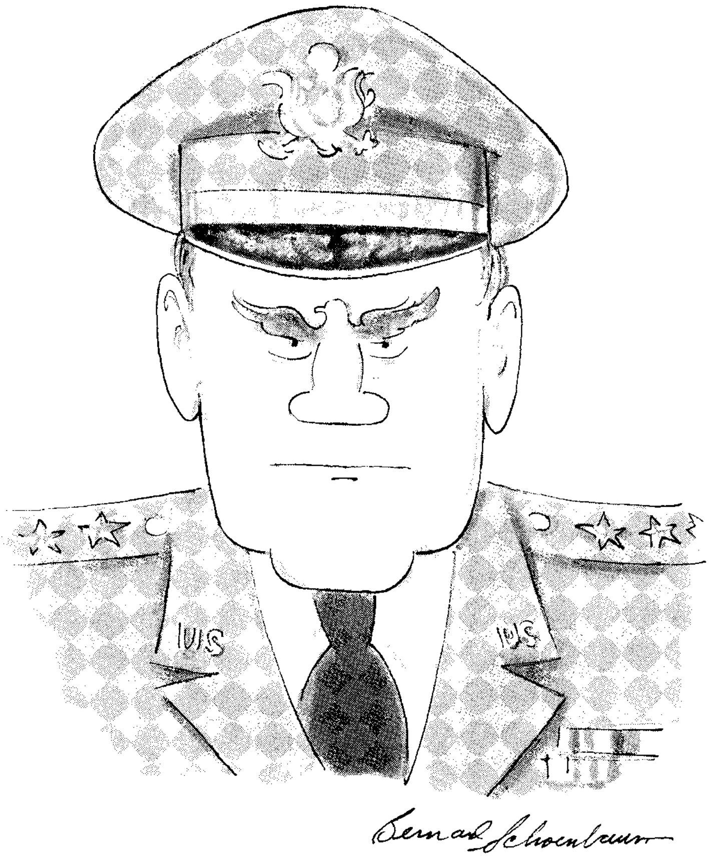
Boo!

"Beetlejuice" is a farce about what happens to us after death: it's a bugaboo farce. At the start, the camera seems to be flying over an idyllic New England town, but the town changes into a miniature town on a table, and Adam (Alec Baldwin), the hobbyist who has carved it, takes a spider off a little rooftop. Adam and his wife, Barbara (Geena Davis), are a devoted, though regretfully childless, young couple who have been happy in their cozy old barnlike house—an eccentric pile of angles and peaks—while fending off realtors who want to sell it for them. The two drive into town on an errand, passing through a picture-postcard covered wooden bridge, but on the way back, as they go through the bridge, Adam swerves to avoid hitting a dog, and the director, Tim Burton, reveals his first great gag: the car hangs over the edge of the quaint red bridge, kept from plunging into the river by the weight of the dog on a loose plank. When the dog gets bored and trots off, the car falls.

The next we see of Adam and Barbara, they're ghosts—tame, sweet, home-loving ghosts, not very different from how they were in life. The movie doesn't really get going until a New York family (who are far more ghoulish) buy the house and start redecorating, turning it into a high-tech space to show off the slinky wife's huge works of sculpture (which are like petrified insects). Miffed, Adam and Barbara want to scare these intruders away, but they're too mild to do the job themselves, so they call upon the services of the rutty little demon Betelgeuse, pronounced Beetlejuice, who is played by Michael Keaton, and who rises from the graveyard in the tabletop town. The movie had perked up when the New Yorkers arrived, because Delia the sculptor, the madwoman who's the new lady of the house, is played by the smudge-faced blond Catherine O'Hara, late of SCTV, and the possessor of the freakiest blue-eyed stare since early Gene Wilder. (She has sexy evil eyes.) Delia is too macabre and uppity to be fazed by ordinary apparitions. Even the decaying Beetlejuice himself—he might be a carnival attraction: This way to the exhumed hipster!—barely distracts her. But Keaton is like an exploding head. He isn't onscreen nearly enough—when he is, he shoots the film sky-high.

This is not the kind of spook show that gives you shivers; it gives you outré shocks. Adam and Barbara are like the juvenile and the ingénue singing their duets in the M-G-M Marx Brothers pictures while we wait for lewd, foxy Groucho to grab the girls' bottoms. Michael Keaton is the Groucho here, but fast and furious, like Robin Williams when he's speeding, or Bill Murray having a conniption fit. And maybe because of the slow start and the teasing visual design—the whole movie seems to take place in a hand-painted nowhere, with the "real" town and the toy town miscegenating—Keaton creates a lust for more hot licks. He appears here with a fringe of filthy hair, greenish rotting teeth—snaggled—and an ensemble of mucky rags. And he keeps varying in size (like the star Betelgeuse). When he's let loose and the transformations start, along with the gravity-defying stunts, I wanted more and more of them. I wanted the overstimulation of prepubescent play—a child's debauch. And that's what Tim Burton, who began in the animation department at Disney, and directed his first movie in 1985 ("Pee-wee's Big Adventure"), offers. He's still in his twenties, and he has a kid's delight in the homegrown surreal. The plot is just a formality. To enjoy the movie, you may have to be prepared to jump back into a jack-in-the-box universe. But it may work even better if it takes you unawares and you start laughing at a visually sophisticated form of the rabid-redneck kids' humor you haven't thought about in years—the kind of humor that features wormy skeletons and shrunken heads. Here the shrunken heads are still attached to full-sized bodies.

The end is subdued. The final scenes have a plot logic that you can't really fault, but logic isn't what you want, and you feel as if the comedy blitz is suddenly over without your having fully grasped that it was ending. The last part isn't very well directed, and neither are the scenes where O'Hara's Delia decides that having a haunted house will bring her some social cachet. Burton may not have found his storytelling skills yet, or his structure, either, but then he may never find them. This movie is something to see, even if it's a blossoming chaos and the jokes sometimes leave you behind. (When Burton picked Robert Goulet and Dick Cavett for small roles, he probably wanted them to make fun of their images, but they don't appear to know how, and the writers—Michael McDowell,



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Larry Wilson, and Warren Skaaren—haven't steered them.) Still, the best of W. C. Fields was often half gummed up, and that doesn't seem to matter fifty-five years later. With crazy comedy, you settle for the spurts of inspiration, and "Beetlejuice" has them. When Delia and her New York art-world guests are at the dinner table and, possessed, suddenly rise to sing the calypso banana-boat song "Day-O," it's a mighty moment—a haymaker. And you can't tell why. (If you could, it wouldn't be funny.) The satire of a waiting room in the social-services bureaucracy of the afterlife (which is staffed by suicides) is like great early animation. It features a spectral effect linking cigarettes and death so creepily that the audience sucks in its breath and laughs: when a raspy-voiced social worker, played by Sylvia Sidney, lights up, she exhales smoke through her nose, her mouth, and her slit throat.

The movie, with its toy town, is like Red Grooms' cities: it's an art work that has no depth but jangles with energy. Tim Burton takes stabs into the irrational, the incongruous, the plain nutty. And though a lot of his moves don't connect, enough of them do to make this spotty, dissonant movie a comedy classic. The story is bland—it involves the parental love that Adam and Barbara develop for the sculptor's stepdaughter (Winona Ryder)—but its blandness is edged with near-genius. Michael Keaton has never been so uninhibited a comic; his physical assurance really is demonic. He's a case of the beezie-weezies.

JAY McINERNEY'S "Bright Lights, Big City" is a just about perfect pop novel—smart and maudlin and self-centered. You read along quickly, without pausing—without ever needing to think. The book came out in 1984, in paperback—and that was right for it, because the story has no heft, no substance. It's so pop it's almost nothing; it reads like the novelization of a TV movie. You don't read it, exactly—you consume it. The hero—a young writer—is at the center of a coke-spoon variation of your basic misunderstood-adolescent fantasy. He works as a fact checker at a magazine modelled on *The New Yorker* (McInerney worked here for a little under six months in 1980) and uses dope to block out his misery over his wife's ditching him, which turns out to be delayed mourning for his mother. He spends his nights drinking and snorting with an advertising-executive pal until the climactic week when he gets fired, falls apart, meets a wise, thoughtful girl, and rediscovers his values. The fun for readers was in the gossipy glimpses of the workings of *The New Yorker* and in the glamorous sensationalism and heavy spending of the disco-party scene of the early eighties; the book has the appeal of having been written by an insider—who, of course, tells outsiders that the high wild life is joyless. The hero is pure of heart, and once he sees the carelessness and shallowness of the rich he rejects them. What makes the book such a delicious (slim) read is that the fantasy is both utterly shameless and deftly controlled.

The movie version, directed by James Bridges, from a script he devised with McInerney, follows the novel very closely, but something new has entered the equation: Bridges' sense of shame. McInerney took his title from the 1961 Jimmy Reed song that has the refrain "Bright lights, big city/They went to my baby's head." That, essentially, is what the book provided that moviegoers will miss: the kick, the high. Bridges tones down the cute bitchiness that McInerney put into the magazine scenes, and he takes the seductiveness out of the doping and the promiscuity. It's obvious why (drugs and AIDS have created a time warp between the early eighties and the late eighties), but without that sexy glow the movie has no excitement, no vision.

And as storytelling the movie has no peaks. When the hero, who is called Jamie and is played by Michael J. Fox, wangles an invitation to an Oscar de la Renta fashion show where his estranged wife (Phoebe Cates) is modelling, he plows through the crowd next to the runway and tracks her as she struts, yelling her name. We grasp the intended effect, but the garish masochism goes flooey—we don't want to watch it. And when Jamie encounters her later at a party and is so shocked by her casual greeting that he begins to laugh hysterically and then to cough and have a nosebleed, we seem meant to be appalled at her nonchalance. But since we've had only a quick flashback of the two of them as a couple we don't react to it. (To us, her frictionless manner is a relief after all his carrying on.)

Despite this laughing jag, Fox,

who's onscreen in every scene, keeps Jamie from being an obnoxious crybaby. Fox has cagey timing that he makes seem natural and easy, and he suggests some interior life. He's a fine actor, but he doesn't bring any spark of personality to the narration he delivers. (The fault may be in the material and in the directing.) John Houseman gives the standout performance, in the small role of the magazine's imposing editor-in-chief, his shoulders slumped in sorrow over the factual errors that Jamie has allowed to creep into the magazine. (The sly Houseman has become a comedian at eighty-five.) Jason Robards manages to make something of his skimpy part. He's a talkative, lonely old swillpot—a onetime writer, now a hanger-on in the fiction department, who guzzles vodka Martinis until his eyes glaze over. When he falls on the office floor, he goes on muttering (about the literary giants he has known) as he passes out. Robards adorns the movie; his performance is a flourish, a plume.

But the film loses its best source of characters when Jamie is fired, and it falls back on cokeheads and family. The result isn't terrible—just terribly dull. The picture has a dated quality, not only because that after-hours disco scene has dried up but because the plot mechanisms click into place without pleasure or surprise: Jamie's delayed grief over his mom (Dianne Wiest, seen in flashbacks) and the explanation that he married hoping to please her; his running away when he sees his younger brother (Charlie Schlatter), who has come to New York looking for him. The more psychology we get, the more conscious we are that the movie has no subject, except the hero's sensitivity (which the dialogue often throws into question). Frances Sternhagen plays the head of the fact-checking department—the woman who dismisses Jamie. Sternhagen makes her clenched and a stickler for company procedures, yet with anxious eyes that show how much she hates having to hurt him. But he regards her as a tyrant who's out to get him, and the picture aims for a laugh by having him say, "It's not my fault she never got married." When the question comes up of whether she uses the ladies' room or the men's, the implication is that if she weren't a butch monster she'd be so charmed by Jamie that she wouldn't mind his goofing off and not showing up for work. Lines like these make you feel how tinny the redemption scenes are. We're put through Dianne Wiest in the agonies of cancer telling her son that the pain is just like what she experienced when he was born—he didn't want to come out. And then we get Jamie leaving his blasé wife and his sleazoid pal (Kiefer Sutherland) at the party and shouting that they'd make a terrific couple. He goes out in the clear dawn air and flashes back to his mother in the kitchen with freshly baked loaves of bread. The banality comes down on you like drizzle.

All through the movie, Jamie identifies with the fetus of a woman in a coma—the "Coma Baby" featured in daily stories in the *Post*. Though the mother dies, the baby is delivered. But at the end of the picture when we get the jokey, symbolic headline "COMA BABY LIVES!" we may feel it refers to the audience. (There was an interval with Jamie in the apartment of a friendly co-worker, played by Swoosie Kurtz, telling her about his marriage and how hard it was for him to work on his novel, when I didn't think we'd make it.) It doesn't help that the Donald Fagen score sounds like a filler track put on while the moviemakers were waiting for the real one to be ready. And in key episodes the cinematographer, Gordon Willis, has reverted to his dark period. The atmosphere at the magazine is so sombre you wonder how the checkers can see their reference books. —PAULINE KAEL

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A CORRECTION

A Sunday Star-Ledger story on New Brunswick's Hiram Market district incorrectly described The Frog and The Peach restaurant as offering American nouveau riche cuisine. The restaurant, located in a rehabilitated 19th-century building on Dennis Street, has American nouvelle cuisine, according to the owner.—*Newark Star-Ledger.*

Same difference.

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the bulletin of the Blessed Sacrament Church in Martinsville, N.J.*]

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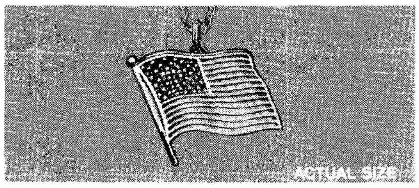

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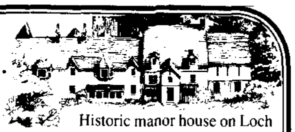

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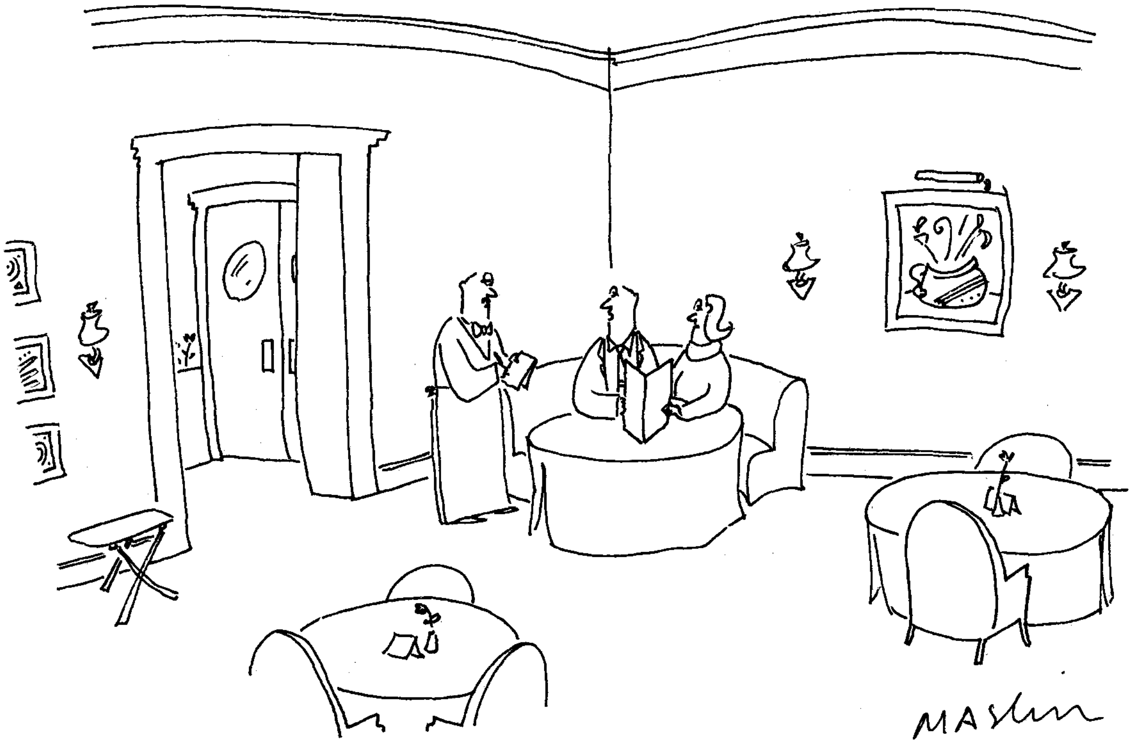
JAZZ

Claude Thornhill

THE harder the pianist and arranger Claude Thornhill tried to make a commercial success of his big band, the more musical and original it became. The band flourished just before and just after the Second World War, and Thornhill thought of it as a "ballad" band; that is, it played a lot of slow tunes, many of them with vocals. But Thornhill's ballads, with their unique ensemble voicings (three or four clarinets, a saxophone or two, two French horns, a tuba, and various intermarriages between these instruments and the trumpets and trombones), were more like tone poems than like dance-band arrangements. Somewhere along the line, Thornhill decided he wanted his sections to play without vibrato; the blocks of sound they produced were smooth, rectangular, and weightless. These sounds glided along above the rhythm section, which was always discreet, and they suggested Debussy, and even Berlioz. They spoke of deep velvet, of Matisse reds, of melancholy without tears. It was always October in Thornhill's slow numbers. In the late forties, his ballads tended to get slower and slower, until, as the Thornhill arranger Bill Borden has pointed out, they got "so slow you couldn't even walk to them—unless you were in a funeral procession." At the same time, Thornhill went along with the jazz fashion of the postwar period—bebop. The arranger Gil Evans, who joined Borden in the band in 1941 (and who died, at the age of seventy-five, in late March), began writing tight, leaping, arcane bop arrangements in 1946, and they were no more danceable than the ballad numbers. But they were brilliant works—the first fresh big-band inventions to come along since the great Ellington concertos of 1939-1942. The best of Thornhill fed, directly and indirectly, the entire non-hot side of jazz—Miles Davis and Gerry Mulligan and the Modern Jazz Quartet. The Thornhill band, an ensemble band, was as maneuverable as a chamber group, and it used improvisation largely to offset its late-Victorian sounds. It owed much to Duke Ellington, yet it also showed how Ellington, had he wished to, could have moved into the bebop era.

Thornhill's career meandered for a long time. An only child, he was born in 1909 in Terre Haute, Indiana. His mother had German blood, and his father, whom he disliked, had English blood. Artie Shaw, who for a time was Thornhill's closest friend, has described the Thornhills as "American Gothic," and not the sort of people you drop in on. Thornhill's mother said at his funeral, "I miss my Claudie. He brung us fame." Thornhill started playing piano around the age of ten, and he ran away from home when he was fourteen. He got a job on a riverboat, in a band led by Heavy Elder. Then he turned up in a Midwest group called the Kentucky Colonels. He and Shaw met briefly at that time, and in the late twenties Shaw got him a job with Austin Wylie's band in Cleveland. The two men had moved to New York by the early thirties. Thornhill worked for Hal Kemp, Don Voorhees, Freddy Martin, Jacques Renard, and Paul Whiteman. In 1934, he passed through Benny Goodman's first big band, and in 1935 he was in the all-star group that Ray Noble took into the Rainbow Room. He went from Noble to André Kostelanetz's radio show, and in 1938 he gave up New York for Hollywood. (Thornhill apparently learned a good deal about tonal color from the way Kostelanetz used strings and horns.)

Artie Shaw recently said this about Thornhill's early days: "Austin Wylie already had a piano player when I brought Claude into the band, but I had persuaded Wylie that he needed two pianists. We played at the Golden Pheasant, next to the old Hotel Winton, where Claude and I roomed. He had a great musical ear but not much time—in a jazz sense. He practiced things like 'Danse Nègre' for hours. He had studied for a while at the Cincinnati Conservatory. He was also listening to stride piano. I'd take him to Harlem, after we moved to New York, to hear Willie the Lion Smith, and he loved that. We both did some arranging with Wylie. One day, we started to run down a new arrangement



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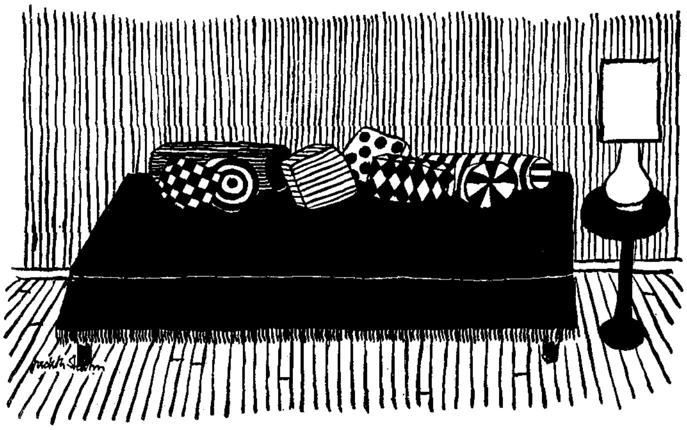
Claude had brought in. We played the intro and the first chorus—probably sweet saxophones and muted trumpets—and then nothing seemed to happen. The rhythm section was still playing, but there wasn't any other sound. Then we realized that Claude was over there at the piano *singing*. He had written in a vocal for himself, even though he wasn't much of a singer. He was a funny-looking gent, with that potato nose and round Germanic face, and we all broke up. It wasn't easy for him to express himself. He was like Basie in that respect. He hid inside himself. But he was more guileful than he appeared, because he generally got what he wanted. This was particularly true when he joined my Navy band, in 1942. I was a C.P.O., and I was responsible for band discipline, but Claude and I couldn't arrive at a modus vivendi. After all, we had been close a long time, and it wasn't easy being thrust into what amounted to a master-servant relationship. He would miss muster or bed check or rehearsals, and resentment began to build on both sides. He was already a heavy drinker, and that didn't help. He made it known that he wanted his own band, so I talked to Admiral Calhoun, and they gave him one before we left Hawaii for the Pacific Islands. Our relationship was never quite the same, and I didn't see much of Claude after that."

There was a second side to Thornhill's New York career in the thirties. He recorded with every sort of jazz group. Perhaps it was just larking for him, or perhaps he really wanted to be a good jazz pianist. He recorded a dozen numbers in 1934 with the rambunctious trumpeter and singer Louis Prima, and he was on the first sides that Benny Goodman made with his new big band. The following year, he showed up on Glenn Miller's first big-band recordings and on a session organized by the Casa Loma Band arranger Gene Gifford. He recorded with a pickup group that included Bud Freeman, Bunny Berigan, and Cozy Cole. In 1937, he arranged, and played on, the singer Maxine Sullivan's famous recording of "Loch Lomond." Before he went West, he did two dates with Billie Holiday. He even takes a fine sixteen-bar single-note solo on her version of "Forget If You Can."



Not long before he died, Gil Evans recalled how Thornhill happened to move to the Coast: "In the late thirties, Skinnay Ennis, the drummer and a very popular vocalist with Hal Kemp, decided to go out on his own. He took over the band I had at the Rendezvous Room in Balboa, and I stayed on as an arranger. He asked me who the best vocal arranger was, and I said Claude Thornhill. Claude came out and rented a house in West Los Angeles, and we both wrote arrangements for Skinnay's band. Claude was already a fine arranger. Very quick. He had done a lot of arranging in New York. Then, one day, he said that he was going to cash in an insurance policy and that he couldn't decide whether to take the proceeds and go to Tahiti or go back to New York and organize his own band. He went to New York. He brought his band out to the Rendezvous in 1939, and Bill Borden was the arranger. I have a fixed image in my mind from this time of Claude with his cigarette holder and his eternal cup of coffee. They were his badges. So were his Adler Elevator shoes. While he was at the Rendezvous, he took his band out to Catalina Island to hear Benny Goodman and Eddie Sauter, who had just joined Goodman. He rented an open fishing boat, and the water was very rough. Everybody was, like, whoof. Except for Claude, who sat there smoking his cigarette and drinking his coffee."

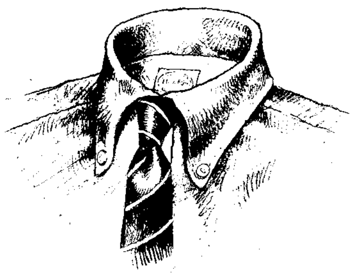
The trumpeter and arranger Rusty Dedrick joined Thornhill the same year as Evans. "I went with the band just before it opened at the Glen Island Casino, and I left early in 1942," he said not long ago. "I rejoined in 1946 and stayed until 1947. There was never much money; we did it for love of the music. Claude was an enigma. He was extremely shy, and it was difficult for him to be a front man. He had had some psychiatric therapy after the war—possibly even electric-shock treatments, which tend to affect the memory. He knew the book by heart, but he would forget names. He'd announce a singer's first name but not her last, unless one of us shouted it to him. He was a funny man, but his humor was off the wall. He had written a silly poem about one of the islands in the Pacific, and he'd recite it to audiences apropos of nothing. The band was so of a piece that musicians visiting Glen Island would say, 'Hey, I love this band, but I wouldn't want to be on it. You must rehearse all the time.' But we didn't. We had those certain sounds—the bright unison clarinets and the low French-horn/tuba sounds—and we had them down perfectly. Sometimes we played new arrangements the first time on the stand."

Gil Evans again: "I drove across the country from California, and I arrived at the casino in the evening, just before the band hit. I was told that Claude was sick and I would have to take his place. Well, he wasn't. It was one of his practical jokes. When he was with Freddy Martin in the thirties, he arranged to have a series of insulting telegrams sent to Martin from various parts of the country—one every couple of nights. They all said in different ways how awful Martin's band was, and Claude would watch Martin read these things and get mad as hell, and Claude would laugh and laugh—later. But he wasn't much at taking jokes. Once, I set an alarm clock to go off on the bandstand just as he was playing his tinkly piano on 'Autumn Nocturne.' He didn't think it was very funny. He rented a house in Pelham when we were at the casino, and I stayed with him. He'd practice classical exercises on the piano every night until four or five in the morning. His time was something, and so was his touch. I've never heard anyone get a better sound on a piano than he did. And his ear was infallible. When someone in one of the sections went out of tune, Claude would lead the musician through his part and play the correct notes to get him back on pitch. He'd achieve the no-vibrato effect he wanted in the sections by telling the musicians to play with a vibrato; then he'd make them take it down until there was no vibrato. He wasn't really a jazz piano player. He had heard Bix Beiderbecke when he was young, and the two of them had spent an evening together drinking gin. Afterward, Claude put brackets on the wall in his room and hung the empty gin bottle there. What he wanted in his band was that ballad style with the clarinet lead, then alto saxophone and two tenors, and finally the French horns—all pitched an octave below Glenn Miller's reed section. When the band started to run through my arrangement of Charlie Parker's 'Anthropology,' I saw Claude up in the balcony making faces. He was a night owl, and he finally came to my room at three or four one morning and told me he didn't want to play bebop anymore. Claude wasn't really mysterious. He just liked people to think he was. He had one habit, though, that I never understood. He loved to buy clothes. He had closets of new clothes in his house in Pelham, and he had a basement room full of new clothes in a building on West Fifty-fifth Street that he had an apartment in. But he almost never wore them."

IN October of 1947, the Thornhill band recorded Gil Evans' arrangement of "Robbins Nest," written by Sir Charles Thompson and Illinois Jacquet for the disk jockey Freddy Robbins. The recording immediately catches you. A sustained, vibratoless single note, played by a combination of saxophones and horns, is held over a medium tempo for two measures, dips a tone, rises quickly against a soft, offbeat brass burst, falls again, and gives way to Thornhill playing the melody with spare, legato Basie-like single notes. This daring, complex introduction lasts just six measures, and is a classic instance of how the Thornhill band almost completely circumvented the big-band clichés of riffs, call-and-response patterns, and empty counterpoint. It made originality sound comfortable and complexity sound simple. A little reed figure binds the end of Thornhill's first eight bars, and at the end of his second eight the reeds appear again and slip into organ chords, which carry Thornhill, still noodling the melody, through the bridge of the tune. Then the reeds and horns assume the melody for the final eight bars of the first chorus. The clarinettist Danny Polo plays a variation of the melody for sixteen bars, and during the second eight is backed by oh-so-soft counterpoint between the reeds and the brass. A tenor saxophonist, playing melody, takes over on the bridge and is echoed by Polo. Then the whole band spins trickily through what sounds like a transcribed bebop solo. There is a brief Thornhill piano interlude, and the band returns for eight bars of melody and a kind of variation of the opening six measures, and it is over. There is a lot of fast and subtle rhythmic footwork on the recording, and Thornhill's use of dynamics is exhilarating. Yet everything is very *quiet*.

Musicians loved the Thornhill band. The French-horn player Sandy Siegelstein has said, "I met Gil Evans in the service, and I ran into him in Los Angeles in 1946, when I was with Martha Graham. I was strictly a legitimate player. Gil said they needed a horn, so I joined. Then I discovered I couldn't play four-four time, and I was humiliated. But the challenge was on, and eventually I learned. The camaraderie in that band through music was out of this world. Claude was always good to me, but he was mysterious. He would never call out the next number. Instead, he would noodle around, giving little hints, until we figured out what he had in mind. He knew how to underplay on the piano and at the same time lead with it. That band was like a concert. Several horn players from the Cleveland Orchestra came one night, and so did all the dance-band people. Being in the Thornhill band was an experience that has been with me all my life."

There was never any extra money. The tubist Bill Barber said not long ago, "I had been in classical work before I went with the Thornhill band, in 1947. I was only with them ten months. The big-band business had begun to crumble, and the last to be hired were the first to be fired, which meant me. I don't think the band wanted me to leave, because they loved that soft tuba carpet underneath. Claude was a fine musician, but he was a little tight with money. I had a friend who left Benny Goodman because he was so excited about playing with Thornhill, and he estimated that during the year he stayed with Thornhill he lost two or three thousand dollars."



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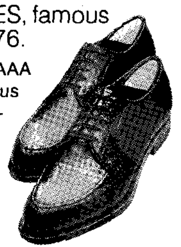

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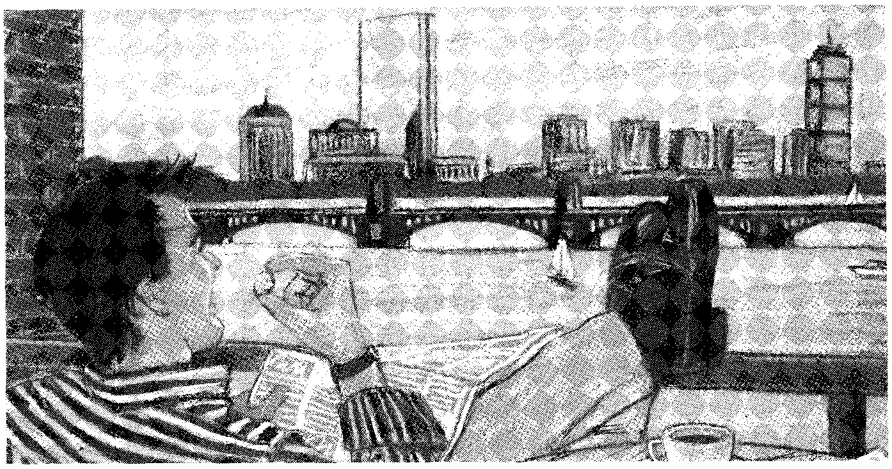
Here is what the arranger Bill Borden said about Thornhill recently: "I don't know whether Claude was shy or diffident. He was often indecisive. If you asked him to make a decision, he would do the equivalent of shuffling his feet—unless it was something he felt strongly about or something that had to do with music. He was also decisive if someone did something behind his back that he didn't care for. He wasn't above jokes. He'd do this shtick of pretending not to understand. Or he'd break into ragtime piano if a new arrangement had a section that seemed too square. Mostly, he let our arrangements alone, although he'd cut things he didn't like. When I joined the band, in December of 1939, it hadn't settled into a groove. Sometimes it sounded like Jimmie Lunceford, sometimes like Bob Crosby. Claude said he had started out with sixty arrangements, but I suspect it was fewer than that. I suggested he get Gil Evans, who wasn't happy with Skinnay Ennis. The band became a kind of lab for Gil. He superimposed bebop arrangements on the band in the late forties. Claude never mastered bop on the piano. He sounded a little like he was playing eighteenth-century drawing-room music when he tried. He was a forceful pianist, but he did those tinkling things on 'Snowfall' and 'Autumn Nocturne' because he felt that was what people liked. I never felt that the second band was as good as the first. It could cut the arrangements, but Louis Mucci was never the lead trumpeter that Conrad Gozzo was, and Danny Polo couldn't match Irving Fazola, who had the most beautiful sound I've ever heard on a clarinet. For what it's worth, Claude used to say that his favorite band was Guy Lombardo's. Toward the end of his life, he limped along with a kind of society band, but he had been rehearsing a new big band when he died. In fact, he was supposed to open in Atlantic City the next night."

During the fifties and early sixties, Thornhill took small bands on the road, playing either society-band music or stripped-down versions of his old book. The trombonist and writer Mike Zwerin worked for Thornhill in 1958. He writes in his autobiography, "Close Enough for Jazz":

> Arrangements written for full sections were being played by only one trombone, two trumpets, four saxophones, a now guitarless rhythm section plus the essential



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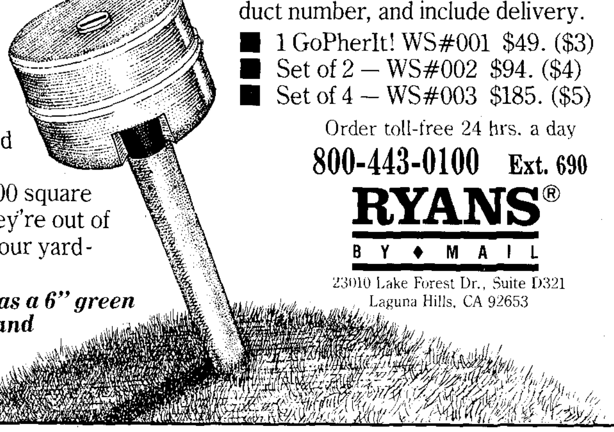

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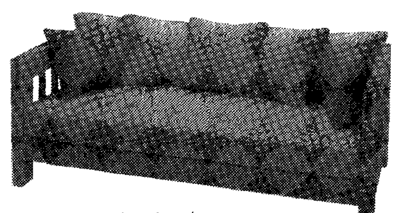

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French horn. We worked country clubs, American Legion halls and high-school gymnasiums in provincial towns where Claude Thornhill was still a name. Referring to more successful "ghost bands"—Sam Donahue and the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, Ray McKinley and the Glenn Miller Orchestra—Claude once said to me after a particularly grungy affair: "I guess you have to be dead to make it these days."

But he kept his dignity as his audience dwindled. His hair was always combed, his suits pressed, his face shaven, his bow-tie straight. I marvel at how much control that must have involved, considering the skid he was on. He knew he had been something special. It had taken imagination, taste, talent and courage to play Charlie Parker's "Anthropology" at fancy hotels and supper clubs when people had paid to hear a band that had won two *Billboard* magazine polls in the "sweet band" category.

A few years earlier, when Thornhill was between bands, he worked for Tony Bennett. "Claude was with me as musical director and pianist for eight weeks in Vegas in the mid-fifties," Bennett said recently. "My drummer, Billy Exiner, who had been in Claude's second band, suggested him. Claude's attitude was that it was all a vacation, that we shouldn't worry about anything. We were kids and he was the veteran, and he'd teach us what he knew. He was a sweet man. But he didn't care for pretension. A big old-time movie star was on the bill with us. She was a *prima donna*, and she'd carry on and yell at her chorus girls during rehearsals. She did only one number, and it was called 'Dungaree Doll.' Claude couldn't get over her behavior, and whenever I ran into him backstage or coming around a corner he'd sing 'Dungaree Doll,' and laugh."

By the sixties, Thornhill and his wife were living in New Jersey, and Artie Shaw had an apartment in New York. Shaw recalled recently, "The night Claude died, in the summer of 1965, I got a phone call at three in the morning from Claude's wife. I hadn't talked to him in a long while. She said Claude had told her I was his best friend, and then she said that he had just had a heart attack and died. She said he had spent the day in his garden and had told her it had been one of the best days he had ever had. Later, I found out that Claude had been paying frequent visits to my mother, who lived in New York. He had made her promise never to tell me about the visits, and, of course, he never did, either."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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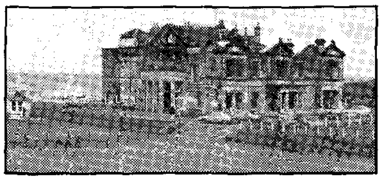

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

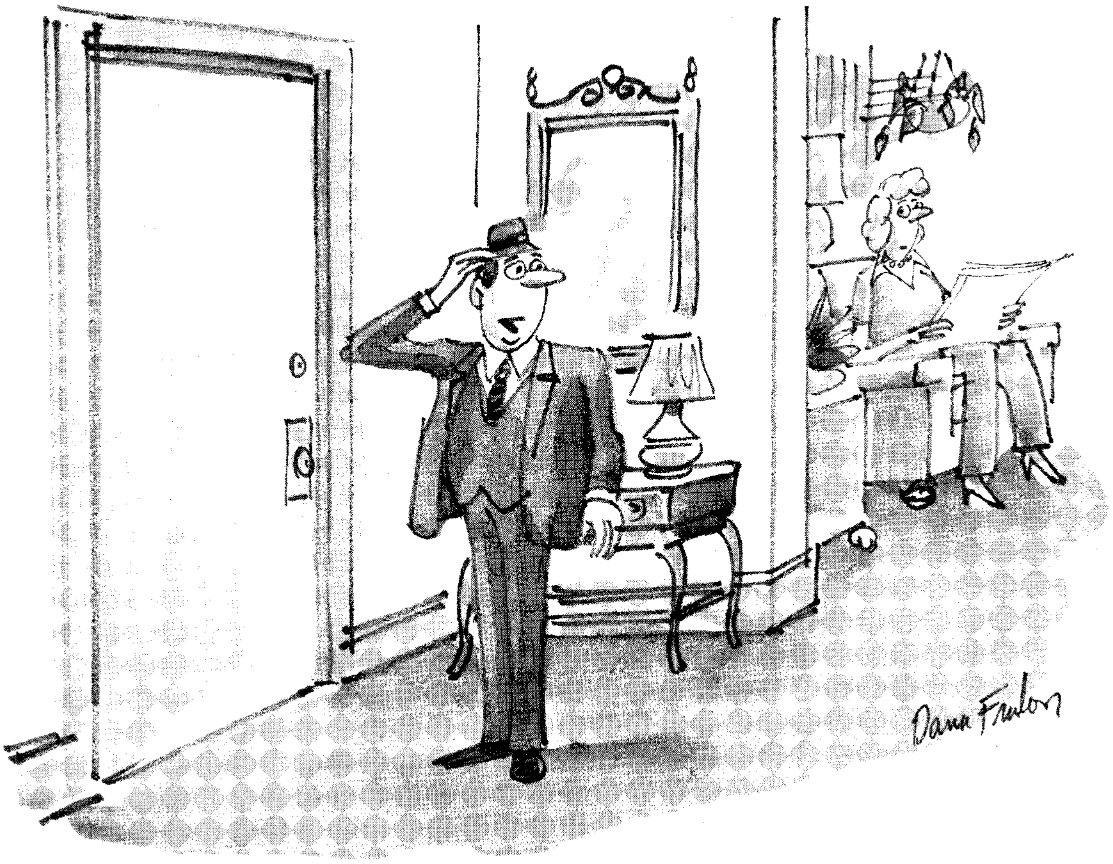
APRIL 7

HAVING had a big fright, the Democratic Party is now embracing Michael Dukakis with more enthusiasm than it actually feels for him. The momentary spectre of the possibility that Jesse Jackson could end up with the most delegates was all it took; and Dukakis's strong victory over Jackson in Wisconsin this week gave Democrats their opening. Now many Party leaders are more strenuous than even the Dukakis people in arguing Dukakis's inevitability—the Dukakis campaign had learned the perils of doing this—and have joined his side for the last stages of the elimination contest. Though Dukakis in Wisconsin received the votes of more blue-collar workers than he had before, the still unanswered questions about his ability to marshall a large coalition have been set aside. Questions about whether he would be a success at governing aren't even considered; the Democrats have to deal with what is before them—and what is before them, as they see it, is a choice between Dukakis and Jackson. Though many Democrats still hanker for someone else, the desire to wrap the nomination up neatly, and soon, is the prevailing one.

The Democrats of Wisconsin responded to the choice the same way, but, following the pattern in other states, Dukakis's supporters were less enthusiastic about him than supporters of other candidates were about their choices. Jackson was a victim of his own success. When the question arose of taking his candidacy from a symbolic one to a real one, most Wisconsin voters were not ready to take that step. (Dukakis defeated Jackson by ten percentage points in caucuses held in Colorado on Monday.) Albert Gore, who has run at best a distant third in every contest outside the South since March 8th ("Super Tuesday"), is seen by many Democrats not as an option but as an obstacle in the path of getting the thing over. Paul Simon, who came in a poor fourth in Wisconsin, has suspended his candidacy. By suspending, rather than dropping out, he enables his Illinois delegates, who were the reason he stayed alive through that state's contest, to go to the Convention. Simon also wants to use what "leverage" he has left.

If the Party leaders' strategy works, and the voters coöperate—nothing's certain—the Wisconsin primary on Tuesday will be seen as the turning point. Dukakis, by defeating Jackson forty-eight per cent to twenty-eight per cent, not only resuscitated his campaign but even became a giant-killer. His defeat by Jackson in Michigan ten days earlier—Jackson won by an overwhelming fifty-three per cent to twenty-nine per cent—had sent paroxysms of fear throughout much of the Party.

Jackson's victory in Michigan on Saturday, March 26th, was all the more striking because no one saw it coming. Going into the weekend, the polls had Jackson and Dukakis neck and neck, but the reason the polls missed what happened was that Jackson brought out new voters who were not represented in the polls' samples. Jackson, in a triumph of neighborhood-to-neighborhood organizing, got about seventy-five thousand new voters out, and quintupled his own vote over 1984. He won every major city, and carried eleven out of eighteen congressional districts, and he would have won the state even without his overwhelming victory in Detroit. (Dukakis's endorsement by Detroit Mayor Coleman Young, a black, was of little avail.) Richard Gephardt, who came in a weak third in Michigan, winning about thirteen per cent of the votes, gracefully withdrew from the race two days later. The Republicans had already had their fight in Michigan, but Robert Dole, facing a gap of nearly forty percentage points between himself and Bush in Wisconsin, moved up the date of his withdrawal and bowed out, also gracefully, on March 29th. In his farewell, he again urged the Republican Party to reach out, and broaden its base. The Bush campaign was already at work on the general election—attempting to shore up Bush's strength in the states that have



"I'm going out for a loaf of bread, dear—never to return."

been the core of the Republicans' Electoral College majority.

Before Michigan, it had never crossed Democratic leaders'—or very many other people's—minds that Jackson could win the nomination. Now they had to consider that possibility, and they became unglued. Some were highly discomfited when, shortly after Michigan, Democratic National Committee Chairman Paul Kirk, in disavowing any "stop Jackson" effort, said that the Party should rally behind "whoever the person is that's accumulating the most delegates;" earlier, Kirk had taken the position (with Dukakis in mind) that, since no one could win the required majority of the delegates through the primaries, the Party should rally around the front-runner, saying that he did not expect "a photo finish"—and he still hopes to hold the Party together. Some Democrats, disturbed by the thought that Kirk was suggesting that the Party should try to put across whoever has one more delegate at the end of the contests—and that that person might be Jackson—said that there should be other criteria as well, such as who had been most successful in the last, big states, and electability. Last Sunday, on "This Week with David Brinkley," Kirk seemed to modify his position and said that what he meant was that "if there was a very, very substantial plurality of delegates and someone has the nomination virtually within his grasp," the Party should consider rallying behind that person—and he dodged questions about whether he thought Jackson was electable.

After Michigan, panicked Democrats figured that Jackson not only would lose the Presidential race but might also take down with him the Democratic-controlled Senate, and even the Democratic control of the House—which has lasted thirty-four years. A few—very few—leaders kept cool, and pointed out that Jackson hadn't been nominated in Michigan, and that twenty states, including New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey, and California, were still to come. It was also pointed out that, as time went on, Jackson was likely to be facing only one viable opponent—and that unless Jackson won an exceptionally high percentage of the votes of whites his opponent would win. But other Democrats considered it possible that Jackson was on a roll, and that Dukakis, with his limits as a campaigner, couldn't stop him. Some Democrats concluded that the only way to head off what they saw as a calamity was to circle the wagons around Dukakis and try to work it that he would be Jackson's sole opponent as soon as possible. It's not that most of them were wild about Dukakis but they made a pragmatic judgment that he was the strongest of Jackson's opponents—at least of those in the race. On Capitol Hill in particular, where Dukakis leaves many Democratic politicians wondering if that's the best their party can do, there was increased talk of looking beyond the field. By last weekend, when people scattered for the Easter holiday, and Congress (after finally approving humanitarian aid for the Contras, by a large bipartisan vote) took another recess, some of the panic had subsided, and those behind the Dukakis strategy felt that they had made some headway in getting people to regard the Democratic contest as a two-man race—between Dukakis and Jackson—in order to get Jackson more scrutiny and Dukakis more votes.

All of this had to be handled most delicately—for fear of offending Jackson's supporters or of being branded "racist." Any sign that a racial barrier is being broken is positive, but an unpleasant aspect of this period is the racial tension that has also been stirred up. (And other black politicians, in local and state races, have won higher portions of white votes than Jackson has as yet.) Of course some Democrats oppose Jackson—or assume he will lose—because he is black, but the strong opposition to Jackson among Democrats with no racism in them stems from other things: his radicalism in both domestic and foreign policy (Jackson has toned this down, but it's still there), his utter lack of relevant experience, and controversial things he has said and done in the past. Moreover, a number of people simply don't like Jackson—find him unscrupulous and untrustworthy, too much out for himself even as political leaders go. It is no accident that others who were close to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.—King's widow, Coretta, and Andrew Young—are among those black leaders who cannot bring themselves to

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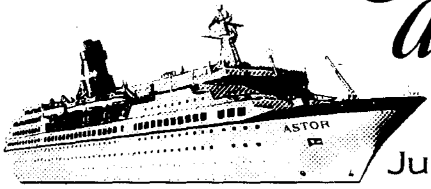
endorse Jackson. (They resent Jackson's claim, which has been strongly challenged, that he cradled the dying King in his arms—Jackson even turned up on television the next day wearing a sweater covered with what he claimed was King's blood.) Mickey Leland, a black congressman from Texas, who did not support Jackson in 1984, said recently that "racist, bigoted" people in the Democratic Party are trying to stop Jackson. While some see Leland's statement as one designed to deter any "stop Jackson" movement, it's poisonous. But it and the fear it is playing upon have had an effect: though there have been movements in the past to stop white candidates, most white Democrats who worried about Jackson's heading the ticket were also scared to death of the possibility of being seen as anti-black. They know that if Jackson's followers are offended there is probably no hope of winning in November.

OVERREACTION—and overconcluding—has characterized this election. It is as if the political practitioners and the press—dependent upon each other—are living in a cave of winds, and each gust is blown out of proportion. There was an overreaction to Paul Simon's momentary lead in Iowa, to Gary Hart's reëntry into the race and his momentary lead, to Gephardt's Iowa victory, to Pat Robertson's coming in second in Iowa, and, for that matter, to Dole's Iowa victory. (The fact that both Iowa victors are now out of the race will cause some reconsideration of the importance of the caucuses there. But it may not cause any diminution of future candidates' efforts there. This year's caucus process in Iowa is still unfolding—the first test was only at the precinct level, and the state convention is yet to be held—and at this point Dukakis, who came in third in early February, has the lead in delegates.) Too many conclusions were solemnly drawn about these things and also about Dukakis's and Gore's victories on March 8th: it was concluded that Dukakis's nomination was inevitable and that Gore would now be a national figure. Dukakis may very well be the nominee, but it's taking longer than the original "inevitability" theory had it.

Jackson's Michigan victory was dramatic and a triumph—but more was read into it than was there. In a



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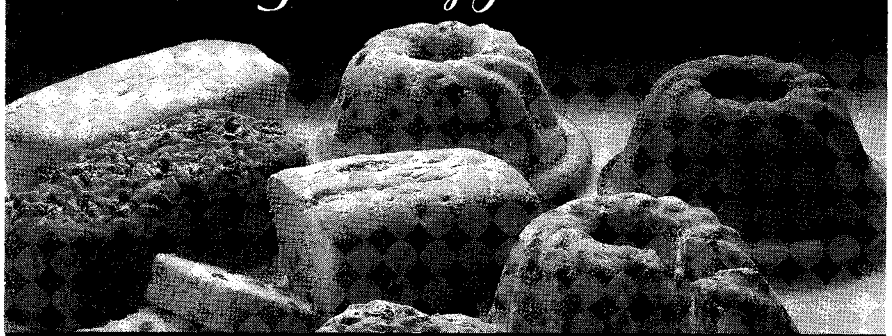

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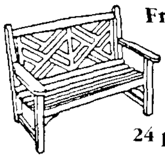

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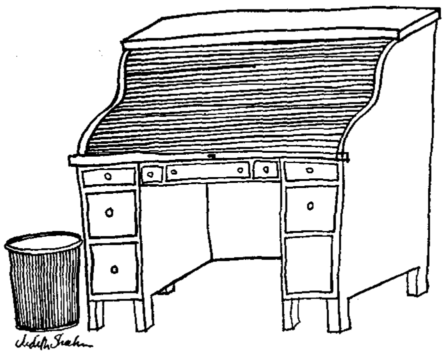
caucus contest, Jackson out-organized Dukakis, but the turnout, though higher than in 1984, was still minuscule. About two hundred and eleven thousand people turned out in a state where there are more than five and a half million registered voters. The caucus was conducted with very loose Democratic Party rules about who was eligible to vote.

Jackson's early strong showing in Wisconsin—the polls had him and Dukakis about even until a few days before the voting—was attributable to the fact that he had identified himself some time back with the two biggest controversies affecting workers, that his campaign organized the state very well, and that he was hot. (Wisconsin has a black population of only four per cent.) Moreover, the atmosphere in Wisconsin was relatively free of racial tension. Jackson, in Wisconsin, became a phenomenon, and personified excitement, and drew large crowds. It's been a long time since Democrats have had a candidate who stirred such excitement—not since Robert Kennedy, in 1968. But the excitement was in part extrapolitical: Jackson, a man of undeniable magnetism, took on (for a time) the aspect of a rock star—he was the latest mania. But toward the end there was a defensive note in Jackson's speeches. In an argument over the point that he's never been elected to any office, he said, "I'm glad in 1955 Rosa Parks did not wait until she got elected a public official to lead the Montgomery bus boycott." And his crowds seemed to contain a lot of people who were simply curious. His sending a letter, disclosed on the Sunday before the Wisconsin voting, to Panamanian ruler Manuel Noriega suggesting that Noriega leave office and offering to help resolve the situation reinforced people's memories of Jackson's other controversial free-lance foreign-policy adventures, and was criticized by Dukakis and Gore, and received a lot of attention in the Wisconsin media.

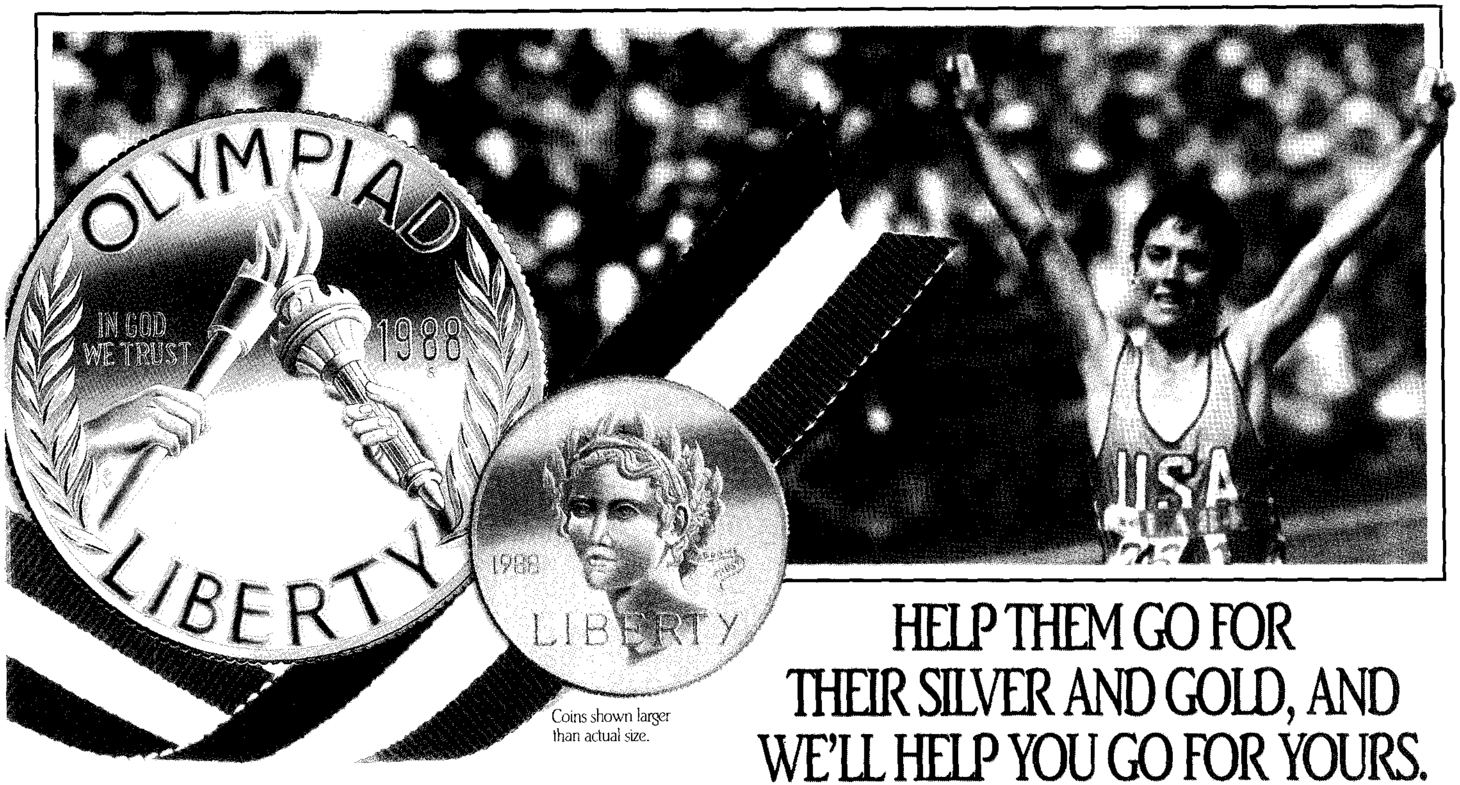
THE swirling around that took place after Jackson's Michigan victory was by a loosely organized and self-nominated group that might be termed the Talkers. The group is made up of past Democratic officials, current members of the Democratic National Committee, chairmen of the state parties, and certain congressional leaders. Gephardt's departure from the race freed up a large number of House Democrats, some of whom, such as House Majority Whip Tony Coelho, were among the Talkers. In the course of any Presidential campaign, a great deal of largely useless conversations and telephoning takes place—among past and present officials, political consultants, and the press. ("What do you hear?" "What does it mean?") A great deal of time and energy is consumed, and a question is whether any of this chatter has any real relevance. Ann Lewis, a former political director of the Democratic National Committee and now an adviser to Jackson, says, "What Jesse has demonstrated again is the irrelevance of the political establishment in the face of a candidate who can communicate directly with voters on the issues they care about. It's because we see this phenomenon so rarely that people sometimes miss it. But once it's under way the best you can do is analyze it honestly and respond appropriately—and don't kid yourself that outsiders can deflect it or divide it or destroy it."

But others in the telephonic daisy chain say that their communications do matter. Mark Siegel, who has a very busy phone, is a member of the D.N.C., and therefore a super-delegate who is in touch with a number of other super-delegates (including state chairmen)—who are, in turn, in touch with still more. Siegel argues that to the extent members of this group are super-delegates, or can influence super-delegates—Party officials and members of Congress whose votes can help put a candidate over—the Talkers do have influence. He says, "We talk to the press, and things take on a life of their own." Paul Maslin, a respected Democratic pollster, says, "The speculating, because it is played in the press, affects the voter." He adds, referring to the New York primary, on April 19th—which many think will be the decisive one—"Whichever wind is blowing after New York will reach gale force."



Thus, in the week following Jackson's Michigan victory many of the Talkers, after recovering from their initial state of shock, made an effort to get people to focus on a two-man race between Jackson and Dukakis, and also to scotch as unrealistic any speculation that the Party would turn to Mario Cuomo or Bill Bradley. (There was also talk of turning to Edward Kennedy—as someone who would not alienate Jackson's supporters.) They urged closer scrutiny of Jackson by the press, arguing, with some validity, that press scrutiny of the weaknesses of what Simon and Gephardt had been saying had helped do them in, while Jackson had virtually been given a free ride. (When, in mid-March, I questioned Jackson, on "Meet the Press," about how he could possibly come up with the funds for the large number of new or expanded federal programs he was urging, his answers were lame and his mood was sulky.) His talk about "slave labor" in foreign countries competing with American workers and what he would do about it is largely gibberish. Jackson had been mostly left alone about his 1984 association with the anti-Semitic Black Muslim leader Louis Farrakhan, and also about his own earlier anti-Semitic statements (referring to Jews as "Hymies" and to New York as "Hymietown"). A number of people have the uneasy feeling that Jackson has not really changed his views but has accepted advice to keep quiet about them. Panicked Democrats pointed out that for now people might feel inclined not to bring up Jackson's earlier, literal, embraces of Fidel Castro and Yasir Arafat, but that there was no reason on earth to believe that if Jackson were on the Democratic ticket Republicans would be reticent about these or a number of other matters.

Jackson was also held to a different standard out of an understanding that he was running by a different standard—not as a serious candidate for the Presidency but as a spokesman for the left-outs and discontented. And there was, and is, a certain respect for Jackson's ability to connect with these people in a way that no other candidate can. He has an obvious knack for coinage ("Reaganism is Robin Hood in reverse: steal from the poor to give to the rich"), and for getting at what's bothering people. Our reverence, how-



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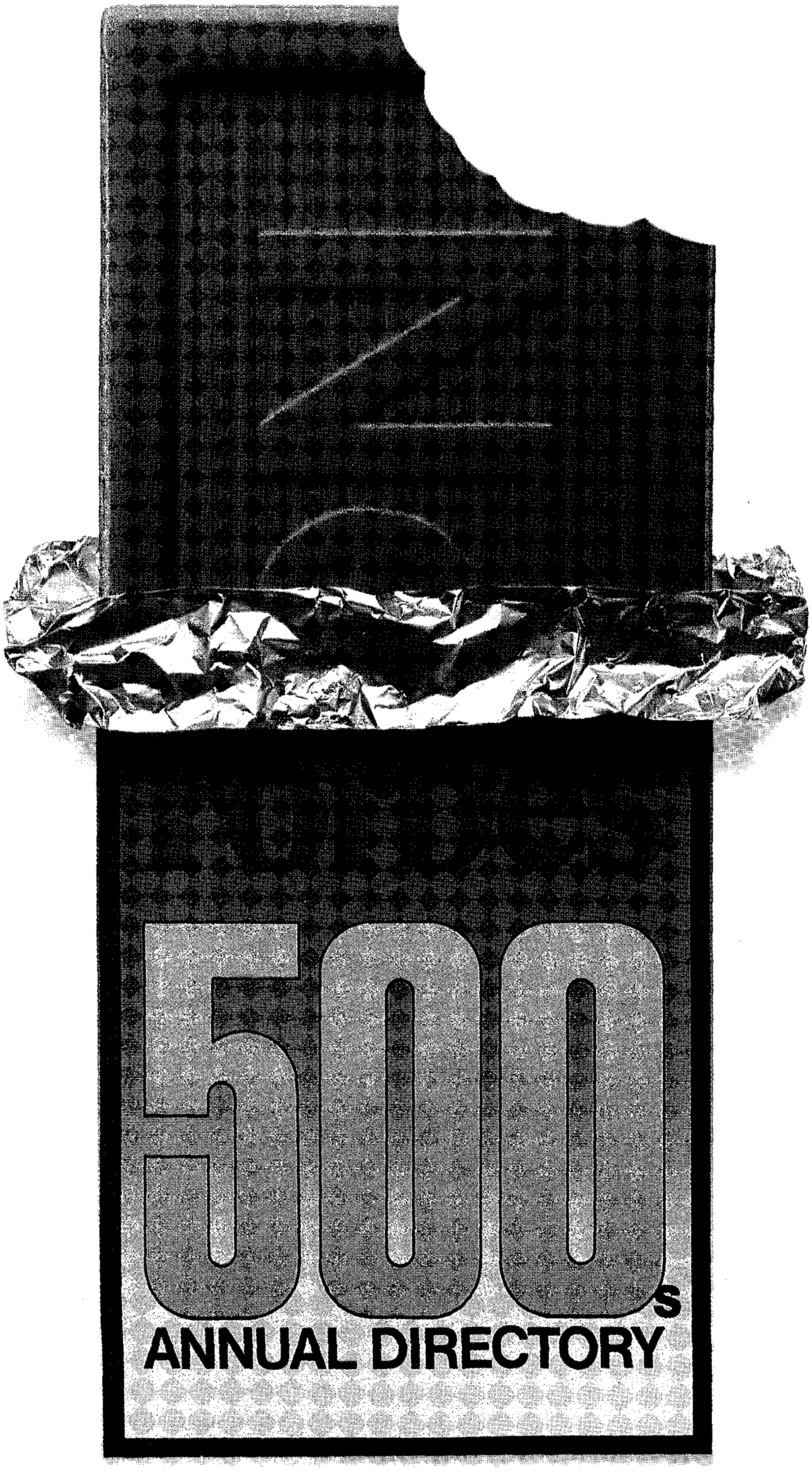

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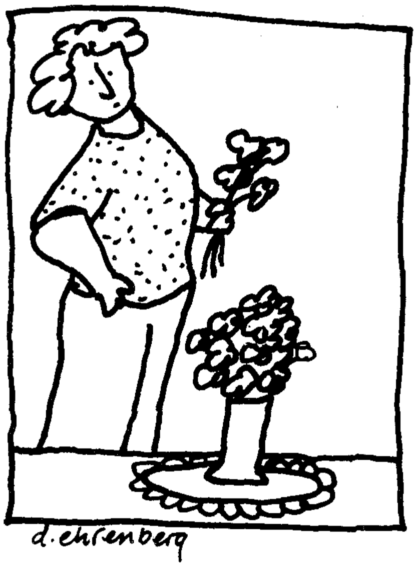
ever temporary, for demagogues (and there is some demagoguery in what Jackson is saying)—our inclination to feel that anyone (George Wallace, Spiro Agnew, Pat Robertson) who is connecting with a significant slice of the voters, however he is doing it, must be respected for being onto something important—is one of our more naïve traits. Jackson himself has acknowledged his debt for a simple, clear message to George Wallace, who, Jackson told a *Wall Street Journal* reporter, had told him, " 'Keep your message so low the goats can get it.' " (In 1972, Wallace won Michigan and came in second in Wisconsin.) Of course, Jackson is talking about things that matter to people—drugs, the loss of jobs, the need for better education—and there is no reason to doubt his sincerity. He is better briefed and prepared than he was four years ago, but he leaves a lot to be explained. He says he will do so in New York.

Whether Jackson now really considers himself a serious candidate for the Presidency is still in question; it would be inhuman for him not to have been affected by his success in Michigan, but people close to him said as of then that he was prepared to take things as they come, see what happened next. It's just possible that Jackson would not want the responsibility for heading a ticket, or being on a ticket, that lost. His advisers say that for now they are trying to make sure that he has, as one put it, "the widest range of options." It was striking that his campaign chairman, Willie Brown, the Speaker of the California Assembly and the man most likely to negotiate for Jackson, avoided (on the same David Brinkley program that Kirk appeared on) demanding that whoever has the most delegates should be the nominee. For a large portion of Jackson's supporters and would-be supporters, whether his proposals stand up to scrutiny is irrelevant. Their support for him is in a different category—as the leader of a movement. Jackson had become the vehicle for their discontent—with current policies, with the other candidates. He stands in bold, interesting contrast to some fairly dull candidates. He is the anti-politics candidate. Measuring his program is linear, rational, while most of the support for him is based on emotion. What gave some people pause after Michigan was not the details of his program but the reality of the question of whether they really wanted Jackson to be President.

ONE congressional leader said to me during the week that followed Jackson's Michigan victory, "There's obviously a lot of handwringing going on—a sense that Wisconsin could go to Jackson and that conceivably New York and California would, too. If Jesse goes into the Convention with the most votes and delegates, what could we do? We know it's a losing ticket, and we can see the Republicans' delight—they feel this guarantees the election of George Bush." (Republicans made no particular effort to hide their glee over Jackson's success.) He said, "There's a feeling that when this thing gets out of the hothouse of the caucuses and primaries, if Jackson wins, it's over. It would be twice as over as it was for Goldwater in '64 and twice as over as it was for McGovern in '72." He added, "And there's a lot of discomfort—a feeling that we'll be termed racist if we oppose Jackson. So there's a reluctance on the part of anybody to step out and be accused of leading a 'stop Jackson' movement. There's a lot of anxiety." (Like other congressional leaders, this person declined to be quoted by name.) A number of important Democrats were caught: if they endorsed Dukakis right after Michigan—as some had planned to do—they would appear to be trying to stop Jackson, and this they could not afford, even if that's what they were trying to do. Moreover, Coleman Young's fate gave them pause. This particular congressional leader said that there were a lot of doubts about Dukakis on Capitol Hill, and a lot of talk about trying to find someone else—especially Cuomo. Dukakis's victory in Wisconsin gave Democratic politicians an opening to endorse him, but some, such as Coelho, don't plan to do it before New York.



Another House Democrat, who is in touch with a lot of members, said to me during the week after Michigan, "Most people here care more about their own reëlection than about the Presidency, and if Jesse wins Wisconsin that will further the resolve of people around here to stop him." He added, "We may not be able to do it with the current crop of candidates." And all of the people who did run may not be predisposed to helping each other at the end—and might prefer someone who had not run. This House member, like several others, was eying Cuomo, and assumes that, Cuomo's protestations notwithstanding, he is available. But several leading Democrats, and key members of the labor movement, believe that reaching for someone who hadn't been in the race at all would lead to disaster.

The Party establishment has not given up on the idea that Jackson will be coöperative at the end—that, if treated well, he will help put together a "realistic" ticket and support it. At the moment, some Party respectables are using Jackson and Jackson is using them. That's what lay behind the breakfast held in Washington last week between Jackson and a number of Party stalwarts, including Clark Clifford, former Democratic Chairman John White, Bert Lance (who has signed on with Jackson and is one of several who say they'll negotiate for him), and a number of Democrats associated with past failed campaigns. But, outside of Jackson's own supporters, there was only one delegate in the room, and just what these people could deliver to Jackson—other than a smidge of "respectability"—was in question. According to a participant, Jackson wanted the grandees, when talking to the press afterward, to pronounce him electable, but this they declined to do.

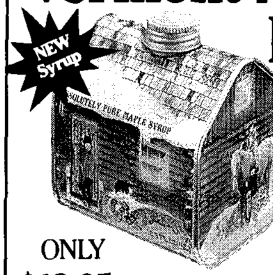
Cuomo was seen by some as having got himself in a bind by not deciding, before Michigan, whether to endorse anyone, but he has been leaning against it for some time. There are good reasons. New York is a tinderbox of racial tensions now—what with the Tawana Brawley and Howard Beach cases—

and Cuomo has little to gain by alienating Jackson's constituency. (His only conceivable endorsement would be of Dukakis.) Following Jackson's Michigan victory, Cuomo was telling one and all that he thought that a Jackson nomination would be "wonderful" for the Democratic Party, but, fairly or not, few believed that he really meant it. Shortly after the Michigan vote, Cuomo said to me, "I might find that Mike is the better candidate, but I would have to find a way to make sure that that didn't appear to be a 'stop Jesse Jackson.' I'm waiting to see what happens in Connecticut and Wisconsin. I don't make a decision until I have to make a decision." He has again freed up his New York allies and at this point is uncertain about whether he will make any further statement of neutrality—but he feeds ideas to Dukakis.

IN the wake of Dukakis's Michigan debacle, he and his campaign knew that they had to retune his candidacy once again. There was recognition of the fact that while Dukakis had been collecting endorsements of established politicians and going to his seemingly endless number of fund-raisers, Jackson was out there talking to the voters. The press was beginning to take note of the fund-raisers. Even Dukakis's aides said that his schedule in Michigan had been too light, but they, and Dukakis, were aware that the problems ran deeper than that. They received a lot of free advice that Dukakis had to strengthen his message, and they tried to strengthen his message—but Dukakis's problems run deeper even than that. Dukakis's message was adequate, if not exciting. Dukakis's liabilities as a politician were catching up with him: his aloofness, the whiff of arrogance he gives off, the sense that he doesn't relate to human experiences. A number of people who have observed him close up know that his personality is not an entirely winning one. Dukakis, to answer the criticism that he is a flat speaker, said, "I am what I am," and in a speech in Wisconsin said, "I don't expect to be known as the Great Communicator; I want to be known as the Great Builder." (If Dukakis is nominated, he will have the good fortune of being up against someone who has admitted a similar failing.)

The other tack taken by the Dukakis campaign was to try once again to sharpen his basic speech, and to have him out there mixing it up with the people—serving food, picking up babies, eating sausages, drinking a beer, and even swearing. Dukakis does particularly well with ethnic crowds by reminding them of his own immigrant roots. He made an obvious effort to convince people that he understands their problems: "I know what you've been going through; I know the pain and anguish." He added, "After seven years of charisma, maybe it's time for some competence in the White House." His campaign cut a new ad, showing laid-off factory workers and some homeless people, with Dukakis saying, "The human cost of seven years of Republican indifference is staggering." He said that he would work hard to try to prevent plant closings—the imminent laying off of thousands of workers at a Chrysler plant in Kenosha was a big issue in Wisconsin, and Jackson early in the year had joined in the protest against the layoffs. (Legislation to give workers more notice of plant closings is pending in Congress.) All the candidates made pilgrimages to the plant, which Curtis Wilkie, of the Boston *Globe*, called the Lourdes of the Wisconsin primary. (Dukakis won the area.) In his new speech in Wisconsin, Dukakis tried to emphasize the stakes in the election by attacking the Reagan Administration more sharply than before, and, by implication, asked his audience to take seriously the choice between him and Jackson. He also drew a distinction between himself and Jackson by saying in Wisconsin that he is "a doer," that he doesn't "just talk about jobs, I create them." Actually, this distinction was one that Dukakis had tried to draw with other candidates all along, but now, in the new context that he was trying to establish—that it was him or Jackson—these remarks took on new significance.

How, exactly, to deal with Jackson was a topic of some dispute within the Dukakis campaign: Dukakis wants to win the nomination without so alienating Jackson that it would be worthless. Yet some of his responses just after Michigan to questions about Jackson were seen as so lame as to raise a question in some people's minds about whether he would stand up to Jackson on anything. Asked whether he thought he or Jackson was more experienced, Dukakis replied, "I'm not go-



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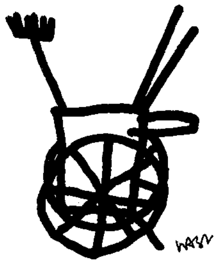
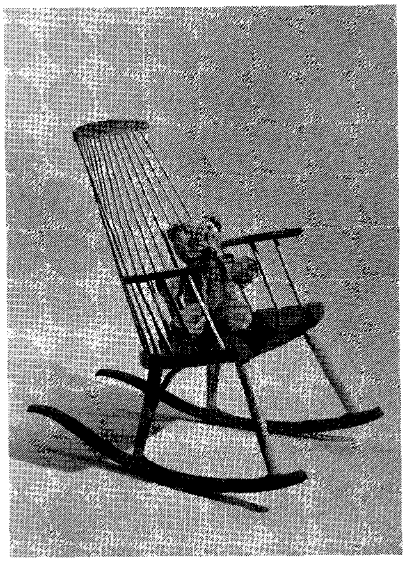
ing to answer that question." His advisers, aware that this would not suffice, said that differences would arise in the context of the campaign and of the several debates before the New York voting. But as he campaigned in Wisconsin Dukakis had to start considering the large Jewish vote in New York, and to try to thread his way among the tensions between blacks and Jews in New York, and—with the emergence of the question of what Israel should do about the recent, and continuing, uprising of Palestinians in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip—among Jews themselves.

He didn't start out very well. One related issue is a letter to Secretary of State George Shultz, signed by thirty senators, most of them strong supporters of Israel, in early March, criticizing the Israeli government for intransigence over the Palestinian question and supporting Shultz's plan, envisioning a swap of territory for peace, to try to get the matter resolved. The letter caused a strong reaction from some of the American Jewish community, which is divided—as the Israeli government is—over the Palestinian issue. When Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir visited the United States later in the month, he made an issue of the letter, and helped fan a backlash to it—and even some American Jews who are opposed to the present Israeli policy questioned the wisdom of outsiders' getting involved in delicate negotiations; some of the letter's signers beat a retreat. Meanwhile, Dukakis, on March 6th, said that he would have signed the letter. Gore, making a pitch for the Jewish voters in New York—who constitute nearly a fourth of the Democratic electorate there—met with Shamir and condemned the letter and, without endorsing Shamir's precise views, said that Shamir's objections had been given "short shrift" by the Administration. More recently, in a speech to major Jewish organizations in New York, Gore called Dukakis "naïve" about foreign policy and criticized his saying that he would have signed the letter. Meanwhile, the Dukakis camp was in something of a tizzy over the issue of the letter—with some advisers wanting Dukakis to back off his saying he would have signed it.



But Dukakis was already contributing to his own list of "flip-flops"—the most prominent having been the one over trade, in Michigan—and backing off what he had said about the letter would bring him new problems. So last Saturday, three days before the Wisconsin primary, Dukakis made a speech aimed at New York—and didn't mention the letter at all. (His campaign makes a point of pitching a speech to the next state, so that when he arrives in that state he doesn't seem to all of a sudden be talking about its issues.) He said nothing about the harsh measures Israel has used against Palestinian demonstrators (even the Reagan Administration has been critical) and, no doubt with Jackson in mind as well, was harsh in his criticism of the Palestine Liberation Organization. (Jackson had in the past expressed sympathy with the P.L.O. but this year is trying to be more even-handed.) But some Jewish leaders are not yet satisfied, and think that Dukakis is making a strategic mistake in leaving it to Gore to take on Jackson.

Dukakis's aides, while confident, know that if Dukakis doesn't win New York he'd be in serious trouble. (However, even Jackson's advisers believe that the terrain gets harder for Jackson in the industrial states that follow New York.) In 1984, Jackson got twenty-six per cent of the vote in New York, with eighty-seven per cent of the black vote (Walter Mondale got twelve), and if he does as well as he has been doing lately among whites—he got the votes of twenty-three per cent of them in Wisconsin—he could be very strong. Moreover, the Jewish vote in New York is not monolithic, and some Jews there could go for Jackson. This is why Dukakis's allies are trying to make Gore irrelevant, and the word has been spread in New York that a vote for Gore is a vote for Jackson. Gore is being warned that he won't help his future by attacking the presumptive nominee. But Gore says that he takes his going from four per cent in the polls to seventeen per cent in the result in Wisconsin as an encouraging sign, and that he will go all out in New York. If Dukakis lost New York, he would slug it out with Jackson—and Gore, if need be—state by state, to the end, but a loss in New York could have a strong psychological



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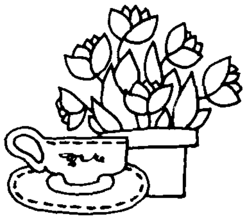

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effect on the remaining contests, and a major effect on the final decision. In the two weeks between April 19th, the day of the New York primary, and May 3rd, over seven hundred delegates will be chosen.

Gore himself is in serious trouble. Before Wisconsin, he had managed to register in only single digits in the Northern states, and he is in danger of losing out on federal matching funds—which are based on getting a certain percentage of votes—if he does not win twenty per cent of the vote in New York or Pennsylvania, the following week. His seventeen per cent in Wisconsin came as a result of making Wisconsin his main target before New York and of spending all the money he could there. (He spent more on television than any of the others.) And Gore, who had sanctimoniously criticized the other candidates for "pandering" to Iowans, came out in Wisconsin for a large increase in the support price for milk. Because whatever votes he gets are presumed to be taken away from Dukakis, some of his supporters are finding it difficult to explain to anxious Democratic politicians why he is still in the race. Susan Estrich, Dukakis's campaign manager, said, after Wisconsin, "Having finished no better than third since Super Tuesday makes it hard for them to make the case that he's anything but a spoiler. We consider this a two-man race." Meanwhile, New York Mayor Ed Koch has sent the signal that he prefers Gore—next to Cuomo. (Koch has also said that Jews would be "crazy" to vote for Jackson.)

Gore is still paying a big price for not getting his campaign legs earlier, and has shown uncertainty about what he wants to be saying. But his problems go beyond that: he has not fulfilled his potential. Even one of his backers says that Gore seems to have problems of his own making: that in continuing to be stiff he doesn't connect with people. And, this person says, "there have been too many discussions of what the message is; you should figure that out before you run." Some attribute Gore's problems to his youth (he just turned forty), saying that he does not yet have a sufficient understanding of who he is and of the world, even arguing that Gore is paying a price for having lived a life of almost no knocks. For all of Gore's braininess and knowledge, there does seem to be something unformed about him, and the campaign has brought this out. Campaigns reveal truths about candidates.

And Gore continues to be heavy-handed. In his first attack on Jackson—and Dukakis—in New York, he said, among other things, "We're not choosing a preacher, we're choosing a President." A number of Gore advisers disavowed having anything to do with this statement, saying that it had the ring of Jackson's scat talk, and that Gore in going after Jackson should stick with issues. In a speech later that day, before the Jewish audience, Gore said of Jackson, "I categorically reject his notion that there's a moral equivalence between Israel and the P.L.O.," and he attacked Jackson's defense policy. Cuomo publicly slapped Gore on the wrist for this, saying he wanted a "positive" campaign in New York; Cuomo had already told David Garth, Gore's media adviser for New York, to avoid negative advertising, especially on the issue of Israel. Garth, known for rough tactics, has said, "It isn't going to be a cutesy-pie campaign." Representations were made by some Jewish leaders to Gore and Garth to not make a big issue of the letter. When I asked Gore this week how much he planned to make of the letter, he said, "I don't see it as much of an issue." Gore complains about the criticism of his attacking the others, and also says he's done it before, so too much is being made of it. But Gore is smart enough to know that, in the current context, such attacks will receive *attention*—presumably that's why he's making them. Jackson, miffed by Gore's attack, called off a meeting with Gore in Washington, scheduled for two days later. In Wisconsin, Gore said that Dukakis had been "absurdly timid" and was "scared to death" about saying anything negative about Jackson. Gore may be talking himself out of consideration for even the Vice-Presidential spot on the ticket.

THE Democrats are more relaxed than they were just a few days ago, but they are still going through a dicey period. A number of them have not abandoned hope that they can arrive at their nominations without too much grief, but they still are less sure of this than they were before. They are waiting to see what happens in New York.

—ELIZABETH DREW

BOOKS

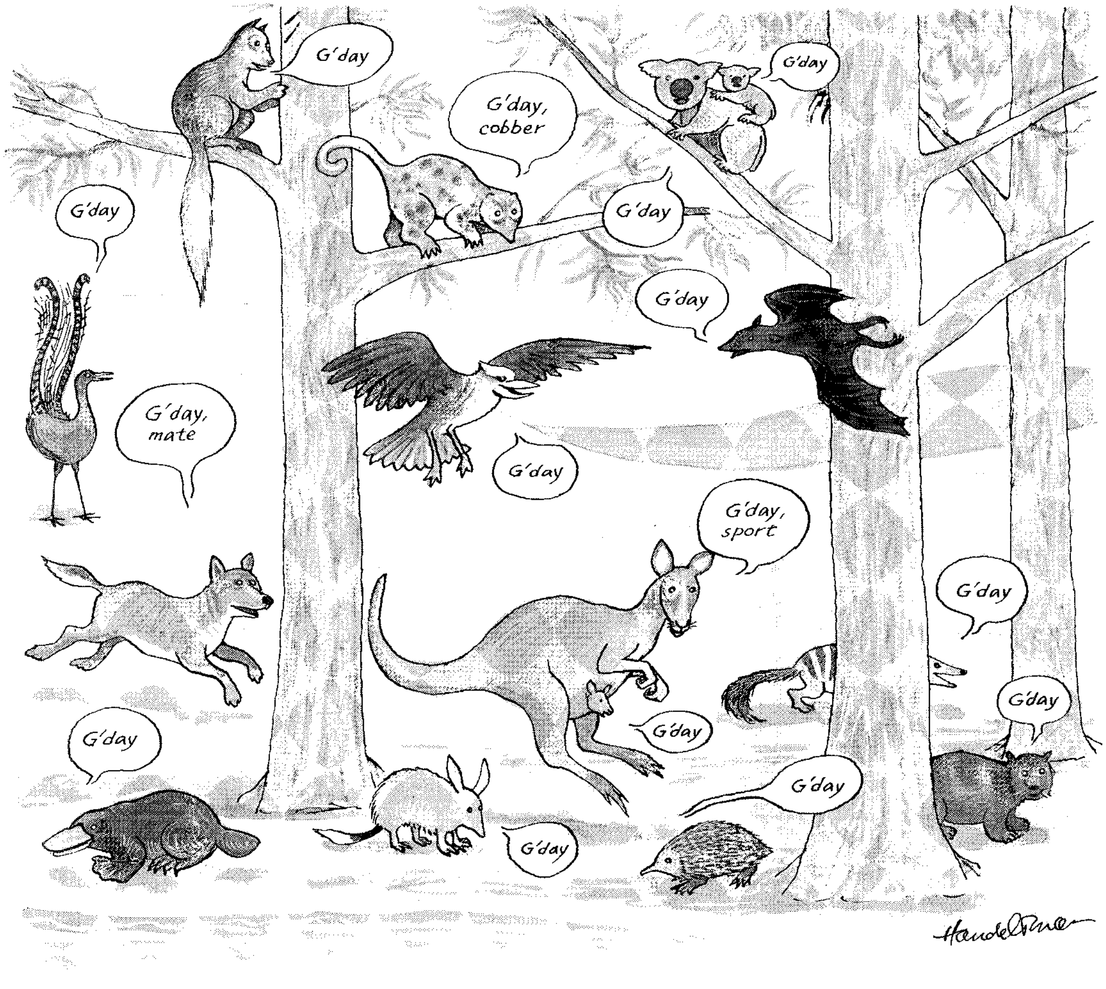
Man Around the Clubhouse

THE scene suggests some forgotten episode of Preston Sturges' 1940 film "The Great McGinty," still the funniest and most savage movie satire on American politics. A summer morning in St. Louis in 1960. Three men have just excused themselves from a fund-raising breakfast and gone off together into the men's room—a sure sign that something's up, for, as John O'Hara remarked, only women go to the bathroom together. The initiator of this tactical retreat is a solid citizen, the brewer Augie Busch. With him are two men so incongruously paired and yet so congenial that they could be a couple of standup comics along the lines of a tamed and tailored Laurel and Hardy act. One is a youngish bean pole with ropy hair and a mocking, green-eyed look. The other is broad-beamed and shambling, with the face of a genial codfish. The bean pole is in fact a Presidential candidate, John F. Kennedy. The codfish is Thomas P. O'Neill, Jr. Mr. Busch has a stack of papers in his hand. Here is the rest of the story, as Mr. O'Neill tells it:

> "How did we do?" said Kennedy.
>
> "We raised twenty-nine thousand," said Busch. "I've got seventeen thousand dollars in cash and twelve thousand dollars in checks."
>
> "Great," said Jack. "Give me the cash and give Kenny O'Donnell the checks."
>
> "Jeeze," I said. "This business is no different if you're running for ward leader or President of the United States."

The passage is from "Man of the House: The Life and Political Memoirs of Speaker Tip O'Neill" (Random House; $19.95), and nothing could better set the tone for the autobiography of a man who believes, as Mr. O'Neill does, that money "is the lifeblood of politics." The book is a document composed, as most autobiographies seem to be today, "with William Novak," who has already incorporated the flavor, shall we say, of characters as far apart as Lee Iacocca and Sydney Biddle Barrows. But any misgivings about a uniform, patented style can be discounted by the obvious fidelity with which Mr. Novak has tape-recorded the Speaker's recollections and marshalled them into a script that could not possibly be mistaken for the florid total recall of Mr. Iacocca or the dèmure confessions of the Mayflower Madam. From the first chapter ("All Politics Is Local") to the last ("What I Believe"), we can hear the Speaker's voice come off the page and tell his story as he might have—must have—recounted it at his Monday-night poker games or while sharing "a few pops" with the ballplayers down at Duke Zeibert's. Nothing, it seems, has been edited in the interests of discretion or varnished for its acceptance as a dignified political memoir. Which does not mean that the author or his publisher is proclaiming one of those gloves-off, no-holds-barred, fearless chronicles advertised as "telling it like it was." The Speaker is a gabby, spontaneous, sentimental, unashamed practitioner of "bread and butter liberal" politics, relishing from the start the dispensing of small favors to small people, and working up to the contriving of House majorities—by persuasion and compromise, to be sure, but mainly by the gentle reminder of old political debts and hints of favors to come.

His political story begins when, as a fourteen-year-old, he was cutting grass and trimming hedges for seventeen cents an hour while the Harvard class of 1927, gathered in a huge tent to celebrate commencement, was drinking (illegal) champagne. "Who



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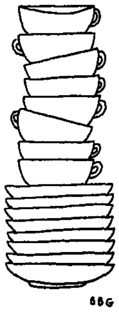
the hell do these people think they are, I said to myself, that the law means nothing to them?” This grandson of an Irish-immigrant bricklayer, and son of a bricklayer, was about to discover that he was “a narrowback,” a second-generation American “who wasn't really fit for good labor.” Nevertheless, he says, “I knew I was Irish even before I knew I was American,” and he “had a tremendous hatred of the English,” fed by familiarity with the stone markers commemorating local people cut down by the redcoats as they retreated from Arlington into Cambridge, the warning of NINA signs (“No Irish Need Apply”) in shopwindows, and the door-to-door collections for the Irish Republican Army. In another character, these deep resentments, aggravated by the Protestant Yankee monopoly of Boston's financial institutions, could have produced a bitter ideologue. But in this born pragmatist they stirred nothing more radical than the urge to introduce the incoming Irish, Jews, and other have-nots to the beauty of the ballot box. His apprenticeship in wooing and winning voters came early. At fifteen, he was visiting families in the precinct to solicit votes for Al Smith. At nineteen, he was campaign manager for a friend who was running for the Cambridge School Committee. He barely mentions his job, as a truck driver, except to say that it shocked a neighborhood nun to the point where she shamed him to go to Boston College, where he was not much of a student but from which he proudly emerged as “class politician.”



One of his first political heroes was an Irishman named Martin Lomasney, who was reputed to meet immigrants at the boat and at once take them off to register to vote, before he found them a lodging or a job. On Election Day, their gratitude took the form of accepting a marked ballot and palming the clean one, which was then delivered to Lomasney, so he could “mark it off and give it to the next guy in line.” Without commenting on the morality of this common stratagem, Mr. O'Neill passes on to the “beloved figure” of James Michael Curley, who to the rest of us is known as the remarkable mayor who ran Boston from jail. Mr. O'Neill, while granting that Curley “was corrupt—even by the ethics of his day,” celebrates his lifetime's devotion to the dispossessed of every kind and invites a tear by noting that he was untouched by personal scandal, died broke, and gave away to the poor “whatever ill-gotten gains he had.”

Several times in his book, Mr. O'Neill remarks of some exercise of political muscle that “power was used more crudely than it is now.” The apology does not, however, temper his obvious admiration for the way Speaker Sam Rayburn helped effect the re-election of a congressman who had been a useful ally: “Sam called him into the office, reached into the bottom drawer, and handed him $10,000 in cash. . . . I always assumed it came from lobbyists and from his rich oil friends in Texas. But the ethics of the Congress were very different in those days.” We are not subsequently told exactly how the infusion of money into the political bloodstream became more open and proper, or how Mr. O'Neill himself, throughout the fifty years from his entry into the Massachusetts legislature to his retirement as Speaker of the House, managed to stay on the bright side of the twilight zone (of old Boss Croker's “honest graft”) that separates what is expedient from what is unlawful. But there is no doubt that his public record is remarkable for its honorable effectiveness. He puts it all down to learning his ethics from his father (“loyalty,” “a clean and honest life,” “remember my responsibilities to my fellow man,” “remember, always . . . whence I came”) and to learning the trade of politics from Sam Rayburn (“If you want to get along, go along,” “Don't open your mouth until you know what you're talking about,” “Your first priority is to get yourself reëlected”). Along the way, Mr. O'Neill adds a maxim or two of his own: never take your constituents for granted but call on as many as possible (“People *do* like to be asked”); remember at all times that when politics isn't about money it's about jobs; whenever you have a candidate for any sort of promotion—to be superintendent of the gas company or the Party's choice for Vice-President of the United States—always ask, “There's nothing in the woodwork, is there?” He asked Geraldine Ferraro this, and his only comment is “Famous last words.”

From the beginning of his career to

the end, Mr. O'Neill appears to have had two simple ideological aims: in Massachusetts politics, to lift people out of menial jobs and bring them into the middle class; and, in the House, to see that the poor, the sick, the old, the unemployed, and the handicapped had first claim on government revenues. In another era, he might have turned into a belligerent union leader bemoaning the heartlessness of a Harding or a Coolidge Congress, but his social prejudices had the luck to coincide with the dawn and long heyday of the New Deal. Roosevelt, he admits, was "like God to me." Conversely, Reagan was his nemesis, the god of retribution, and the passage of the first Reagan budget marked "absolutely the lowest point in my career." He adds, "Goodbye to public service jobs under the Comprehensive Employment Training Act, and to college education benefits from Social Security. Medicare payments were lowered. . . . Child nutrition programs were slashed to ribbons. Unemployment compensation was reduced. . . . A million food-stamp recipients were struck from the rolls, and the rest had their benefits cut."

Mr. O'Neill is not inclined, I imagine, to applaud the judgment of Lou Cannon, Reagan's biographer, that Reagan redefined "the ground of political discourse" and "set the nation on a course of change." Nor does Mr. O'Neill wrestle with the facts, uncomfortable for an impenitent liberal Democrat, that after seven years of the Reagan Presidency inflation had dropped dramatically and that in proportion to the adult population more Americans were at work than at any time since labor statistics had been recorded. To the Speaker, Reagan's crime was that he effectively preëmpted the House's hold on the purse strings. Mr. O'Neill looks back with glowing nostalgia to the expertise of Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, who knew every comma of the tax code, and who, when in a momentary lapse he made a brief run at the Presidency, heard a friend protest, "Why would you want to do that, and give up your grip on the country?"

For the rest, the Speaker's anecdotal record is at its happiest when he is coaxing a neighbor's vote or threatening the ruination of a bank manager who won't employ Catholics, when he

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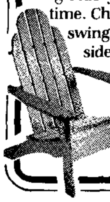

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is plotting with the Party managers to defeat a lobbyist, sidetrack a Republican cabal, or help raise money for some struggling congressman who can be trusted to do good and vote right. At its best, indeed, “Man of the House” reads like an extended version of the diary of the memorable George Washington Plunkitt, the clubhouse giant of the eighteen-seventies, who called Tammany “the only lastin’ democracy.” Plunkitt in his prime rarely got more than six hours’ sleep, since he was on call at any hour to rescue tenants from a fire, provide counsel for an aggrieved widow, bail out a drunken neighbor, call an emergency meeting of district captains, and attend church fairs and weddings and funerals of all denominations. Plunkitt would have seen in Speaker O’Neill a worthy descendant, an American politician of the first chop.

What is more, I think Mr. O’Neill would have won the respectful admiration of James Madison, who saw before anybody that, whether or not the new republic was to develop political parties, disputing factions were a fact of life, and the accommodation of them was the main job of the politician. Mr. O’Neill understood this in his teens, and even though he remained till the end a liberal Democrat, he did not see himself as a misunderstood man or a lonely crusader battling the forces of reaction—or as anything but a professional politician, who loved the House, who knew enough about his opponents’ obligations to their constituents to fight them without malice, and who, once off the House floor, was ready when the clock struck six to share with them a few pops in the gloaming. He appears to have assumed that this was the absolutely normal, prescribed behavior of all good politicians until he went abroad and was thunderstruck to find that in the countries he visited the members of the government and the opposition leaders barely spoke to each other.

Even with Ronald Reagan, whom he did not meet until two weeks after the 1980 election, the Speaker anticipated a buddy-boy comradeship. They had a lot in common: “We’re roughly the same age. . . . We’re both of Irish ancestry. We’re both sports buffs. We’re both sociable and outgoing. We both come from modest backgrounds and had F.D.R. as our hero as we came of age. . . . We also both had a parent who was especially benevolent to our less fortunate neighbors and friends.” But there were obstacles too high to hurdle. “One of us lost track of his roots,” the Speaker says, and he adds, “Ronald Reagan lacked the knowledge he should have had in every sphere, both domestic and international. Most of the time he was an actor reading lines, who didn’t understand his own programs. I hate to say it about such an agreeable man, but it was sinful that Ronald Reagan ever became President.” It was quite different with Gerald Ford, the Speaker’s steadiest opponent in the House. The afternoon before Nixon resigned, the Speaker read over the telephone to Ford a prepared statement. The incoming President was grateful for it, and said, “I’ll be counting on your advice and assistance.” “Well, Jerry,” the Speaker responded, “the first piece of advice I’ll give you is not to choose a Democrat for Vice-President. There’s been some talk about a bipartisan ticket. It’s a nice sentiment, but we both know this country doesn’t work that way.” There was a moment of silence, and then the Speaker mused aloud about this “wonderful country,” in which “we can talk like this and we can be friends, and eighteen months from now I’ll be going around the country kicking your ass in.”

It is an exchange difficult to imagine in a parliamentary country. That it is unremarkable here is a tribute to Tip O’Neill’s temperamental fitness for a congressional system that, in Madison’s judgment, knows no other elements of good government than “the frailties of human nature.”

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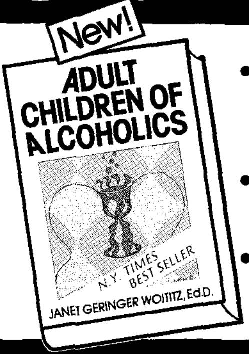
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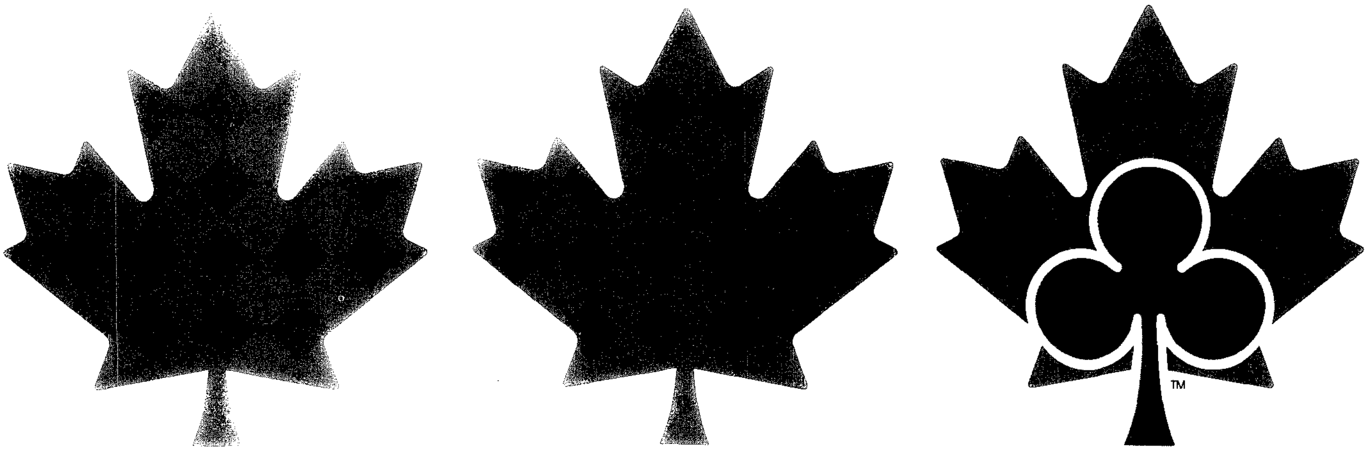

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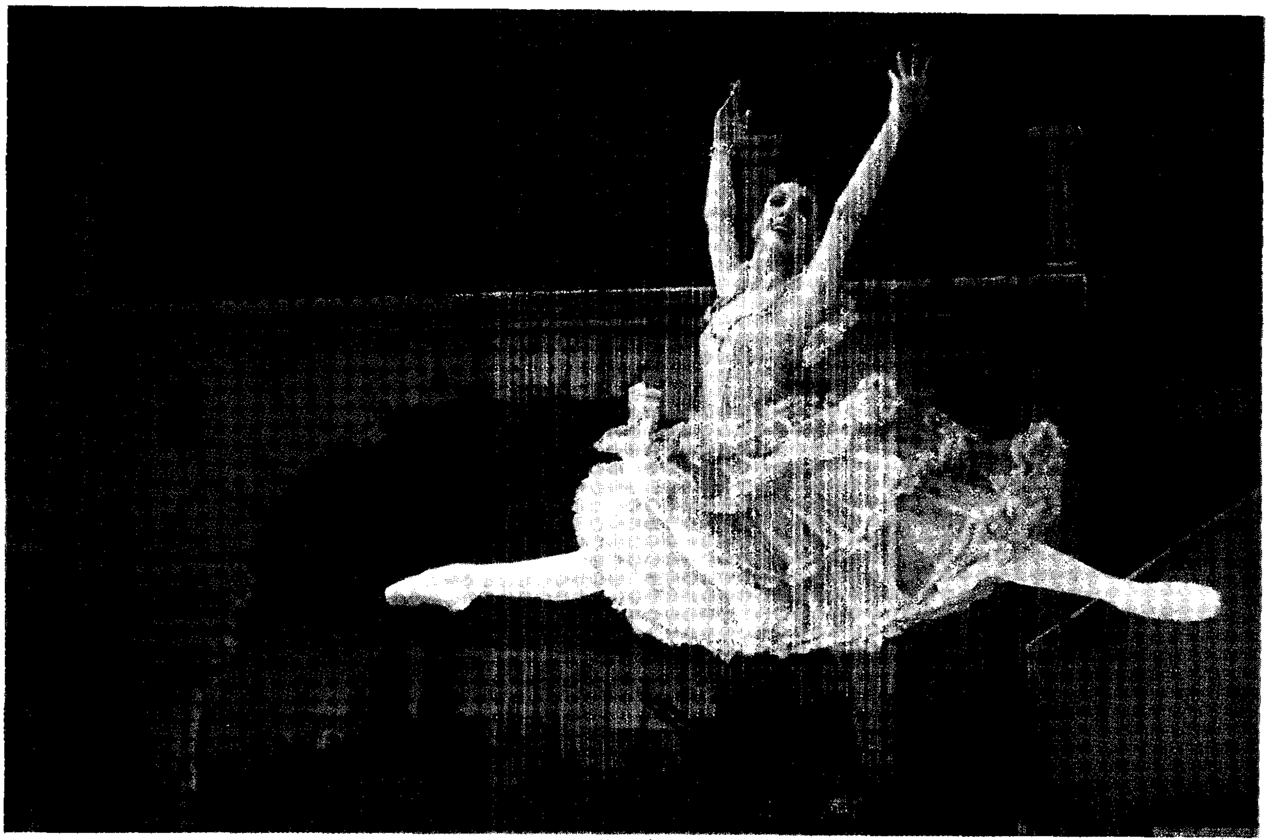

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